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A HISTORY OF SCOTLAND

Chiefly in its Ecclesiastical Aspect

BY

M. G. J. KINLOCH

VOL. II.

FROM THE FALL OF THE OLD HIERARCHY UNTIL THE DEATH OF JAMES VI.

WITH

INDEX TO FIRST AND SECOND VOLUMES

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ERRATA.

Page 173, line 14, *for* "1859" *read* 1559.

" 181, " 17, *for* "Sir John Craig" *read* Sir Thomas Craig.

" 203, " 6, *for* "James" *read* one of the ministers.

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HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD RELIGION.

"Thy holy cities are a wilderness, Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation. Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised Thee, is burnt up with fire: and all our pleasant things are laid waste."—*Isaiah* lxiv. 10, 11.

THE Convention of the Estates of Scotland which met in Edinburgh in August 1560, marks a critical era in the national history. When the Three Estates met on the 1st of August, Catholicism was the religion of the country; when the Three Estates rose on the 24th of the same month, the Catholic hierarchy was abolished by law, and the Confession of Faith, drawn up by the leaders of the new opinions as a summary of their doctrines, was formally ratified, and was received as the established creed.

The country was thus in the extremities of its ecclesiastical revolution. By the stirring events that have been enacted, there has been a rude separation from the past and from the brotherhood of Christendom; the seamless vesture of Christ has been torn, and vast numbers of the Scottish nation, forsaking the paths which for eleven hundred years had been smoothed by the feet of their fathers, have started, pioneered by wild guides, on strange and unhallowed wanderings.

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The material wreck of the Church was soon to be as complete as axes and hammers and human passion could accomplish. So early as 1543–44, ten religious houses had suffered or been annihilated. Seven, including Kelso, Melrose, Roxburgh, and Coldingham, had fallen by the soldiers of Henry VIII., Lindores, and the monasteries of the Black and Grey Friars in Dundee, by the Protestants, and only a few months had elapsed since the churches and monasteries of Perth, St Andrews, Scone, Cupar in Fife, Balmerino, Paisley, Crail, Anstruther, Kilwinning, Dunfermline, Stirling, Linlithgow, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, had either been hopelessly disfigured, or, as in the case of the Charter House at Perth, where the very foundations of the church were torn up, and the trees in the garden uprooted, had been totally destroyed. After the fatal Convention of August 1560, the religious revolutionaries were desired to prepare a statement of the discipline they proposed to establish, and according to the third head of their *Book of Discipline*, "touching the abolishing of Idolatry," "all monuments and places of the same, as abbeys, chapels, monkeries, friaries, nunneries, chantries, cathedral-churches, canonries, colleges, other than presently are parish-churches or schools," were to be "utterly suppressed in all places of this realm," "palaces, mansions, and dwelling-houses, with their orchards and gardens only excepted."[1] This comprehensive decree was followed by an Act of the Convention of Estates in May 1561, "for demolishing all the abbeys of monks and friars, and for suppressing whatsomever other monuments

[1] *The Book of Discipline.*

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of idolatrie were remaining in the realm," and, that the work of havoc might be done systematically, it was entrusted to the best qualified among the Lords of the Congregation, as they called themselves, the Earls of Arran, Argyll, and Glencairn receiving its superintendence in the west country, and the Lord James in the north, and "some others of note and credit in the in-countries."[1] Unparalleled in the history of Christian nations was then the "pitiful vastation of churches and church-buildings throughout all the parts of the realm; for every man made bold to put to his hand (the meaner sort imitating the greater, and those who were in authority). They rifled all churches indifferently, making spoil of everything they found. The vessels appointed for the service of the Church, and whatsoever else made for decoration of the same, were taken away and applied to profane uses,—the buildings of the Church defaced, the timber, lead, bells, put to sale and alienated to merchants. The very sepulchres of the dead were not spared, but digged, ript up, and sacrilegiously violated."[2] Then, as the hurricane of destruction swept on, and as cathedrals and chapels, cloisters and schools, altars and crucifixes were falling before it throughout the length and breadth of the land, might the faithful, and those who had been numbered with the faithful, but had proved faithless, exclaim when it was too late,—"Thy holy cities are a wilderness, Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation. Our holy and our

[1] Spottiswoode, in *Keith's Hist. of the Affairs of Church and State in Scotland*, vol. iii. p. 37.

[2] Spottiswoode, in *Keith*, vol. iii. p. 37.

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beautiful house, where our fathers praised Thee, is burnt up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste!"

Not only was religion done violence to by the destructions of the sixteenth century, but national associations were ignored, national affections were trampled upon, and the time-honoured memorials of beloved monarchs were outraged. The Carthusian monastery at Perth was the burial-place of the father of his people; before the high altar of Aberbrothock lay the desecrated remains of the Scottish flower of chivalry, King William the Lion; at Dunfermline the sacred relics of St Margaret had found their first resting-place, and here lay the youngest and greatest of her sons, St David, King Edgar, and King Alexander I.; immemorial tradition had shed its glory over Scone as the home of the Stone of Destiny; in the Abbey of Scone, which had been committed to the flames, the "good King Robert" had received the crown he was to keep against all the might of England, Dunfermline was his tomb, his "noble heart" had been shrined at Melrose, and the first pointed cathedral of St Andrews was consecrated in his presence, and offered to the Lord God of Hosts in gratitude "for the illustrious victory of Bannockburn." At no time as in the years 1560 and 1561 is the reader of his country's history so conscious that the old days are gone, and a new era is beginning, that ancient landmarks have been swept away, and a page in the national records is shut for ever. Not even when, in 1603, Holyrood is abandoned, and the King of Scots crosses the borders to live henceforth in a strange and unloved land—not when, in 1707, the Scottish Parliament meets to be "for ever dissolved," and the "royal honours" are taken from the Parliament

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House to the Castle—not even then is the breach with the past so apparent. The Scotland we turn to now has a different face from the Scotland which until this time had acknowledged, through all the mists of remote antiquity, the grace of her own Celtic saints; which had felt the influence of St Margaret and St David, and the chivalry of William the Lion leavening the Middle Ages; which had flourished under the peaceful government of the Alexanders, and had suffered but had been invigorated in the long struggle for independence; whose fortunes vacillated under the rule of the five Jameses, whose political and social history and vernacular were brought by means of the ancient league to experience the strange bright touch of France. It is an unfamiliar Scotland. It is not the Scotland of the Catholic Church.

The destruction of the monastic libraries was wholesale, and to those who, even apart from other associations, still venerated the intellectual achievements of the past, or the manual triumphs in the illuminated page, it must have been bitter to see "Bibliothecks destroied, the volumes of the Fathers, Councells, and other books of humane learning, with the Registers of the Church, cast into the streets, afterwards gathered in heaps and consumed with fire."[1] Scanty indeed are the volumes rescued from the bonfires of the Congregation. Of the Scriptorium of the early church of St Columba we do not possess a single page, even granting that anything had survived the ravages of the Norsemen, and of the later Columban Church, the *Book of Deer* is alone left to us, "the oldest book of Scotland, as well as the sole relique

[1] Spottiswoode, in *Keith*, vol. iii. p. 37.

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of its early literature."[1] We possess several of the monastic chartularies, and of the "noblest utterances of a nation's thought, the expression of its devotional life,"[2] there remain the Arbuthnot Missal, a missal of the Sarum type, which, since the age of St Margaret, had been the general *Use* of the Scottish Church, the Drummond Castle Missal, and the Rosslyn Missal.

The Lords of the Congregation endeavoured to veil their sacrilegious rapacity under the pretence of zeal for gospel light, and if the preachers of the Congregation for the time believed in them, they soon found out to their cost the real motives of these earnest professors. A true Catholic reformer sarcastically asks why they did not esteem the "golden and silver chalices, and other things of gold and silver, velvet, silks, and other fine claithes, bells, sepulchres . . . . and sic like that gives money," to have been polluted with "idolatrie," and "nocht the auld and ruined ornamentis, slate, thatch, and big stanes, rotten timber and sic like?"[3] Many of the possessions of our church were, when it was deemed profitable, sent abroad. All the shiploads despatched from the Scottish shores did not, however, reach their destination. The too heavily laden ships with the ill-gotten wealth of the cathedral of Aberdeen, which the Lairds of the Mearns, putting their heads together, resolved to send over to Holland for sale, sunk not far from the Girdleness.

[1] *Reeves on the Culdees*, pref. p. 26.

[2] *Liber Ecclesiæ Beati Terrenani de Arbuthnott Missale secundum Usum Ecclesiæ Sancti Andreæ in Scotia*, Pref., A. P. Forbes, Bishop of Brechin.

[3] *The Buke of Four Scoir Thre Questions, set furth be Ninian Winzet, a Catholik Priest*, 1563. Edit. Maitland Club.

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The lead which, in 1568, was stripped from the roof of the cathedral of Elgin and also shipped for Holland, foundered off Aberdeen. Of the ancient altar-pieces, one alone exists, that of the Collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity in Edinburgh, and it is now in the great gallery of Holyrood. The mediæval sanctuaries were often magnificently appointed. If few owned such rich contents as that of Aberdeen, yet several were, according to their inventories, full of wealth and beauty. The cathedral of Aberdeen "could show robes and hangings made from the cloth of gold taken in the English tents at Bannockburn, or woven in the looms of Bruges and Arras, of Venice and Florence."[1] It possessed at least one chalice of pure gold, and all over set with oriental pearls and precious stones, and beautiful were its shrines and reliquaries, covers of gold and ivory, Parisian and Irish jewellery, pixes of crystal, veils of transparent silk, crosses and candlesticks of silver and gold.[2] But all have vanished, and of the vast inventories of this and other cathedrals there has not survived "ane chesabil of purpour velvet," nor "ane stole of cramosie silk," nor "ane little cross of precious stanes," nor "ane cross of silver with our Ladye and Sanct Johne, gilt." Even in a material sense "The King's daughter was all glorious within." Her clothing was of wrought gold. The new religion taught that the gold and frankincense and myrrh were worthless offerings to Him who had not disdained to receive them from Gentile kings, and forthwith dismissed Bezaleel and Aholiab[3] from her service.

[1] *Inventories of the Jewels of Queen Mary*, Pref., Joseph Robertson, p. xxvi. Edit. Bannatyne Club.

[2] *See* Walcott's *Scoti-Monasticon.*

[3] *Exodus*, c. xxxi.

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The destructions of this and of succeeding periods have been so enormous, that we have far fuller means of picturing the social life of heathen Pompeii, from which we are separated by eighteen centuries, than we have of recalling the social life of Scotland when every form of it was permeated by Christianity. In a rude and violent age the Catholic Church tempered violence and refined coarseness, and cast her light on the otherwise very dreary days of those who lived apart from the strife, within the cloistered or battlemented walls. As the means of bringing this northern kingdom within the boundaries of European civilisation, her influence was felt in the daily life of all classes, and from the university to the village school on the abbatial or baronial farm, she regulated education with her vigorous arm. The adoration of the Supreme was interwoven into all the acts of the national life, "bells made catholic the air," and a trade when petitioning the Town Council for incorporation, would set forth that the articles of the trade had been framed for the honour and love of God and of His saints. We can hardly realise that there was a time when the farmers and fishers in the rural and coast districts, and the burgesses in the "walled towns," the cordinars and smiths and other tradesmen of the Middle Ages, our own countrymen with the national characteristics we know so well, bent down before the Catholic verities, signed themselves with the sign of the cross, yielded their dry proud temperaments to the more child-like manifestations of their winning faith, united themselves in confraternities or gilds ("Christian forms of trade-unions"), had their gild-altar in the parish kirk, and did not grudge the time to go forth occasionally

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on a pilgrimage, whereat they availed themselves of a combination of diversion and devotion, and knelt down to pray beside the holy well. A light was streaming still from the Carpenter's shop at Nazareth, shedding its glory over common things, and the most prosaic duties felt the consecration of the Unseen, when, as in the case of the trades of Edinburgh (though the same existed in all the burghs), the cordinars or shoemakers had their altar of St Crispin in the Church of St Giles—there the skinners and furriers upheld the shrine of St Christopher; the wrights and masons were granted the aisle of St John; the bonnet-makers and shearers had their altar of St Mark; the tailors the altar of St Anne; the barber-surgeons the altar of St Mungo, and so with all the other trades; and the first printer in Scotland, Walter Chepman, sought a blessing on his life and on his strange new trade by the foundation of altars in St Giles. Beggars, and all who had failed in the battle of life knew that their souls were as dear to "halie kirk" as the souls of kings, and when the leper faced the leper-house door, which was about to close on him for ever in this world, he read inscribed, not, "All hope abandon ye who enter here," but words which pointed to the glory of the Cross: "Vere languores nostros ipse tulit, et dolores nostros ipse portavit: et nos putavimus eum quasi leprosum et percussum a Deo et humiliatum." If the gold we look back to had indeed become "dim," it was "the most fine gold" still, and those priests who, without remonstrance and without resistance, on the 17th of August 1560, listened to their Church's doom, were the ungrateful sons of a faithful mother.

Yet enough has been left to us from the wreck of the

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sixteenth century to speak significantly to this "age of iron" of the bright side of the "age of faith." It is manifest, that while the dwelling-places of the aristocracy were devoid of magnificence, the utmost attainable resources of genius and wealth were expended on the habitation of the Most High,—while earthly homes were neglected, the "home eternal in the heavens" was present in many a heart, and many hands were devoted to the sanctuary of God by workmen, who toiled not for the embellishment of the city where they dwelt, or of the country they inhabited, but for that of the City of God, the country that foreshadowed the "dear, dear country" of all their hopes and longings.[1] That "art was still religion" is proved by the carving, as perfect in the remote capital of the pillar, or in the hidden crypt, as in the workmanship that every eye could see, for the whole cathedral was an offering of human industry and love to God. In the cathedral of Aberdeen, on whose imperishable granite time has left its mark but not decay, in the shattered fragments of Elgin, the "*patriæ decus, regni gloria*," and "*laus et exaltatio laudis in regnis extraneis*," we are reminded of the tremendous power of the Church, when she brought these bleak regions of the north within the boundaries of the faith and of her high culture. Ignorance and barbarism abounded there, nature was sterile and dreary, and the northern tempest roared without, but within her loving walls there was a shelter from every enemy; there Art received her baptism and her anointing in the service of God, and these brightly lighted shrines were the centre of a system

[1] *The Sanctity of Christian Art*, A. P. Forbes, Bishop of Brechin, p. 19.

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which could fully satisfy the intellect and heart. The sons of St Dominic had found a home in St Clement of Dunblane's "stately sanctuary," and in fifteen other Scottish towns; St Francis of Assisi, who had rekindled the dying embers of faith among the sunny hills of Umbria, received a welcome for his brown-robed friars in mist-veiled Scotland; from Coldingham and Melrose to Ardchattan in Lorn, the sons and daughters of St Benedict had left the stamp of the "beauty of holiness," and the gaunt ruins which frown over St Andrew's Bay, where once a copper roof like burnished gold flashed out to sea, may yet remind us of the primatial church which had been no unmeet symbol of the great Catholic faith, overshadowing the land. If the material wreck was wholesale, who shall estimate the spiritual and moral consequences of this deliberate severance from the organisation of the Church of Christ, or the intellectual loss to an intellectual people in the rejection of history, tradition, and association? Who shall estimate the loss to a grave sad people in the renunciation of the beauty of the Catholic Church? For the church divinely founded, which had been for fifteen hundred years the inheritance of the saints, there was substituted a new, original, and human system. In this system, belief in the Divine Humanity of the eternal Son of God, albeit in its Confession of Faith distinctly maintained, was gradually to become seriously obscured. His cross and passion was now no longer pleaded upon our altars for the sins of the whole world, and the gift of His Body and Blood, "the Gospel's highest manifestation," which had made over the fruits of the Incarnation to the individual soul, was rejected and renounced, and by the leaders of

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the new opinions was only alluded to in terms of contempt and blasphemy. The mysteries of His Incarnation, of His life and death, were no longer to be the anniversaries which form land-marks in the Christian year. There was no Lady Day, no Christmas Day, no Lent, no Holy Week, no Easter in the bleak Knoxian Kalendar.[1] A "naked gospel," certain vague declarations of faith in the Saviour, were to take the place of that yearly following of His footsteps from Bethlehem to Calvary, and from Calvary to heaven, which kept ever fresh the memory of awful mysteries, and the reality of the life of God made man on earth, as well as of His mediatorial life in heaven. With the associations surrounding His earthly sojourn, the memory of all saints was at the same time to pass away. She who had prophesied that all generations should call her blessed was henceforth only spoken of to be dishonoured. What did man lose in chivalry and purity when he forgot "our Lady," but what did woman lose when both man and woman forgot the exceeding dignity bestowed on human nature when a virgin was made mother of the Son of God? Not only were the glorious company of the Apostles, the goodly fellowship of the Prophets, and the noble army of Martyrs ignored, but of that galaxy of national saints, who, from St Ninian to Bishop Elphinstone, had been the glory of Scotland, there was soon to be little more than, on the sites where their graces had

[1] Although the observance of holy days was absolutely abolished by the Scottish Reformers, it is remarkable to find certain days retaining their ancient holy names in the Kalendar of John Knox's Prayer Book, or Book of Common Order. They were probably indicated as being term days, market days, &c.

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been revered, a local tradition and a holy well. Life was lonelier now since friendship had ceased with the great invisible family of the saints; but the very thought of those who were clothed in white robes was well nigh impossible to the religion which taught that all men are sunk in an abyss of total depravity, and hideous in filthy garments. All faith and practice turning now on the Calvinistic doctrines of election and reprobation, the impossibility of the resistance to grace in the case of the "elect," or of attaining to righteousness in that of the "lost," made human effort totally useless. That magnificent ceremonial which had witnessed to the Real Presence of the very God, and had aimed at a lowly anticipation of the ritual of the Church of heaven, was now to be superseded by a bald, subjective worship, in churches less favoured than the Jewish tabernacle, for the Shechinah of the new law was taken away. When the decree went forth to overthrow the altar, demolition of faith in the blessings of the altar was the primary object in view. For the soul sinning after baptism (and what soul has not sinned?) there was now no tribunal where it could undergo the salutary discipline of confession, and then, invigorated by the grace of absolution, be enabled to begin afresh. Men had torn down the cross from their churches, and they were ashamed now to trace that Sign upon their hearts, which in a heathen age had introduced one Christian to another, and had preceded every action of the day, from rising up in the morning to lying down at night.[1] Within a few years the Sign of the Son of man was to be regarded as

[1] Tertullian, *De Corona.*

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the "Badge of Antichrist,"[1] and above the Christian's grave heathen urns, or broken pillars, or skeletons ringing the knell of doom, were to speak of annihilation and despair, and by many a ghastly device the mourners were directed to remember the presence of the King of Terrors, and to forget the Resurrection morning. All Christian representations, which, from the Annunciation to the Crucifix had quickened faith and love, and had done an important part in teaching the ignorant, were burnt or hacked to pieces. Even the "image of our Lady, the glorious Virgine Marie, beirand in her arme the bony image of her sone, commonly callit the baby Jesus," was not spared. The mystic charm wherewith the church had in all ages encompassed lives of virginal devotedness, was coarsely swept away. There were no "virgin choirs, removed from scenes of earth" in the new religion, and the voice of praise and prayer which had risen night and day from the Tweed to the Hebrides, had suddenly ceased. The links which had done their best in binding the soul to a better and more beautiful world were broken, the gap between the visible and the invisible was wider than before, and death was indeed a terrible separation, when men were forbidden to pray that their departed ones might have eternal rest, and that everlasting light might shine upon them!

If there was one consideration which more than another could have awakened remorse in the hearts of those who had sold their birthright, as priests of the

[1] See Archbishop Spottiswoode's *Hist. of the Church of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 297.

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Most High, for the mess of pottage of worldliness and sin, it was that thousands of their innocent fellow-countrymen were now suffering because of their sin, and that for whatever their souls had lost they were responsible. We need mention no other trial, because all spiritual deprivations were included in it, than the impossibility of receiving the Bread of Life, to those holy souls of whom Jesus in the Eucharist had been the snu and centre. Within a few years, in many cases within a few months or weeks, the church doors had been open, where, in the midst of life's fitful fever, rest was to be found, and where the light burning before the altar spoke to the poor human heart of a Presence both Human and Divine. And now let us take the case of Edinburgh alone, —there was not one oasis in the desert. And what had there not been in Edinburgh, or just outside the walls? There was St Giles and her forty altars, and her shrine of St Eloi, and the silver lamp, which was rescued from the sack of Jerusalem, lighting up the altar, before which the Crusaders had dedicated the Blue Blanket or Banner of the Holy Ghost; there was the church of the Holy Trinity, and the church of St Mary-in-the-Field, and the church of the Black Friars; the Dominican convent of St Catherine of Siena; the Carmelite convent of our Lady of Placentia; St Mary Magdalene, in the Cowgate; St Cuthbert, of hoar antiquity, the oldest and largest parish in Mid-Lothian, the very dedication leading back to Lindisfarne; the monastery of the Grey Friars, south of the Grassmarket, whose church Brother Cornelius could hardly be persuaded to take possession of, as being too splendid to be compatible with the rules of his order, —and these were only a few among many churches and

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oratories. The Lamp of the Lothians had gone out.[1] Who can realise the sorrows of the faithful Catholics, as, wondering at the silence, for every bell had ceased, they wandered through the dreary streets of Edinburgh, St Andrews, Glasgow, or Aberdeen, which had become to them as streets of cities of the dead. The candlestick of the Church of Scotland had been removed. As the grace given to her had been very great, so was the fall of those who had failed to co-operate with that grace very low. Yes, her fate is a lesson surely and a warning to us all, "in every place where He puts His name to the end of time, lest we be cold towards His gifts, or unbelieving towards His word, or jealous of His workings, or heartless towards His mercies. . . . . How is it, O once holy place, that the land mourneth, for the corn is wasted, the new wine is dried up, the oil languisheth, ... because joy is withered away from the sons of men?"[2]

[1] The name of the "Lamp of the Lothians" was given specially to the Abbey Church of Haddington.

[2] A sermon called "The Parting of Friends," J. H. Newman.

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CHAPTER II.

THE NEW RELIGION.

". . . . . The Church of Scotland,
She lives in dens and caves."

WHEN, in August 1560, the leaders of the Congregation compiled a Confession of Faith, they imitated other Protestant bodies in the sixteenth century. Taking the Augsburg Confession as "the fundamental creed of the Reformation,"[1] every great sect prepared also its own private summary of doctrine, or its confession. These novel expressions of belief all fell more or less away from the teaching, in many respects Catholic and orthodox, of the Augsburg Confession, and they varied so exceedingly that at last a harmony of the chief modern creeds was published by the Protestants of France and the Netherlands, in the vain hope that it would disprove the allegation that they differed as widely from one another as from the Church of Rome. The first Confession of Faith professed and believed by the Protestants within the realm of Scotland, was compiled by John Knox, Winram, Spottiswood, Row, Willock, and John Douglas.

[1] "The Augsburg Confession is not only 'the fundamental creed of the Reformation,' but it is also the only one which the great majority of Christ-believing Protestants now acknowledge." —*The Church and the Churches*, Dr Döllinger.

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The compilers express thankfulness in being now enabled to proclaim their faith, having been hitherto hindered by "the rage of Satan against us, and against Christ Jesus his eternal veritie latelie borne amongst us."[1] The Confession acknowledged belief in the eternal Trinity, "ane in substance, and yet distinct in three persons." By "Originall Sin" the image of God is said to be "utterlie defaced in man." The heresies of Arius "and such others as either deny the eternity of the Godhead of Christ" or "the veritie of His human nature" are condemned. The Kirk is "invisible, known onlie to God"; and the notes whereby "the immaculate Spouse of Christ Jesus is known from that horrible harlot the kirk malignant we affirm are neither antiquitie, title usurped, lineal descent, place appointed, nor multitude of men approving ane error, ..." but "the true preaching of the Word of God, ... the rycht administration of the Sacramentis, ..." and "ecclesiastical discipline. . . ." In the interpretation of Scripture "we aucht not sa mickle to look what men before us have said or done, as unto that which the Holy Ghost uniformlie speaks within the body of the Scriptures. . . ." The Scriptures are "sufficient to instruct and make the man of God perfect. . . ." "We affirm, therefore, that sic as alledge the Scripture to have na [uther] authoritie, but that which is received from the Kirk, to be blasphemers against God. . . ." ". . . . We now, in the time of the Evangel, have two Sacramentis onlie, instituted by the Lord Jesus, ...

[1] *The History of the Kirk of Scotland*, David Calderwood, Wodrow ed., vol. ii. p. 17.

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to wit, Baptism and the Supper or Table of the Lord Jesus, called the Communion of His body and blood. . . . ." ". . . . We utterlie damne the vanitie of those that affirm Sacramentis to be nothing else but naket and bare signs. No, we assuredlie believe that by Baptism we are ingrafted in Christ Jesus to be partakers of His justice, by the which our sins are covered and remitted. . . . ." The Real Presence of Christ in the blessed Sacrament is formally and absolutely denied, but the words used on that awful subject read like the words of those who had not yet entirely cast off the teaching of their youth, who were secretly yearning after that Sacrament of love they were taught to execrate, and who feared to accept the Church's challenge to deny the words of the Eternal Truth, and when Christ has said, "This is My body," to dare to say "This is not His body!"[1] ". . . . In the Supper," proceeds the Confession, "rychtlie used Christ Jesus is so joined with us that He becomes the very nourishment and food of our souls. . . . . This union and communion which we have with the body and blood of Christ Jesus . . . . is wrocht by the operation of the Holy Ghost . . . . we most assuredly believe that the bread which we break is the communion of Christ's body, and the cup which we bless is the communion of His blood. So that we confess and undoubtedly believe, that the

[1] ". . . . The Holy Church throughout the world and in every age has, with one voice, declared, in the words of St Justin Martyr, that the bread of the Eucharist is the Flesh of the Incarnate Jesus, and with St Cyril challenges the world, when Christ has said 'This is My body,' to dare to say 'This is not His body.' And the world has accepted the challenge."—*Primary Charge*, A. P. Forbes Bishop of Brechin, p. 3.

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faithful in the rycht use of the Lord's Table, so do eat the body and drink the blood of the Lord Jesus, that He remaineth in them and they in Him; yea, that they are so made flesh of His flesh and bone of His bones, that as the eternal Godhead hath given to the flesh of Christ Jesus . . . . life and immortalitie, so doth Christ Jesus, His flesh and blood eaten and drunken by us, give to us the same prerogatives, ... whosoever slandereth us as that we affirmed or believed Sacramentis to be onlie naked and bare signs, do injurie unto us, and speak against a manifest truth."[1] Yet this high-sounding language is used by men, the key-note of whose real teaching was rejection of sacramental truth, who have isolated themselves from the sympathies of Catholicism by their unwearying reiteration in formularies, in sermons, in protests, of their bitter hatred of the holy mysteries; who have shocked the reverent instincts of countless souls by the bold profanity of their denial that there is "any supernatural virtue in the Sacrament of the altar"; who have asserted "that it is only a memorial, not a mystery"; have declared that Christ's most solemn words, even when preceded by this solemn affirmation, "Verily, verily, I say unto you," are to be explained away; and have maintained that "the concurrent opinion of Christendom for so many ages, enounced by councils,

[1] The Confession of Faith. Printed in David Laing's edition of the works of John Knox, vol. ii. pp. 98–120.

The language of the Confession of Faith of 1560 is very different from that of a prominent Presbyterian minister who, in the nineteenth century, says, "The Sacrament of the Supper is a social ordinance. . . ."—Dr Lee's *Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 154.

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asserted by individual fathers and doctors, held in unrighteousness by heretical bodies, maintained in faith by the orthodox everywhere, is an utter and grave mistake."[1] On the 17th of August the Confession of Faith was read before the Estates of Scotland; the Archbishop of St Andrews, the Bishops of Dunkeld, Dunblane, and Argyll, and the Bishops-elect of Galloway and the Isles were present, and "were charged in the name of God to object if they could anie thing against that doctrine. Some of the ministers were present, standing upon their feete, readie to have answered";[2] but the fallen sons of the Church of Scotland uttered never a word. On the 17th of August it was put to the vote whether the Confession should be the creed of the kingdom. Then the Primate and the Bishops of Dunkeld and Dunblane, in voting against the measure, offered some disapproval; and of the twenty-one abbots and priors present, the Abbot of Kilwinning alone gave a contrary vote. The Earl of Atholl and the Lords Somerville and Borthwick said, "We will believe as our fathers believed." "It is long," said the Earl-Marischal, "I have had some favour to the truth; but, praised be God, I am this day fully resolved; for," he proceeded with keen sarcasm, "seeing my lord bishops, who, for their learning can, and for their zeal they owe to the truth, would, as I suppose, gainsay aniething repugning to the same, yet speak nothing against the doctrine propuned, I cannot but hold it to be the verrie truth of God and the contrary to be deceavable doctrine. Therefore,

[1] *Primary Charge*, A. P. Forbes, Bishop of Brechin, p. 8.
[2] *Calderwood*, vol. ii. p. 37.

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so far as in me lieth, I approve the one and damne the other."[1] "I have lived many years," exclaimed old Lord Lindsay rapturously; "I am the eldest of this companie of my sort; now that it hath pleased God to let me see this day, when so many nobles and others have followed so worthy a work, I will say with Simeon, 'Nunc dimittis Domine!'" "Lo, here," cries an admiring beholder, "a nation born in a day; yea, moulded into one congregation, and sealed as a fountain with a solemn oath and covenant."

On the 24th of August the Papal authority was abolished within the realm of Scotland; all former Acts of Parliament contrary to the Scriptures and the Confession of Faith were annulled, and the celebration of mass or of baptism according to the Roman ritual was prohibited; and all persons were forbidden to say or hear mass under pain of confiscation of goods and personal punishment for the first offence, banishment from the kingdom for the second, and death for the third. In January 1561, a Book of Policie, or Book of Discipline, which the compilers of the Confession had been empowered to draw up, was submitted to a Convention of the nobility in Edinburgh. In preparing this work the ministers "took not their pattern from any kirk in the world, no, not from Geneva itself, but laying God's word before them, made reformation according thereunto."[2]

The Book of Discipline required the preaching of the Old and New Testaments, and the utter suppression of "laws, councils, or constitutions" "imposed upon the

[1] *Calderwood*, vol. ii. pp. 37, 38; and John Knox's *Hist. of the Reformation in Scotland*, edit. David Laing, Wodrow Society, vol. ii. p. 123. [2] *Row's History of the Kirk*, p. 11.

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consciences of men without the express commandment of God's word. Such as are the vows of chastitie, ... the superstitious observing of fasting days, difference of meat for conscience' sake, prayer for the dead, and keeping of holy days . . . . of the Apostles, martyrs, virgins; of Christmas, Circumcision, Epiphany, Purification, and other fond feasts of our Lady; which things, because in the Scriptures of God they neither have commandment nor assurance, we judge them to be utterly abolished from this realm. Affirming further, that the obstinate maintainers and teachers of such abominations ought not to escape the punishment of the civil magistrate." Those who use oil, the sign of the cross, &c., in baptism, "ought to be severely punished." At the Table of the Lord "we judge that sitting at table is most convenient to that holy action; that bread and wine ought to be given, distribution of the same made; that the bread should be taken and eaten, and likewise that all should drink of the cup; . . . . that the minister break the bread, and distribute the same to those that be next unto him, commanding the rest, every one with reverence and sobriety, to break with other, ... during which action we think it necessary that some comfortable places of Scripture be read, which may bring in mind the death of the Lord Jesus. . . . . " "Idolatry" was to be abolished. "By idolatry we understand the mass, invocation of saints, adoration of images, and the keeping and retaining of the same; finally, all honouring of God not commanded in his Holy Word." "Ordinary vocation (to the ministry) consisteth in election, examination, and admission. . . . It appertaineth to the people, and to every several congregation, to elect their minister

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. . . . " "other ceremonies than the public approbation of the people, and the declaration of the chief minister that the person there presented is appointed to serve that church, we cannot approve, for albeit the Apostles used the imposition of hands, yet seeing the miracle is ceased, the using of the ceremony we judge not to be necessary." According to the last head of the Book of Discipline, " . . . . it is not the shaving of their crowns, the crossing of their fingers, the blowing of the dumb dogs, called the bishops, nor the laying on of their hands, that maketh them true ministers; but the Spirit of God first moving the heart to enter into the holy calling, then the nomination of the people, the examination taken by the learned, and public admission . . . . are the things that make men worthy ministers of the Word and sacraments." The officials of the new religion were superintendents, ministers, deacons, elders, readers, and exhorters. The superintendents were not to be suffered "to live idly as the bishops have done heretofore," but were to travel from place to place, to plant churches, to provide ministers, and generally to supervise ministers and their flocks. The ministers were to preach, to read the Scriptures, and to administer the sacraments. The deacons were to receive the rents, and gather the alms of the kirk; the elders were to assist the ministers, and while they personally set an edifying example of gravity of demeanour, were to have an eye to the morals of ministers and people. Readers were to supply the place of ministers when these could not be found, and exhorters were placed between ministers and readers.[1] The affairs

[1] *The First Book of Discipline.* Printed in Spottiswood's *Hist. of the Church of Scotland*, vol. i. pp. 331–371.

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of each congregation were managed by the minister, elders, and deacons, who constituted the *kirk-session.* . . . . There was a meeting called *the weekly exercise* or *prophesying*, in every considerable town, consisting of the ministers, exhorters, and learned men . . . . for expounding the Scripture. This was afterwards converted into the *presbytery* or *classical assembly.* The superintendent met with the ministers and delegated elders of his district twice a year in the *provincial synod,* . . . . and the *general assembly*, which was composed of ministers and elders commissioned from the different parts of the kingdom, met twice, sometimes thrice, in a year, and attended to the interests of the National Church."[1] Education was amply provided for. Under the sheltering wing of the ancient faith, the Universities, the Cathedral and Abbey Schools, the Collegiate Schools, the Burgh Schools, and the Sang Schools had flourished, and education had been within the reach of all. One of her noblest schoolmasters tells us how highly he esteemed his office: "I judgeit the teaching of the youthhood in virtue and science, next after the authority with the ministers of justice, under it, and after the angelical office of godly pastors, to obtain the third principall place most commodious and necessar to the kirk of God."[2] The Congregation proposed a plan of education far in advance of the times. "In every parish there should be a schoolmaster, such a one as is able at least to teach the grammar and Latin tongue, where the

[1] *The Life of John Knox*, Thos. M'Crie, vol. ii. pp. 8–9.

[2] Ninian Winzet, in *Certane Tractatis for Reformatioun of Doctryne and Maneris.*

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town is of any reputation," and in country places the minister or reader was to take his place. "In every notable town" colleges ought to be erected "wherein at least the arts of logic and rhetoric with the tongues should be taught. . . ." An attempt was made, in high-handed language, at compulsory education, and, when exhortation failed, the rich must be "compelled" to dedicate their sons to the profit of the church and commonwealth ". . . . upon their own expenses; and the children of the poor must be sustained on the charge of the church. . . . ." If, after a certain amount of education, the boys "be not found to profit in knowledge, they must be set to learn some craft and profitable exercise; providing always they have learned first the Commandments, the Articles of the Belief, the right form to pray unto God, the number, use, and effect of the Sacraments, and that they may be instructed touching the natures and offices of Jesus Christ, and other such points, as without the knowledge of them they neither deserve to be called Christians, nor ought to be admitted to the participation of the Lord's Table."[1] The three universities of St Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen were to be continued, and the course of studies is fully indicated. It has been frequently maintained that the study of Greek and Hebrew in Scotland dates from the Reformation, and that John Row, minister of Perth, was the first to introduce Hebrew. There is, however, some evidence to prove that even before 1534, when John Erskine of Dun, "that notable instrument of the kirk," brought over Pierre de Marsiliers, a Frenchman,

[1] *The Book of Discipline.*

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to teach Greek in Montrose, both Greek and Hebrew were studied in the country.[1]

The Kirk was to interfere in all matters which did not come directly under the civil law, such as "drunkenness, excess, whether in apparel or in meat and drink, ..." certain infringements of the seventh commandment, "deceit in buying and selling, ... wanton words," and other misdemeanours. After admonitions, private and public, had failed, the obdurate sinner was to be "excommunicated from God, and from the society of His Church." Alas, that the new penitential system, which was in very frequent requisition for immorality, should have denied baptism to the children of the excommunicated, because "the Sacraments appertain only to the faithful and their seed."[2] The process of restoring a penitent to the Kirk was very severe. If a murderer, he "must stand three several Sundays in a public place before the church door, barefooted and bareheaded, clothed in abject apparel, having the same weapon which he used in the murder, or the like, bloodie in his hand, and in conceived words shall say to such as shall enter into the church:—"So far hath Satan gotten victorie over me, that cruellie I have shed innocent blood, for the which I have deserved death, corporal and eternal, and so I grant myself unworthie of the common light, or yet of the companie of men."[3] On the third Sunday, the penitent must particularly confess his crime "whatsoever it may be," and if "confounded with

[1] *History of the Burgh and Parish Schools of Scotland*, James Grant, vol. i. p. 48.

[2] *The Book of Discipline.*

[3] *Calderwood*, vol. ii. p. 70.

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shame" and unable to articulate before the congregation, the minister was to assist him. "Absolution" was then pronounced; the minister declared the penitent's sin "to be loosed in heaven"; "in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit," he and the other ministers embraced him, and a psalm of thanksgiving was sung.[1] In the great towns there was to be daily "either sermon or common prayer," with Scripture reading. "The day of public sermon, we do not think the common prayer needful to be used, lest we should foster the people in superstition, who come to the prayers as they come to the Mass, or give them occasion to think that those are no prayers which are conceived before or after sermon. . . . . Four times in the year we think sufficient for administration of the Lord's Table . . . ." The rules for burying the dead were very gloomy, and made a terrible separation between the living and the departed. It is marvellous that a nation believing in the Resurrection should have submitted to them. Funerals were to be conducted "without vain and superstitious rites, ... such as singing of masses, dirges, and all other prayers for the dead. . . ." The dead were to be buried "without either singing or reading," because "superstitious and ignorant persons may think that some profit thereby cometh to the dead." The furnishings of a church were to be "windows of glass, thatch or slate to defend the people from rain, a bell to convocate them, and a table for ministration of the Lord's Supper."[2] The ministers seem already to have awakened to the fact, that it was far less religious zeal,

[1] *Calderwood*, vol. ii. p. 93. [2] *The Book of Discipline.*

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than greedy grasping after the patrimony of the Church, which had actuated the Lords of the Congregation; for in the Book of Discipline it is confessed that "some gentlemen are now more rigorous in exacting the tithes and other duties paid before to the Church, than ever the papists were, and so the tyranny of priests is turned into the tyranny of the lord or laird." It was therefore required that they "be content to live upon their own rents, and suffer the Church to be restored to her right and liberty."[1] . . . . Of those who had already helped themselves to the Kirk lands, "some were licentious; perceiving their carnal libertie and worldlie commoditie, somewhat to be impaired thereby," they termed the demands of the ministers "a devout imagination." "Some had greedily gripped the possessions of the Kirk, and others thocht they would not lack their part of Christ's coat."[2] The old clergy, the ministers, and the lairds were all laying claim to the Church lands. The Book of Discipline, which was far from popular, was not formally sanctioned, but was signed by certain of the aristocracy;[3] and, finally, regarding the revenues, the Privy Council determined to appropriate "sae muckle to the Queen's Majesty for entertaining and setting forward the common affairs of the country, and sae muckle to the ministers, ... and the excrescence and surplus to be assigned unto the old possessors."[4] " . . . . I see twa

[1] *The Book of Discipline.* [2] *Knox*, vol. ii. p. 128.

[3] The Duke of Chatelherault, the Earls of Arran, Argyll, Glencairn, Marischall, Menteith, Morton, and Rothes, the Lord James, the Lords Yester, Boyd, Ochiltree, Sanquhar, and Lindsay, the Bishop of Galloway, the Prior of St Andrews, etc.

[4] *Records of the Privy Council.*

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pairts freely given to the Devil," says John Knox, "and the third maun be divided betwixt God and the Devil."[1]

A foreign element, encouraged by Knox, who had lived for several years amongst Protestants abroad, is very apparent in the new religion. After Knox returned to Scotland in 1559, the Book of Geneva, followed by the Book of Common Order, superseded the English Book of Common Prayer, which (probably in the form in which it appeared in 1552) had here and there been used.

Although free permission was given to the minister to use "conceived prayer," this book contained forms of prayer for public worship, for baptism, the Lord's Supper, marriage, visitation of the sick, and other occasions.[2]

French influence is exhibited in "the organisation of the new establishment, which was in most respects on the exact model of the Huguenot Communities. The symbol of the burning bush, afterwards adopted by the Presbyterians in Scotland, was a favourite among the early Huguenots; the term moderator applied to the chairman at the General Assembly was peculiar to the French Protestant Churches; and any piece of business of the Assembly, and other Presbyterian courts, is opened by an 'overture,' the direct descendant of a solemn form in the French Parliaments."[3]

[1] *Knox*, vol. ii. p. 310.

[2] *The Book of Common Order of the Church of Scotland*, commonly known as John Knox's Liturgy, etc., edit. Rev. G. Sprott.

[3] *The History of Scotland*, John Hill Burton, vol. iv. pp. 340, 341. See also Burton's *Scot Abroad*, vol. i. p. 273.

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In 1564, an English translation of Calvin's Catechism was printed in Edinburgh; and in 1581, Craig's Catechism, teaching "the purest Calvinism" appeared, and is "the only catechism in the vernacular of purely Scottish origin, which came into common use. . . ."[1]

We have now seen the leading features of the doctrines and discipline of the new religion,—of that religion which is represented lineally in Scotland by the exceedingly modified and modernized Presbyterianism of to-day. To many a faithful child torn not weaned, from the breast of the Catholic mother, this strange system must have seemed gloomy and bleak as the moors on a November day; without beauty and grace, without altar, with no historic past to hold man's love, and before it a strange untried future on the pathless wilds. And yet, ere very long, of this new religion one of her zealous sons could write with sincere affection: "Her perfection just according to the pattern schawn by God to the Prophettis and Apostelles upon the Mountaines of Sinay and Sion. In doctrine and discipline without any mixture from Babylon, or that city sett on seven hills, or from the policie of man's braine . . . . faire as the morning, clear as the moon, pure as the sun in the eyes of hir friends, and dreidful as ane armie fechting under ane banner, to all her enemies!"[2]

[1] Craig's *Catechism*, edit. T. Graves Law, Pref., p. lviii.

[2] *A True Narratioune of the Declyneing Aige of the Kirk of Scotland from M.D.XCVI. to M.D.CX., being a Continuation of Mr James Melville's Diary*, p. 506, Wodrow edit.

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CHAPTER III.

NINIAN WINZET.

" . . . O christin pepil we exhort you with all diligence, heir understand, and keip in your remembrance the haly wordis of God. . . . "—*Archbishop Hamilton's Catechism.*

ONLY fourteen ministers, including superintendents, had been provided to supply the place of thousands of regular and secular clergy. Of the fate of these clergy we have few records. As a general rule they were reduced to absolute beggary, and an Act of the first Protestant Assembly provides that the starving creatures now turned adrift "as hes been in the ministrie of the Paip's Kirk," should receive alms like other poor.[1] Those who surrendered to the Congregation were sometimes employed as readers; many exhibited exterior conformity, and went about in the disguise of soldiers, sailors, physicians, or even ministers; while in remoter districts, or where the great landowners remained Catholic, several still followed their calling. The teachers, who were often in holy orders, were probably expatriated in numbers, and the best qualified may have been found among those Scotchmen who, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, were teaching science and letters in Paris and Louvain, in Orleans

[1] *The Booke of the Universall Kirk of Scotland*, edit. Peterkin, p. 3.

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and Angers, in Padua and Bologna, indeed in every school in Europe. Those Catholics who would not deny even outwardly their faith, we are told by a witness of their sufferings, were "trampled in the dust . . . . . and could only sigh and groan, waiting for the deliverance of Israel."[1] "In a court of law the first question the magistrates asked the suitors was if they were "Papists" or belonged to their congregation. If Papists, little or no attention was paid to their suit."[2] In all places where the horrible enactments of the law—confiscation of goods and personal punishment for the first offence of saying or hearing mass, banishment from the kingdom for the second, and death for the third—were liable to be enforced, rites could only be celebrated in desolate glens or deep forests. There, at very great temporal peril, humble altars were hastily raised, the "sacrifice of salvation" was still pleaded, and famished souls received the Bread of Life. Occasionally also the innermost secret chamber of the Catholic baron's keep was turned into a chapel. With hushed voices and guarded footsteps, when the first streaks of dawn were hardly visible in the eastern sky, when the windows were still closed, and the Protestants of the household still fast asleep, a little company gathered together. The altar was prepared, the carefully treasured and hidden vestments were brought out, the candles were lit, and "Introibo ad Altare Dei" broke the silence of the morning. Even these hunted gatherings would soon be all but impossible. The first General Assembly met at Edinburgh on the

[1] *Narratives of Scottish Catholics*, edit. Forbes-Leith, p. 76.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 74.

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20th December 1560, and it was determined to ask Parliament "for eschewing of the Wrath and Indignatione of the Eternall God, and removeing of the plagues threatened in his Law, that sharp punishment be made" upon certain persons, "Idolaters and maintainers thereof . . . . whilk sayes and causes Masse to be said, and are present thereat. . . ."[1] The offenders were in Nithesdale and Galloway, in Fife, in Kyle, Carrick, and Cunninghame, where, under the protection of the Earls of Eglinton and Cassilis, mass was openly said in the churches, in East Lothian, and in the Forest of Ettrick. By offering no resistance, the clergy and laity imitated the example of their fathers in Christ. It was too late; and even if there were Catholics capable of defending the faith, they were too few in number to resist the triumphant multitudes of the Congregation. Nicolas de Gouda, a Jesuit, who was sent on a mission to Scotland in 1562, after bewailing the state of the Church, says: "The bishops see all this, yet make no effort, Catholics though they be for the most part; but in truth things have now gone so far that they can do nothing. . . . The bishops therefore keep quietly at home, and in truth are for the most part destitute of all personal qualifications requisite for taking any lead in such stormy times. The only exception is the coadjutor Bishop of Dunblane. . . . The lives of priests and clerics are not unfrequently such as to cause grave scandal, an evil increased by the supine indifference and negligence of the bishops themselves. Though we can hardly wonder at this, as they are so miserably oppressed

[1] *Booke of the Universall Kirk*, p. 4.

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that they cannot venture to discharge their duty. . . I will not describe the way in which these prelates live, the example they set, ... only it is hardly surprising if God's flock is eaten up by wolves, while such shepherds as these have charge of it."[1] During this dismal period one known instance at least remains of a faithful priest and a true Reformer. Alone, he was unable to awaken the sleeping hierarchy or to bring back his country to the faith, but of him it must ever be recorded that he did what he could. This earnest man was Ninian Winzet, who was in priest's orders, and was a schoolmaster at Linlithgow. Having refused, in 1561, to sign the Confession of Faith, which, like all schoolmasters, he was called upon to do, he, in his own words, "for denying only to subscrive your phantaisie and faction of faith was expellit and shot out of that my kindly town, and fra all my tender friendes there, whose perpetual kindness I hoped, yet I had conquest by the spending about ten years of my maist flourishing age, nocht without manifest utilitie of your commonwealth."[2] In May 1562, Winzet put forth "Certane Tractatis for the reformatioun of Doctryne and Maneris, ... at the desire and in ye name of ye afflictit Catholics, of inferiour ordour of clergie, and layit men in Scotland." When, just ten years before, the Church had made a real effort to bring the people out of "blind and dangerous ignorance" by printing Archbishop Hamilton's Catechism, it was good work done when it was too late, for "when a house is in

[1] *Narratives of Scottish Catholics*, p. 76.

[2] *The Buke of Four Scoir thre Questions, &c.*, Ninian Winzet, p. 51, edit. Maitland Club.

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flames it is vain to draw up regulations for the bridling of joists or the sweeping of chimnies."[1] So long as any of the Scottish clergy, instead of following the excellent teaching of the Archbishop's Catechism, imitated his immoral life and conversation, it was in vain to declare that the office of a priest and bishop was not to live in violation of the seventh commandment, "nocht to be occupied in hawking and hunting, but to live ane haly life, chaste in body and soul, to pray to God for the people, to offer gifts and sacrifices to God for the people, to preach the Word of God to the people, and like lanterns of licht to give example of haly life to the people . . . ."[2] Ninian Winzet compares the state of the realm as touching religion to "ane ship in ane deadly storme, ... quhilk guided these mony years by slothful mariners and sleeping steersmen . . . . is evil broken on the shoals. . . . Some afraid and almost desperate of their ain and other's lives in the same ship, have pulled the rudder and government from the former rulers, most unworthy these many years of that name, and by our judgment flying from the sandy beds . . . . speed to break in splinters the ship on the fearful rocks. . . . . We exhort the latter mariners, albeit impatient either of reproof or advertisement to let down a great deal heir high sailes, and hald to wyndwart. . . ." In keen satire he addresses his brother priests—"But whether shall we begin your commendatioun and loving

[1] *Historical Memorials concerning the Provincial Councils of the Scottish Clergy*, Sir David Dalrymple of Hailes, vol. iii. p. 258.

[2] *Archbishop Hamilton's Catechism*, edit. T. Graves Law, p. 140.

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[praises] at your haly life, or at your healthful doctryne, we are doubtful, since your godlie living garnished with chastetie, fasting, prayer, and sobrietie, by the worthy fruits thereof (what mair is needed), is patent to all men . . . .;" and, with terrible reproof, he proceeds: "Your godlie distribution of benefices to your babes . . . . all Ethnick, Turk, and Jew may laugh at it, that being the special ground of all impietie, and division this day within thee, O Scotland. . . . Your dumb doctryne in exalting ceremonies only, without any declaration of the same, and, far more, keeping in silence the true Word of God, necessary to all men's salvation, and not resisting manifest errors, to the world is known. What part of the true religion, by your slothful dominion and princelie estate is not corrupted and obscured? . . . . Were not the Sacraments of Christ Jesus profaned by ignorant and wicked persons, neither able to persuade to godliness by learning nor by living? Of the which number we confess the maist part of us of the ecclesiastical state to have been. . . . If these things maist special, thro' ignorance and avarice, be brocht fra their puritie, what marvel is it that matters of less price, as of images, the invocatioun of saints to pray for us, the prayer for the souls departed, and many sic like things in sobrietie and learnit simplicitie, lawful, to be at this time corrupted and profaned fra the mindes of our ancient elders, by the same vices? . . . . O merciful God, what deadlie sleip is this that has oppressed you, that in sa great uproar, tumult, and terrible clamour, ye waken not forth of your dream. . . . Awake, awake, we say, and put to your hands stoutly to save Peter's ship, for He neither sleeps nor slumbers who beholds all your doings, and

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sees your thochts, but shall require the blude out of your hands, of the smallest one that shall perish through your negligence. . . . ." He then rebukes the nobles for their "pryde and avarice," who for the sake of the Kirk lands "have destroyed the true religion and triumphant kingdom of Christ, sa far as ye might, putting in the place of godlie ministers and true successors of the Apostles dumb doggis . . . ;" and he speaks of their rigour to the poor—"done on your ain lands, and of the appropriating the Kirk lands . . . . to your ain kitchens, of the depaupering the tenants by your feus, augmentations, and other exactions. . . . ." He then turns to those who "rejoice to be called Gospellaris, and cunning in Scripture . . . . never intending to cleanse your hands of ye Kirk rents, nor of the blude and sweit of the poor anes; spurring fast others to reformation, but indeed never reforming themselves fra the idolatrie of avarice. . . . ." In February 1563, Winzet published "The Buke of Four Scoir thre Questions," addressed to "the Precheouris of ye Protestants in Scotland, be ye Catholiks of ye inferiour ordour of clergie and layt men yair cruelie afflictit and dispersit, ..." The book had, some time before, been circulated in manuscript, and its author challenged John Knox, "qua was holden in the parties principall patriark of the Calvineane Court," to answer it. The answers were never made. Many of the questions are very significant. Winzet asks whether the "Haly Kirk of the Fathers and of the General Counseles, or that of John Calvin and his complices" are to be preferred. "Why refuse ye to baptize the bairne presented to you by faithful men, for the iniquitie of his father, since it is written that the

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son shall not bear the father's iniquitie . . . how can ye excuse your crueltie therein?" "If ye will admit in your kirk na ceremonies, except expresslie commanded in Scripture, why will ye nocht baptize the bairn except the father thereof hold it in his arms before your pulpit? And why baptize ye in the kirk, and in any profane basin, and nocht in the plain fields, and in the river or food, as did St John the Baptist, Philip, and the rest of the apostles? Why baptize ye nocht except ye give everie bairne ane name at that time? Why cover ye your table with a white linen cloth at your communion? Why cause ye others than the minister partlie to distribute your bread and wine at your communion, since our Saviour (whose place the lawful minister occupies) gave His sacrament Himself to His disciples, commanding them as His lawful ministers to do the same? Why mak ye your communion afore dinner, since our Saviour instituted His haly Sacrament after supper? And why will ye nocht solemnize your bond of matrimonie except they be proclaimed three banns afore? Why cause ye at marriage the persons . . . . to tak others by the hand, and in some places a ring to be given? Since the Sacraments of the Evangel exhibit in deed and veritie these graces figurat only and hoped for in the Auld Testament, why teach ye that they are all indifferentlie of ane efficactie and actual strength? Say ye that manna in the dessert was the same thing in effect as the Sacrament of Christ's body, since the ain was the figure, and the other the veritie? Or hold ye manna of greater excellencie than the other, which ye do if ye confess bread and wine only there present, since manna descended fra heaven by miracle, and bread

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and wine ascends fra the earth by nature . . . ? What have ye for your defence to affirm in the Sacrament of our Lord's body to remain bread and wine with (I wot not what) some spiritual imagination? Since the words of our Saviour (who is very God, omnipotent in power) are so expresslie spoken, This is My body: This is My blood . . . . and siclike all the ancient fathers and counsells write contrary to your doctrine. . . . But if ye allege that some of them call that Sacrament a figure, we are certified . . . . that where they call it once a figure, they call it an hundred times Christ's very body and blood . . . . they call the sensible signes of that Sacrament a figure or signe of the things present invisible, and nocht absent . . . . ? Why abhor ye to affirm and call the right use of the celebration and sanctifying of the said Sacrament of the Lord's body, ane sacrifice or oblation, since our Saviour made sacrifice at His Last Supper, after the order of Melchisedek, which same self thing He commanded to be done in remembrance of Him; and since . . . . Malachi . . . . forespake expresslie of the abolition of the auld sacrifices and oblations, and upsetting of a clean new oblation, to be offered in the new law to the name of God in all places, meaning of the unbloody sacrifice of the Kirk in the body and blood of Christ. . . . . Our Saviour, Christ Jesus, being only our High Priest, and only that Sacrifice which fra the Fall of Adam to the Day of Judgment taks away the sins of the warld; and only siclike that Altar upon the which the prayers of all accepted and heard by our Heavenly Father are offered; yet ye misknaw nocht that the same names were appropriate to the priests, sacrifice, and altar, in the Law of Moses, prefiguring only Christ

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Jesus then to come. The which names, priest, sacrifice, and altar, the Kirk of God has used since the apostles' days, for the minister offering at Christ's command the unbloody sacrifice of the body and blood of Christ upon The Table of the Lord. . . . If the law of nature engrafted in our hearts, rejoice in all comely and decent order, and the same not being abolished but confirmed by the Evangel, ... what have ye for to affirme all the vestimentis and ornamentis in the house of God, specelie on the altars and ministers in time of the divine service to be superstitious and idolatrical? Why have ye wappit down all the affixed tables of the Lord together with font of baptism, and used your tables, basins, and cups furth of any profane taverne? Will ye have the Sacraments of Grace in the new Law of less dignitie and honour than they were in the auld, for the abusing of the vessels of which the great king Balthazar was so severely punished? If ye admit na tradition unwritten, why are ye so bauld . . . . to celebrate your Sabbath Day with us Catholics on the Sunday, and nocht with the Jews on the Saturday? Why use ye to sing with us Catholics at the end of every Psalme, 'Glory be to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghaist,' &c., since that godly form was only commanded to be sung by the Pope Damasus in the rebuke of heretics? What have ye expresslie written that bairnes in their infancie should be baptized? What Scripture have ye for ye to receive sa mony Evangeles and Epistles in the New Testament as ye do, and nane mair? If ye understand by the second precept . . . . na image nor similitude of onything to be made absolutlie; why permit ye the . . . . nobles and gentlemen of your

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congregation to have images or figures of beasts and siclike in their armes? And why bear ye yourselves gold and silver in your purses whereupon are images and figures . . . .? How understand ye that part of the Scripture where Solomon is greatly commended for the bigging of the temple of Jerusalem, wherein he gart mak sundrie images and similitudes of the angels, cherubim, of lions, oxen, and other things . . . .? Touching the abuses which we would gladly were put away . . . . if ye abolish all thing that is abused, what thing shall ye leave not abolished? Nocht the Holy Scripture itself; which heretics have ever abused, thrawing the same in defence of their false opiniones. . . . Ye confessing with us that all the members of Christ's mystical body, which is His haly Kirk, are desirous and glad of the health and prosperitie of others . . . . as well the angels and saints in heaven for us on earth in this battle, as the godly in life for others, but ye deny that we may incal the angels and saints in heaven to that effect without the crime of idolatrie. . . . Know ye not that the angels are blyth for the welfare of men on earth? And know ye not that our Saviour pronounces plainly that the saints departed fra this shall be equal to the angels? Or how may ye affirme the angels and saints to be of less knowledge than the devils, whom ye grant to know our doings. . . . Notwithstanding in our days [monastic life] was abused among mony in idleness and wealthy life, and cloaked with glistering ceremonies of germountis and siclike, mair than in true religion. Why have ye shorn away in this matter the wheat together with the tares . . . . of the which monasteries, everyone, by a godly reformation, besides a companie to waik on prayer,

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might have been a college of godly learning . . . . ? Why hald ye the Catholic doctrine of free will of man a Papisticall invention . . . . ? Will ye heve a man to be a stane, horse, or mule? Or mak ye God the Maker of all iniquitie, and to have given His holy commands to the intent that man should be damned thereby . . . . ?"[1] These specimens of certain of the remarkable questions sufficiently prove that Winzet was keenly alive to the necessity of reform within the Church, and had made himself acquainted with the doctrines and practices of the Congregation. In July 1562, he sent to the press of Edinburgh *The Last Blast of the Trompet of God's Word aganis the usurpit authoritie of Johne Knox and his Calviniane brether intrudid Precheouris, &c.* But he had already made himself conspicuous as a dangerous person, and these were not the days when the liberty of the press was respected. The magistrates of the good city broke into the printing office, seized the copies of the work, and dragged the printer, John Scott, to prison, while Ninian Winzet, whom they chiefly desired to lay hold of, meeting them at the door of the office, escaped in disguise. Having to flee the country, he took the occasion of a ship that was bound for Flanders, where he safely arrived, and stayed for some time at the University of Louvain. He proceeded to France, and was chosen three times Procurator of the University of Paris. In 1576 he became Abbot of the Scottish monastery of St James at Ratisbon, and died in this office, profoundly venerated for his graces and learning, on the 21st of

[1] *The Buik of Four Scoir Thre Questions, tuecheing doctrine, ordour, and maneris,* Ninian Winzet, edit. Maitland Club.

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September 1592.[1] Little did the schoolmaster of Linlithgow foresee the many vicissitudes awaiting him when he was driven out of his "kindly town" of which he wrote so lovingly. We need not doubt that during the last quiet years of his life he offered many prayers for his distracted country, and for the wasted vineyard of the Lord. He was, or rather he *would* have been, our true reformer. Not by profanation; not by denying the words of the Eternal Truth, and by the rejection of His glorious gifts; not by stunting and crippling the Gospel, and by the demolition of altars; not by severance from the brotherhood of Christendom; not by renouncing the authority of the divinely guided Church of the living God, and substituting for that authority the frail human heart, whose self-deceit was veiled even from itself by an outward manifestation of simplicity and of trust in God rather than in man; not by the attempted overthrow of that Church against which the gates of hell should not prevail, but by the return to its Divine Spouse and to following in His footsteps, would he have brought to pass a true and real reformation. He had appealed to Scripture, to antiquity, to the conscience; but when, at the Easter of 1562, an uproar took place in Edinburgh, because the magistrates had endeavoured to prevent the celebration of the Feast, he addressed himself to the "Honorable Provost, Baillies, and Counsall of Edinburgh," he appealed to the Christian heart—"O

[1] Among his various scholarly publications after his flight, besides the *Four Score and Three Questions*, was a translation of the work of Vincentius Lirinensis on the *Antiquity and Truth of the Catholic Faith.—See Life of Ninian Winzet*, in preface to edition of several of his works. Maitland Club, MDCCCXXV.

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madman and most foolish, would he persuade ane faithful Christiane that the whole Universall Kirk is mair unthankful and less mindful of the birth of her Spouse and King, the Son of God, than ony realme is of their temporal king, whose day of nativitie na countrie forgets during his lifetime. But our King and maist sweet Spouse lives for ever. Wherefore ever shall the day of His blessed Nativitie, Circumcision, Passion, Resurrection, Ascension, and His manifestation to the world called Epiphanie, in the despite of the devil and all his furious members (who ever have laboured to abolish His name out of this warld), be in fresh memorie of His dear beloved Spouse, His haly Kirk Universal."[1]

[1] *Certane Tractatis, &c.*, Ninian Winzet, pp. 32, 33, Maitland Club edit.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE RETURN OF THE QUEEN.

"Maturely grave, even in her tender years."
GEORGE BUCHANAN.

IMMEDIATELY after the Convention of Estates of August 1560 rose, Sir James Sandilands, secularised Prior of the Knights of St John of Jerusalem, was sent to France to receive from the Sovereign Lady, the Queen of Scotland and of France, a ratification of those acts which had summarily brought about an ecclesiastical revolution in her kingdom.

This ratification Mary absolutely refused to concede, and so the Convention, having met without her authority, was a Parliament only in name. At the same time a stately legation, consisting of the Earls of Morton and Glencairn, and William Maitland, the young Laird of Lethington, proceeded to Queen Elizabeth with a letter, wherein their own Queen was thrown aside, their "auld enemies" were courted, and immemorial traditions were ignored. This wonderful letter bore, that "havand consideration how the kingdom of England is joined with this by an dry march, how puissent it is, what incommodity we and our forefathers have felt by the continual wars betwixt the two nations," the Scottish Estates propose that the Queen of England should marry the Earl of Arran. The significance of this proposal can only be

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realised when we remember that Arran's father, the Duke of Chatelherault, was heir presumptive to the Scottish throne. Although Elizabeth declined the offer, she did so in terms that proved how fully she appreciated this invitation to interfere in her neighbour's affairs, and thanked the Estates in a characteristic fashion, for "offering to her the best and choicest person that they have."[1]

The young Queen of Scots proved herself more than a match for Scottish and English diplomacy, in her resolute refusal to sign the Treaty of Edinburgh, perceiving that such ratification would give the Queen of England the sovereignty of Scotland, "which her warlike ancestors had vainly endeavoured to win by the sword." The Earl of Bedford and Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, the English Ambassadors, did their utmost to bring her round, but she continued firm, aware that to sign a treaty whose terms were that she should desist from using the arms of England *in all time coming*, was equivalent to surrendering her claims as grand-daughter of Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., wife of James IV., to succeed to the throne of England, failing Elizabeth and her heirs. It was the refusal to sign this treaty, which was never forgotten and never forgiven, which ultimately cost Mary her life. In an evil hour the young Queen's ambitious French relatives caused her to have the arms of England engraven on her plate and woven in her tapestry, and when a multitude of excited Parisians had, on the 6th of July 1559, cried out, "Vive la Reine d'Angleterre!" they little knew that

[1] *Hist. of the Affairs of Church and State in Scotland*, Bishop Keith, Spottiswoode Society edit., vol. ii. pp. 6–11.

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they were sounding the knell of the bright girl who was then in the very zenith of her youth and prosperity.[1] In regard to her religion Mary was equally firm. "I am none of those," she assured Throckmorton, "that will change my religion every year; and, as I told you in the beginning, I mean to constrain none of my subjects, but could wish that they were all as I am; and I trust they shall have no support to constrain me."[2]

On the 5th of December 1560, Francis II., the puny and sickly husband of Mary Stuart, died at Orleans of an abscess in the ear. The Scottish Protestants expressed indecorous joy. "Lo," writes John Knox, "the potent hand of our God from above sent unto us a wonderful and most joyful deliverance. For unhappy Francis, husband to our soverane, suddandlie perished of a rotten ear. . . . For as the said king sat at masse, he was suddandlie stricken with ane aposthume in that deaf ear that never would hear the truth of God . . . . when his glorie perished, and the pryde of his stubburne heart evanished in smok."[3] The poor boy of whom he thus wrote in rancorous hate was not yet seventeen, and had been such a mere tool in the hands of his plotting relatives, that his dying entreaty of the Cardinal of Lorraine was for 'absolution for all the wicked deeds which had been done in his name by his ministers of state."

Mary had loved her poor boy husband, and when he was gone she very quickly realised her awful loneliness, and her fallen greatness. She had not only lost him, but she had lost the throne of France, and she had lost

[1] Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of Scotland*, vol. iii. p. 105.
[2] *Keith*, vol. ii. p. 34.
[3] *Knox*, vol. ii. pp. 132–134.

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France. The power of the mighty Guises was checked by the death of Francis. His brother, who succeeded as Charles IX., was only in his tenth year, and the Queen mother, Catherine de Medicis, became Regent. A mutual antipathy seemed to exist between Catherine and the Queen of Scots, and the latter felt that all her happy days at the court of France were over for ever. Bravely and sadly she set herself to prepare to return to her own bleak land, and to face a lifelong separation from the relatives she loved so well. As "notre petite Reinette Ecossaise," the darling of the Court of Valois, as Queen-Dauphiness, as Queen of France, and now as "La Reine Blanche," wearing for forty days the pure white mourning of a royal widow of France, Mary Stuart wins our regard and love. Amid "all that gives gloss to sin," she had lived with a stainless reputation, and her faithful Catholic subject, Ninian Winzet, mentions as a primary cause of thankfulness, that God had preserved her "beautiful body and soul."[1] The Court she had spent part of her youth in has been described as "the most magnificent, the most elegant, the most joyous, and . . . . the most lax in Europe. Still retaining certain military customs of the Middle Ages, at the same time conforming to the intellectual usages of the time of the *Renaissance*, it was half chivalric and half literary, mingling tournaments with studies, hunting with erudition, mental achievements with bodily exercises, the ancient and rough games of skill and strength with the novel and delicate pleasures of the arts."[2] There "the

[1] *Certane Tractatis*, Ninian Winzet, p. 12.

[2] *The History of Mary Stuart*, F. A. Mignet, vol. i. p. 3

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Devil's masterpiece," the art of presenting the lowest vice under refined and lovely forms, was perfected. If Mary had acquired many an accomplishment, she had also been shown many a lesson in *finesse*, and in varieties of intrigue, and had been accustomed to hear of violations of the seventh commandment surrounded by a glamour of grace and loveliness, as amid poetry and fastidious elegance the bloom was stolen from the innocent soul, and the way prepared for its downfall to the lowest depth of unutterable sin. As we have said, Mary spent a *part* of her youth at Court. She occasionally went elsewhere, and to residences where the good examples she saw, and the holy lessons she learnt, were sufficient to counteract the wicked influence of the Louvre, and where the stillness and devotion contrasted strongly with the gaiety of St Germain and Fontainbleau. The charge of Mary's upbringing had been committed by her mother to her maternal grandmother, the holy Antoinette de Bourbon, Duchess of Guise, and to her quiet home at Joinville she was taken from time to time. She also went on visits to her aunt, Renée of Lorraine, who was Abbess of the Nunnery of St Peter at Rheims, and doubtless also to her other aunts, the Abbesses of Farmoustier and Fontenvrault. Her uncle, the ambitious Cardinal of Lorraine, had diligently watched over the intellectual welfare of the niece in whom he saw the future hope of Catholicism; and his brother, Duke Francis, when he considered the little Queen's studies excessive, was wont to carry her off to his pleasant chateau of Meudon, and mounting her on horseback, taught her to gallop by his side over hill and dale.

Many suitors for Mary's hand entered the lists soon

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after she left her dule-chamber, and even that sacred abode, draped with black, and dim in artificial night, was not too sacred to exclude all visitors. The Earl of Arran remembered that he had been "negatively engaged" to her when she was a month old; and her cousin Henry, Lord Darnley, then a courtly boy of fifteen, stole in, bearing letters of condolence from his very politic lady mother. Amongst those Scottish nobles who formed themselves into a guard of honour for their sovereign, ere she returned to Scotland, was one who was to darken her destiny. This was James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, "a glorious, rash, and hazardous young man."[1]

Neither party in Scotland lost time in sending becoming condolences to the new-made widow of France. The Earl of Huntly and other Catholic magnates despatched John Lesley, official of Aberdeen, with the promise that, if she would land at Aberdeen, they were ready to meet her with an army of 20,000 men, and lead her to triumph over the Congregation. The young Queen resisted this temptation to play a bold game, and she was equally firm with the Lord James, who came to represent the Protestants, in her refusal to ratify the Treaty of Edinburgh, or compromise herself with his faction. She was indeed in a land distracted by Catholics and Huguenots, but personally, as a girl queen with a boy husband, she had not been called into the strife. With her own subjects she would have a very different part to play, and must tarry till face to face with its unknown difficulties, and till by living in a country whose religious

[1] So described by Throckmorton in 1560. See Hardwicke's *State Papers*, i. 149.

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condition had no parallel in Christendom, she would be able to decide on her actions.

The Lord James, acting deceitfully, proceeded on his way home by the English Court (indeed, he ever found round by England the easiest way of getting to Scotland), and there betrayed Queen Mary's confidence to Elizabeth.

And now, as the month of August, when she had arranged to return to Scotland, was drawing near, Mary went to pay farewell visits to her grandmother at Joinville, and to her aunt, Renée of Lorraine, in her convent of St Peters, at Rheims. With her aunt, the abbess, she would fain have remained, and have exchanged her crown, already weighing heavily, for the veil. How often, when life's fitful fever was at its height, she may have looked back to this last visit! How often she may have dreamt of what her life might have been in that quiet home! She applied for a safe conduct from Queen Elizabeth, and although this was refused, she determined to proceed, and with a reluctant heart and weeping eyes, sailed from Calais for Scotland, on the 15th of August 1561. She parted from the Cardinal of Lorraine, who had been to her as a father, and with the Duke and Duchess of Guise, at the water's edge, and was accompanied on board by the four Maries, and three of her uncles, the Duke d'Aumale, the Marquis d'Elboeuf, and the Grand Prior. Amongst the six score gentlemen were the enamoured Maréschal d'Amville, and the enamoured Chastellar, Buchanan the poet and historian, and Brantôme the poet. The young Queen, starting on a voyage she is said to have dreaded worse than death, clear in presentiment that she would never see France

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again, hid her agony from no one, and leant for five hours on the gallery of the vessel, keeping time to the splash of the oars of the galley slaves by her cries, "Adieu France! adieu, adieu France, adieu!" When night fell down, and they began to get out to sea, she had her bed made on deck, and a canopy placed over it, giving orders to the pilot, that if France was in sight in the morning, she was to be awakened. At daybreak, the beloved land was still visible, and she recommenced her cries till it faded from her eyes for ever, and the dense mist closed round and round.[1] If one of her wild admirers exclaimed, "Ha, Scotland! I would that thou mightest wander like Delos on the face of the sea, or sink to its profoundest depths, so that the sails of thy bright queen vainly striving to seek her realm, might suddenly turn and bear her back to her fair duchy of Tourraine,"[2] one of her deadliest enemies, as he sees her "sailing away over the summer seas," "on an errand inseparable from its tremendous end," cannot restrain his admiration of "the brave woman, scarcely more than a girl, who was about to throw herself, alone, into the midst of the most turbulent people in Europe, fresh emerged out of revolution, and loitering in the very rear of civilization."[3]

The voyage was prosperous. An English squadron, by way of looking out for pirates, was hovering in the narrow seas; but the Queen escaped it, and at six o'clock, on the morning of the 19th of August, the good people of Edinburgh and Leith were startled by the guns from

[1] Brantôme, *Vies des Dames Illustres.* [2] Ronsard.
[3] *Hist. of England*, J. A. Froude, vol. vi. p. 519.

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her galleys, sounding through the mist which hung over the Firth of Forth. Mist is no very remarkable phenomenon at any time of the year in Edinburgh, but John Knox made the most of it. "The verray face of heaven, the time of her arrival, did manifestlie speak what comfort was brought into this countrey with her, to wit, sorrow, dolour, darkness, and all impietie; for in the memorie of man, that day of the year, was never seen a more dolorous face of the heaven, than was at her arrival; which two days after did so continue, for besides the surface weat, and corruptioun of the air, the mist was so thick and so dark, that scarce mycht any man espy ane other the length of two pair of butts. The sun was not seen to shine two days before, nor two days after. That forewarning gave God unto us, but allace, the most pairt was blind."[1] The blinded "most pairt," deaf to these dismal croakings, hurried down to the shores of Leith, to give their Sovereign Lady a kindly welcome home. Some amongst the crowd may have seen the royal babe, who just thirteen years before had sailed down the Clyde for France, and who now returned pioneered by the fame of her loveliness, a motherless girl, in the black dress of her early widowhood. She landed at ten o'clock; and as Holyrood was not "throuchly put in order" (an admission pointing to squalor beside the glories of Orleans and Fontainbleau), rested at the house of one Andrew Lambie. In the meantime, the Lord James was preparing for her escort to her palace. He was not particularly successful, and appeared in the afternoon with a few sorry palfreys, miserably caparisoned,

[1] *Knox*, vol. ii. pp. 268, 269.

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for herself and her ladies. The contrast between the splendours she had left was all too rude, her proud uncles and stately dames were standing by, and the poor tired Queen burst into tears. On her way to the Abbey she was met by "the rebels of the crafts of Edinburgh," who besought her pardon, readily granted, for having created a riot in the rescue of a "graceless shoemaker," whom the gloomy Congregation had decided to hang for playing Robin Hood. The Queen's rooms had been hastily prepared on the ground floor, where she must have spent a miserable night, for five or six hundred citizens "sat under her window, and gave her a concert of the vilest fiddles and little rebecs, . . . and accompanied them with singing psalms, but so wretchedly out of tune and concord, that nothing could be worse." "Is anyone merry, let him sing psalms," said one of the Maries, with irreverent mischief. "Alas!" answered the poor Queen, as though the iron was already entering into her soul, "this is no place for mirth. I can hardly keep from tears."[1] With her own gracious courtesy, however, she thanked the well-meaning musicians, and while she asked them to continue their performances, prudently changed her apartment from the ground floor to that chamber which still bears her name. On Sunday, 24th, St Bartholomew's Day, mass was said in the Queen's chapel, within the Palace. The Congregation were suffocated with rage,—"Sall that idol be suffered again to take place within this realm? It sall not." "The idolatrous priest sall die the death," shouted the fanatic Master of Lindsay, as, buckling on his armour, he rushed

[1] Brantôme, *Vies des Dames Illustres.*

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into the Palace court. The Lord James, to the anguish of the "godly," thrust himself against the chapel door, and after mass was over, helped to save the brave priest's life. The "godly" departed with "great grief of heart,"[1] but returned in the afternoon, and made an angry demonstration in front of the Palace. Within was confusion and dismay. "Voila un beau commencement d'obeissance et de recueil de mes sujets," cried the Queen, while the Court urged an immediate return to France; "and," observes John Knox economically, "would to God that that menzie, together with the messe, had taken good nycht at this realme for ever; for so had Scotland been rid of ane unprofitable burthen of devouring strangers."[1] The Privy Council, composed exclusively of Protestants, met next day, and proclaimed toleration for the Queen and her subjects in their respective religions. "Why, alas, will ye chase our Soverane from us? She will incontinent return to her galleys; and what then shall all realms say of us? May we not suffer her a little while?"—expressed the sentiments of the Council; but against their reasonable utterances the Earl of Arran protested publicly,—"For God's law had pronounced death against the idolater, and the laws of the realme had appointed punishment for sayers and hearers of messe. . . . But since that God has said the idolator shall die the death, we protest solempnedlie, in presence of God . . . that if any of her servants shall commit idolatrie, specially say messe, participate therewith, or tak the defence thereof . . . in that case, that this proclamation be not extended to them, na mair nor

[1] *Knox*, vol. ii. p. 271. [2] *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 271.

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if they commit slauchter, or murther, seeing the ain is mickle mair abominable and odious in the sight of God than is the other, but that it may be lawful to inflict upon them the pains contained in God's Word against idolatrie."[1] On the Sunday following, John Knox preached against "idolatrie," and said "that one messe was more fearful to him than if ten thousand armed enemies was landed in any part of the realme, of purpose to suppress the whole religion."[2] The resignation wherewith many were disposed to bear with the Queen (especially after a visit to Holyrood), exasperated the minister of Edinburgh. "My lord," said Campbell of Kingzeancleuch to the Lord Ochiltree, "I perceive by your anger, that the fire-edge is not off you yet, but I fear that after that the holy water of the Court be sprinkled upon you, that ye sall become as temperate as the rest; for I have been here now five days, and at the first I heard every man say, 'Let us hang the priest,' but after they had been twice or thrice to the Abbey, all that fervency was past; I think there be some enchantment whereby men are bewitched."[3]

From such stormy scenes it is pleasant to turn to those loyal citizens of Edinburgh who determined to prove to their Queen that she was heartily welcome home. On Sunday, the 31st of August, they entertained her uncles to "ane honourable banquet," and a few days after, the good city devised a grand pageant on the occasion of presenting the Sovereign Lady with a costly cup-board of silver gilt. Great were the preparations of

[1] *Knox*, vol. ii. p. 275. [2] *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 276.
[3] *Ibid.*, vol. ii. pp. 275, 276.

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the magistrates; and their apparel received due consideration, to judge from the "gowns of fine black velvet," "doublets of cramosie satin," and velvet bonnets and hose, that we find were ordered for their adornment in the Register Book of the Town Council of Edinburgh. When the eventful day arrived, the Queen, accompanied by a crowd of her nobility, rode in state from Holyrood House to the Castle. She dined there at twelve o'clock; and, loudly saluted by the Castle guns, she again rode forth under a canopy of fine purple velvet, lined with red, fringed with gold and silk, and carried by sixteen of "the maist honest burghers." As the Queen rode down the Castlehill she was met by "ane convoy" of fifty young men, who, in accordance with the taste of the age, were all clad alike in yellow taffety, with their skins blackened to resemble Moors. Behind the Moors appeared "ane cart with certane bairnes, together with ane coffer, wherein was the cupboard and propyne. All proceeded in due order till they reached the Butter Tron, where there was "ane port made of tymber, in maist honourable manner." On the port was "singing certane bairnes in the maist heavenlie ways; under the quhilk port there was ane cloud opening with four leaves; in the quhilk was put ane bonnie bairne." As the Queen rode through the port, "the said cloud opened, and the bairne descendid doun as it had been ane angel, and delivered to Her Highness the keys of the town, together with ane Bible and ane Psalm Buik covered with fine purple velvet; and after the said bairn had spoken some small speeches, he delivered also to Her Highness three writings, the tenour thereof is uncertane that being done, the bairnie ascended in the cloud.

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The next halt took place at the Tolbooth, where, on two scaffolds, stood four "fair virgins," "all clad in maist precious attirement," and representing Fortitude, Justice, Temperance, and Prudence. After "ane little speech" here, the Queen reached the Market Cross, where awaited her four "other fair virgins," "clad in the maist heavenlie clothing," who proceeded to act an allegory. Healths were drunk and glasses were broken, and then the procession moved on to the Salt-Tron. At this stage some zealous Protestants had, with shameful indecency, suggested the device of a priest burned at the altar, in the act of elevating the Host, but this was forbidden by the Earl of Huntly, who bore the Sword of State in the procession, and the destruction of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram was figured instead. This proved, we are told, to the "seeming content of both sides, the Reformers regarding it as an example of God's vengeance upon idolatry, the Roman Catholics as an example of God's vengeance upon those who took the priesthood upon themselves without authority." The next and last stage was at the Nether Bow, where a dragon delivered an address, and was then set on fire and burned during the singing of a psalm. At length Holyrood was reached, and the bairns in the cart made a speech concerning the putting away of the Mass, and sang a psalm. The dignitaries of the Town Council entered the Palace with their Sovereign Lady, and, in her outer chamber presented to her the cupboard, "quhilk was double over gilt, the price thereof was two thousand merks."[1]

[1] *A Diurnal of Remarkable Occurrents.* From MS. of the 16th Century. Printed by Bannatyne Club, 1833.

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CHAPTER V.

HOLYROOD.

Holyrood, Holyrood, did I not love thee?
Gracious my welcome, and radiant my Court;
O fair Dunedin, though storms rage above thee,
Gladly I entered the Netherbow Port!

On the 6th of September 1561 a new Privy Council was constituted at Edinburgh. It consisted of Catholics and Protestants. The Earl of Huntly was Chancellor, and the practical administrators of affairs were the Lord James, who was called the Queen's *Minion*, and the Secretary, William Maitland of Lethington, who was endowed with perhaps the keenest wit and the brightest intellect in Scotland. The Lord James dealt "according to his nature, rudely, homely, and bluntly; the Laird of Lethington more delicately and finely, yet nothing swerving from the other in mind and effect."[1] ". . . . My Lord of Murray had great credit with my Lord Robert Dudley . . . . and the Secretary Lethington had great credit with the Secretary Cecil. So these four packit up a strait and sisterly friendship between the twa queens. . . ."[2] In August 1562 it was held advisable

[1] Randolph to Cecil.

[2] *Memoirs of his Own Life*, Sir James Melville of Halhill, MDXLIX–MDXCIII, p. 91.

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"that ane part of her Council mak continual residence with her Grace," and four of the Lords of Secret Council were to reside with her two months at a time.[1] The young Queen presided often at the Council, which sat on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday from eight o'clock till eleven in the forenoon, and from two till five after dinner, and beside her Chair of State was placed a little table of sandal wood with her implements of needlework.[2] She had indeed returned desirous to do right, and "behaved herself sa princely, sa honourably, and discreetly, that her reputation spread in all countries . . . . desiring to hold nane in her company but sic as were of the best quality and conversation, abhorring all vices and vicious persons. . . ."[3] By 1562 we know that her confessor had left her; but the faithful priest John Lesley, then engaged in collecting "the Black Acts of Parliament," doubtless divided his time between his literary pursuits, and the duties of a Privy Councillor and a Lord of Session, in directing his Queen in her spiritual and social difficulties. Sir James Melville of Halhill, who had entered her service as "page of honour" in France, and who was now ambassador to the Court of England, and a busy politician, says she applied to him for advice. "A ruinous commission," observes the ambassador, though he seems nevertheless highly to have appreciated the honour. She adjured him, he adds, "in case she, being yet young, mycht forget herself in any unseemly gesture or misbehaviour, that I would warn

[1] *The Register of the Privy Council of Scotland*, edit. Hill Burton, vol. i. p. 217.

[2] Randolph to Cecil.

[3] Sir James Melville, p. 130.

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her thereof, with my admonition to forbear and reform the same." She said she knew "she had committed divers errors, upon na evil meaning, for lack of the advice of loving friends." [1]

We are reminded in certain of Mary Stuart's first acts of that great ancestor, James I., who was called the Father of his people. She revived or continued the office of advocate of the poor, and sometimes sat personally to watch the poor man's cause; she laid aside a portion of her income for the education of destitute children. She established the first manufactory of straw hats in Scotland, by bringing over a company of straw-plaiters from Lorraine; and she early despatched the Lord James to the stormy border lands, where, with the assistance of the powerful chief, Bothwell, he meted out rigorous punishments to the most notorious offenders in those turbulent parts of her dominions. She had paved roads made round the capital, diverging from the gates of Holyrood, and the conditions of privilege to the burghs were that they would make and keep up good roads.[2] Alas! Mary was to have no opportunity of reigning as a Queen of Peace! The years she spent at Holyrood after her return from France, till her second marriage, were the happiest she was ever again to know on earth. While she would be true to her beloved France, and docile when the Guises advised her, she by no means intended "to hang her keys at their girdle," nor, with the remembrance that she was the heiress presumptive of England would she voluntarily quarrel

[1] Sir James Melville, p. 130.

[2] *Statistical Hist. of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 389.

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with Queen Elizabeth. Though constitutionally subject to fits of depression, her spirits were, perhaps, in general "by nature pitched too high." Now with the vigour and elasticity of her marvellous race, she rose above her complicated troubles, and while ever walking betwixt fires, neither the threats nor intrigues of France or of Elizabeth, nor the fanatical ferocity of the Congregation could crush the brave young spirit. Still she was young, still she could rejoice in the light of the sun; and in her beauty and intellectual brightness she was the brilliant centre of the most brilliant court Scotland had ever known. At the Court of France she drew round her men like Michel de l'Hôpital, Ronsard, Jodelle, Joachim du Bellay, Baif, Amyot, and Brantôme; and at the Court of Holyrood, "in the ring of which she was the centre, were statesmen like Murray and Lethington, soldiers like Kyrkcaldy of Grange, men of letters like Buchanan, Lesley, Sir Richard Maitland, and Sir James Melville. The first poet of France published verses deploring his absence from her brilliant Court; Damville, the flower of French chivalry, repined at the fate which called him away from it so soon; Brantôme and the younger Scaliger delighted to speak in old age of the days which they passed beneath its roof."[1] Amongst the numerous ladies were Madame de Briante, who had been the Queen's governess, and the four Maries who had been her companions ever since those happy days when they sported together at Inchmahome, and who, after the death of Francis II.,

1 *Inventories of Queen Mary*, Preface, Joseph Robertson, p. cxxii.

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bound themselves by a vow not to marry till their mistress accepted another husband. Mary Livingston, the daughter of Lord Livingston; Mary Fleming, the daughter of Lord Fleming, and the betrothed of Secretary Maitland; Mary Seton, the daughter of Lord Seton, extolled by the Queen as the best dresser of hair in Christendom, round whose life, which she had vowed to celibacy, some mysterious interest hangs, and who, after sharing her mistress's captivity for more than fifteen years, went to France, and died in the Convent of St Peter's at Rheims; and Mary Beton, the daughter of the Laird of Creich, and, it would seem, the scholar of the Court.[1] Of the others who went in and out at Court were the Earl of Mar, the Earl Marischall, the Lords Ochiltree, Ruthven, and Lindsay, all devoted chiefs of the Congregation; besides the Queen's Minion, there were three other illegitimate children of James V., the Lord John of Coldingham, the Lord Robert of Holyrood House, and Jean, married to the Earl of Argyll; there was Sir Thomas Randolph, ambassador from the Court of England; there was the Earl of Arran, still burning his wings near the throne; and there was the Earl of Bothwell, who was now Lord High Admiral of Scotland, Keeper of Edinburgh Castle and of Hermitage Castle, Sheriff of West Lothian, and Lieutenant of the Southern Border. Holyrood was soon peopled; and about two months after the Queen's return, Randolph writes to Cecil, "The lords now begin to return to the Court, the bishops flock apace; the Metropolitan of St Andrews arrived here on Monday last with eighty

[1] Joseph Robertson, in Pref. to *Inventories*.

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horses in his train, and to be seen he rode half-a-mile out of his way through the High Street of Edinburgh."[1] If there was ample hospitality at the Palace, and the retinue befitting a Court was duly maintained from the noble chamberlains to the official "fool," no waste or reckless extravagance was permitted; and by the records of the Royal Household each individual, from her Majesty to the humblest domestic, had a separate and abundant allowance of the necessaries of life, such as bread, wine, eggs, candles, coals, and other articles.[2] As a royal widow of France, Mary possessed the Duchy of Tourraine, and from the rents of this fair dowerland, amounting to about £30,000 a year, the salaries of her French ladies and officers, including her staff of cooks, bakers, and butlers, were all paid.[2] At length her "geir," which was magnificent, arrived, and Holyrood was "throuchly put in order." The Stuart kings had delighted in music and literature, and perhaps relics of their predilections, far older than the comparatively modern walls of the Palace, still lingered there, and were links with the past. A great part of the bridal equipment of poor Queen Magdalene had been sold to support the war with England during the Regency; but the rich Dowager of France possessed "mony costly jewels and golden wark, precious stanes and orient pearle, maist excellent of ony that was in Europe, and mony costly habilments of her body, with mickle silver wark of costly cupboards.[3] The rushes were swept away, and thirty-six Turkey carpets

[1] Randolph to Cecil.

[2] *Strickland*, vol. iv. pp. 23–26.

[3] Bishop Lesley's *Hist. of Scotland*, p 299

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took their place. The walls were covered with arras of cloth of gold, or suits of tapestry, which represented such scenes as the "The Triumph of Veritie"; "ane tapestry made of warsett, mixed with threads of gold, of the Judgement of Solomon and the dead bairnes and the twa wifies," "the figures of them wha cuts the holly," and so forth. From the inventory of her furniture in Holyrood, taken in November 1561, we find ten cloths of State, and amongst forty-five beds, fifteen were embroidered with gold or silver. In the grim and narrow keeps of the Scottish barons there was no space for magnificence, even if there had been money and inclination, and amazing must have appeared the Queen's love of refinement and elegance, expressing itself in divers ways from the fair fine linen of her bed-chamber to the game with beaks and claws tipped with silver on her table.[1] The rude barons and their wondering wives were now lost amid marble tables, china, and flowers, cabinets in Indian and Venetian filigree work of silver and gold, chess tables of ebony and mother o' pearl, while statuettes filled every corner, and silver lamps were hung from the fretted ceilings emblazoned with the royal arms of Scotland, and the escutcheon of the Queen impaling the royal lilies of France.[2] Mary had been educated at a high pressure at the most learned Court in Europe. On New Year's Day, 1554, when only fourteen years old, she had recited, in presence of the Royal family of France, in the grand hall of the Louvre, a Latin oration in defence of learned women;[3] "and among the themes which as a girl

[1] *Strickland*, vol. iv. [2] *Ibid.*
[3] Brantôme, *Vies des Dames Illustres.*

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she had to turn from French into Latin, was a make-believe letter from Mary Queen of Scots to John Calvin, rebuking his denial of Purgatory out of the mouths of Socrates and Plato."[1] Nor were her studies neglected at Holyrood. She daily read with George Buchanan "somewhat of Livy"[2] after dinner. He was even then probably composing the grand strains of the "*Nympha Caledoniæ quæ nunc feliciter orœ*," as a dedication to his royal pupil of his translation of the Psalms, and, as he was living at Court, was surely not in those days, as he has been described, "in his person, behaviour, and fashion," "rough-hewen, slovenly, and rude," and clad in more courtly attire than a "rugge-gown girt close about him."[3] Eager for information, the young Queen was "of a quick spirit, and curious to know and to get intelligence of the state of other countries. . . . ."[4] In the library at Holyrood, a room carpeted with green cloth, were her cherished books. She had Latin, Greek, French, and Italian works; and the light literature of the day was represented by such compositions as the *Romances of Jason, Gyron the Courteous*, and the endless *Sequels of Amadis de Gaul*, whilst among the poetry appeared *Le Jardin de Plaisance et Fleur de Rhetorique*, the works of Alain Chartier, and the poems of the Queen of Navarre, *Les Marguerites de la Marguerite des Princesses*, and to this department the press of Edinburgh may have contributed *The Knightly Tale of Golagros and Gawane*. If such works of recreation hardly excite our envy, it is

[1] Joseph Robertson, p. cxii. Pref. to *Inventories*.
[2] Randolph to Cecil.
[3] Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*, p. 91, edit. Lond. 1634.
[4] Sir James Melville, p. 131.

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a comfort to know that posts might be expected at the Palace (and this was more than could be said of any other home in Scotland). There were posts coming and going between England and the Continent, and there was the best substitute of that day for our telegraph, the swift flying courier, with a gallows depicted on the cover of the letter, to warn him of his possible doom if it were not delivered with all imaginable expedition.

Mary sang well, and, besides the lute and harp, played on the virginals "reasonably well for a Queen,"[1] and a band of Scotch violars was attached to her household. Her love of needlework was to stand her in good stead for many a weary hour, and many a lovely piece of embroidery has been attributed to her patient needle. She loved the chase; and the same white hand which so skilfully used her needle and pen could dexterously manage her galloping horse. Archery, the national game of golf, and a game played with ball and mallet, known as "paille-maille," or, as we should now call it, croquet,[2] were among the "faire and pleasant field" games in high favour at Holyrood. There were gardens there as well as at the other Royal residences, where out-of-door mirth prevailed, and fruits and flowers were cultivated. Tradition says that the parent of all the sycamore trees in Scotland was planted by Mary's hand. There were cards, chess, and backgammon within doors, and, above all, there was dancing, which the Queen loved passionately and indulged in freely, to the great scandal of the minister of Edinburgh, and the less outspoken grief of the Lords

[1] Sir James Melville, p. 124.

[2] Joseph Robertson, Pref. to *Inventories*, p. lxx.

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of the Congregation, and on all festive occasions there was a performance of a dramatic character called a masque. A masque was a dreary pageant, a dull pedantic allegory, wherein the Court lords and ladies figured as gods and goddesses, centaurs and nymphs, or personified Prudence, Discretion, Chastity, and the like appropriate virtues, and delivered heavy Latin orations to the audience, or waged deadly warfare with dragons and demons, with Disdain and *Malice Prepense*. The Court of Holyrood was a brilliant and lettered one; and in its midst, full of spirit that amounted to wildness, radiant and clever, winning and generous, appears the bewitching Queen of Scots.

In a delightful letter of Randolph to Lord Robert Dudley, describing one winter's night only, we seem once again to people the now deserted halls of old Holyrood, and again its now silent chambers ring with royal mirth, and flambeaux and wax candles light up its dreary corners. We hear the rustle of "faire Flemyng's" gown of cloth of silver, and are dazzled by her gems as she reigns Queen of the revels of Twelfth Night, of 1563, and we wonder if any adornment can enhance the loveliness of Mary Stuart, as in her black and white apparel, divested of gold and jewels, that her Marie may reign alone, she leads out the English ambassador to the dance, and we do not wonder that he wrote, "I never found myself so happy."[1] While we may reasonably doubt if consummate wisdom and rigorous decorum according to even more liberal notions than those of the

[1] Randolph to Dudley. *Miscellany of the Maitland Club*, vol. ii. p. 391.

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Congregation prevailed, still we must also remember that it required only the merry laugh of the young Queen echoing through her paternal halls to call down upon her head the gloomy denunciation of those to whom all diversion was too often iniquity. Amid all her mirth, the black dress she wore for four years was a continual *memento mori*, and her crystal watch, which told how fast the happy hours were flying by for her, was made in the shape of a coffin. Fond as she was of gaiety, her presence in the Council Chamber would alone prove that she did not shrink from duty. Indeed she faced it bravely in its most repulsive form. The storm caused by her first mass on St Bartholomew's Day was raging when she sent for John Knox. The minister of Edinburgh arrived at Holyrood with due alacrity, and the interview took place in the presence of the Lord James and two of the Court ladies. The Queen began by calling him to account for his publication of *The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women.* After alluding to the "vanitie of the Papistical religion, and the deceit, pride, and tyranny of that Roman Antichrist," Knox declared " . . . . to this hour I have thocht, and yet thinks myself alone to be mare able to sustain the things affirmed in that my wark, than any ten in Europe shall be able to confute it." "Ye think then," quoth the Queen, "that I have no just authority?" After declaring that "learned men in all ages have had their judgments free . . . . and have lived in the common societie of others, and have borne patientlie with the errors and imperfections which they could not amend . . . ," he went on to say, "Even so, Madam, am I content to do, in uprightness of heart. . . .

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I have communicat my judgment to the world: If the realme finds no inconvenience from the regiment of a woman, that which they approve shall I not further disallow, than within my ain breast, but shall be as weall content to live under your Grace, as Paul was to live under Nero; and my hope is, that so long as that ye defile not your hands with the blood of the Saints of God, that neither I nor that Book shall either hurt you or your authoritie: for in verray deed, madam, that book was written most especialie against that wicked Jezebel of England." Knox then descanted on the peace which his presence had brought to Berwick, Newcastle, and London, and defended himself against the charge of necromancy. "Seeing the wicked of the world said that my Maister, the Lord Jesus, was possessed with Beelzebub, I maun patientlie bear, albeit that I, wretched sinner, be injustlie accused of those that never delighted in the veritie." "But yet," said the Queen, "ye have taught the people to receive another religion than their Princes can allow . . . .; think ye that subjects having power may resist their princes?" "If their princes exceed their bounds, Madame . . . . it is no doubt they be resisted, even by power. For there is neither greater honour nor greater obedience to be given to kings or princes than God has commanded to be given unto father or mother: But so it is, Madam, that the father may be stricken with a phrensye, in the which he would slay his own children. Now, Madame, if the children arise, join themselves together, apprehend the father, tack the sword or other weapons from him, and finallie bind his hands and keep him in prison till that phrensye be overpast;

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think ye, Madam, that the children do any wrang? . . . . It is even so, Madam, with princes that would murder the children of God. . . . Their blind zeal is no thing but a verray mad phrensye; and therefore to tack the sword from them, to bind their hands, and to cast themselves in prison till that they be brought to a more sober mind, is no disobedience against princes, but just obedience, because that it agreeth with the will of God." The Queen, after this, was speechless for more than a quarter of an hour, and she seemed highly displeased. At length the Lord James asked, "What has offended you, Madam?" Recovering herself, she said, "Well, then, I perceive that my subjects shall obey you, and not me; and shall do what they list and not what I command, and so maun I be subject to them and not they to me." "God forbid," answered Knox, "that ever I tack upon me to command any to obey me, or yet set subjects at libertie to do what pleaseth them. . . . God craves of kings that they be, as it were, foster fathers to His Church, and commands queens to be nurses unto His people. . . ." "Yea," quoth she, "but ye are not the Kirk that I will nourish. I will defend the Kirk of Rome, for I think it is the true Kirk of God." "Your will, Madam, is no reason; neither doth your thocht mak that Romane harlot to be the true and immaculat Spous of Christ Jesus . . . . yea, Madame, I offer myself further to prove that the Church of the Jewes that crucified Christ Jesus was not so far degenerated from the ordinances and statutes which God gave by Moses and Aaron unto His people, when that they manifestlie denied the Son of God, as that the Church of Rome is declined

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. . . ." "My conscience," she said, "is not so." "Conscience, Madame, requires knowledge; and I fear that right knowledge ye have none." "But I have baith heard and read." "So, Madame, did the Jews that crucified Christ Jesus read both the Law and the Prophetis. . . . Have ye heard any teache but such as the Pope and his Cardinals have allowed. . . . ?" "Ye interpret the Scriptures," she said, "in one manner, and they interpret in ane other; whom shall I believe?" "Ye shall believe God, that plainlie speaketh in His Word:— . . . . to tack ane of the chief points which this day is in contraversie betwixt the Papistis and us, for example, the Papistis allege, and boldly have affirmed, that the messe is the Ordinance of God . . . . and a sacrifice for the sins of the quick and the dead. We deny both the one and the other, and affirme that the messe, as it is now used, is nothing but the invention of man, and therefore is an abomination before God, and no sacrifice that ever God commanded. . . . Let them lay down the Book of God, and by the plain words thereof prove their affirmations. . . ." The wrangle was interrupted when the Queen was called to dinner, and John Knox said as he departed, "I pray God, Madam, that ye may be as blessed within the Common-wealth of Scotland, if it be pleasure of God, as ever Debora was in the Common-wealth of Israel." "If there be not in her," he observed to his friends, "a proud mind, a crafty wit, and ane indurat heart against God and His truth, my judgment faileth me."[1]

Soon after this interview, Mary determined to make

[1] *Knox*, vol. ii. p. 277–286.

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a brief escape from her capital, and on the 11th of September, after dinner (the hour for that meal being probably twelve o'clock), started with a goodly retinue of lords and ladies, all on horseback, on a visit to her chief provincial towns. They reached Linlithgow in time for supper, and next day went on. This was an expedition after the young Queen's own heart. She showed her fair face at Stirling, Perth, Dundee, and St Andrews, "which all partis," says Knox, "she polluted with her idolatrie." On the 29th of September she returned to Holyrood, and on the 2nd of October the Provost of Edinburgh commanded "all and sundry monks, friars, priests, and all utheris papists and profane persons to pass furth of Edinburgh within 24 hours next . . . . under the pain of burning of disobeyaris upon the cheek, and harling of them thro' the town in ane cart."[1] Her Majesty promptly dismissed the Provost and his Bailies, and issued a counter-proclamation that the town should be patent to all her lieges. "And so," says Knox, "gatt the devil freedom again, where that before he durst not have been seen in the daylight upon the common streets. Lord, deliver us from that bondage."[2] While the queen freely permitted her half-brother, the Lord James, to have a sermon, thrice in the week, for the benefit of himself and his friends, within the Palace walls, her own chapel afforded no safety from persecution. On All Hallows Day, mass was sung "with all mischevous solempnitie," says Knox, "of Bael's bleating priests," and one of the "priests was well beaten for his reward."[3]

[1] *Diurnal of Remarkable Occurrents.* [2] *Knox*, vol. ii. p. 290.
[3] *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 291.

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The Congregation might long to brand their Sovereign Lady as an idolatress, the minister of Edinburgh might rage, and the Provost of Edinburgh issue malignant proclamations, but neither Kirk nor Town Council had power to stay the kindly hand which the fair young Queen held out to the multitudes who loved her for her own sake, and because in her veins flowed the blood of a race of beloved monarchs. Their affectionate welcome was well expressed by Alexander Scott, a native poet, whose strains were as fervent at least as the raptures of Ronsard and Brantôme, in "Ane New Year's Gift to the Quene Mary, quhen sche came first hame."

"Welcome, illustrate Ladye, and our Queen;
Welcome, our Lioń with the Fleur de Lis;
Welcome, our Thistle with the Lorraine green;
Welcome, our rubent rose upon the rise;
Welcome, our Gem, and joyful Genetrice;
Welcome, our Belle of Albion, to bear;
Welcome, our pleasant Princess, maist of price!
God give you grace against this good New Year.

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CHAPTER VI.

QUEEN MARY AND JOHN KNOX.

'Mourn ye, Hielands, and mourn ye, Lowlands—
I trow ye hae mickle need,
For the bonnie burn o' Corrichie
Has run this day wi' bleid."

. . . . .

"I wish our Queen had better friends."
JOHN FORBES.

THE reception given to the *Book of Discipline* in January 1561, and the inadequate manner in which the provision made for the half-starving ministers was meted out, created a great deal of bad feeling between them and their greedy lairds. "The ministers being sustained," said Secretary Maitland plainly, "the Queen will not get at the year's end to buy her a pair of new shoes."[1] "Oft," declares Knox, "was it cried into their ears, 'O happy servandis of the Devill, and miserable servandis of Jesus Christ, if that after this life there was not hell or heaven, for to the servandis of the Devill, to your dumb dogs and horned bishops, to one . . . ten thousand was not enough; but to the servandis of Christ, that painfullie preache his evangell, a thousand pound; how can that be sustained?"[2] Polemical discussions of the most

[1] *Knox*, vol. ii. p. 310.

[2] *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 212.

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profitless description were now occasionally indulged in by Catholics and Protestants. In September 1562, Quentin Kennedy, abbot of Crossraguel, who had appeared before as a reformer within the Church, and John Knox, met at Maybole, and argued for three days, principally on the most Holy Sacrament of the altar. There were no manifest results whatever, and as each disputant brought with him forty supporters, the "barren wranglings" came to an end because the poor little town of Maybole could not sustain so many strangers.[1] Quentin Kennedy, who was a true reformer, died in 1564.

In the summer of 1562, a mysterious visitor passed the gates of Holyrood. This was Nicolas de Gouda, who brought a message to the Queen from Pope Pius IV. The Protestants soon heard that "a Nuncio of Baal and Beelzebub, and an agent of the devil," was at large, and his life was sought after. He was accompanied by Edmund Hay, who belonged to the family of Errol, and after two months spent in concealment, he ventured with his companion across fields, and along the town walls, to the house of the Queen's Almoner in Edinburgh. Her Majesty commanded them to appear at Holyrood on July 24th, when many of the courtiers were hearing the sermon in St Giles. The momentous business was rapidly transacted. The Queen read the Apostolic brief, and as she feared it would be impossible to send representatives to the Council of Trent, which had re-opened its sessions on the 18th of the previous January, expressed a wish that his Holiness knew the condition of her

[1] *The Life of John Knox*, Dr M'Crie, vol. ii. p. 71.

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kingdom. It was probably only when they were being hurried away from Holyrood that De Gouda and Hay had some idea of what their discovery within those walls would have involved, or were able partly to realise the utter helplessness of the poor young Queen, as well as of every Catholic in the country. The Nuncio's mission was most unsatisfactory; he seemed welcome to no one, and a terror to friend and foe. The Bishop of Ross evidently wished to wash his hands of the whole affair. He refused an interview, saying it would bring about the sacking and plundering of his house, and would place himself and all his household in the peril of their lives. "I do not like it at all," he said to a friend, as he handed him a letter from the Nuncio, which he dared not answer. The Bishop of Dunblane, although "one of the chief pillars of the Papisticall Kirk," also refused to see him. "Considering," said the unfortunate Nuncio, "that it was from these two bishops more than anyone else I had looked for some results of my efforts, I foresaw how far I was likely to succeed with the others." At last the Bishop of Dunkeld consented to receive him, on condition that he should pass himself off as a banker's clerk, come for payment of a debt. The Bishop entertained him to dinner, but obliged him to talk of nothing but money matters all dinner time. "Your reverence," wrote De Gouda to his Superior, "will be at no loss to gather from these particulars how far the cause of religion is likely to be advanced by negotiations with these good men."[1] With great peril the Nuncio and Hay managed to leave the country. They took with them a band of young

[1] *Narratives of Scottish Catholics*, p. 72.

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recruits for the army of St Ignatius Loyola—James Tyrie, William Crichton, John Hay, Robert Abercromby, and William Murdoch.[1]

Early in the New Year of 1562, the Lord James, who was now known as Earl of Mar, was married in St Giles to Agnes Keith, daughter of the Earl Marischal. There was high revel in Holyrood, and at supper on Shrove Tuesday the Queen of Scots sent to Sir Thomas Randolph the cup of gold in which she had just drunk to the health of her royal sister of England.[2] The title of Mar, recently bestowed by the Queen on her half-brother, was claimed by his uncle, John, Lord Erskine, upon which the Lord James was created Earl of Murray. The estates of Murray were in great part possessed by the Earl of Huntly. This mighty man, "the Cock of the North," the head of the Catholics, the chief of the Gordons, who declared that he could set up the mass in three counties, must be annihilated before the Earl of Murray could enjoy his dominions. Many causes had combined to create suspicion of the fidelity of Huntly, and his semi-regal state ill befitted a subject; but notwithstanding, Queen Mary's real or affected approval of the destruction of her great Catholic subject is one of the "mysteries of history," and can only be partly accounted for by supposing that she was overruled by her ambitious half-brother. An immediate cause of offence was given by Sir John Gordon, Huntly's fourth son. He had desperately wounded his feudal enemy, Ogilvy of Findlater, on the streets of Edinburgh, and

[1] *Narratives of Scottish Catholics*, note 1 to p. 79.

[2] Randolph to Cecil.

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having been imprisoned, had broken his ward. The royal troops advanced to Aberdeenshire. Huntly took arms against his sovereign, and was defeated at the battle of Corrichie, on the 28th of October 1562. He immediately afterwards dropped down dead. Sir John Gordon was beheaded at Aberdeen, Huntly's eldest son was imprisoned, and his kinsman, the Earl of Sutherland, and eleven barons of the house of Gordon, were attainted. The Queen headed the expedition to Aberdeenshire. The journey was "cumbersome, painful, and marvellous long, the weather extreme foul and cold, and all victuals marvellous dear, and the corn never like to come to ripeness." But Mary was in an adventurous mood, and only regretted "that she was not a man, to know what life it was to lie all night in the fields, or to walk upon the causeway with a jack and knapsack, a Glasgow buckler, and a broadsword."[1] Meanwhile, the strife between Catholics and Huguenots was proceeding actively in France, and was watched by Mary with keen interest. On the 19th of December 1562 the battle of Dreux was fought and won by the Duke of Guise. The news of this victory over the Huguenots was thankfully received at Holyrood. "Then," says John Knox, "began dancing to grow hot." He adds that he was assured "that the Queen had danced excessivelie till after midnycht, because that she had received letters that persecution was begun again in France, and that her uncles were beginning to stir their taills."[2] Whereupon, on the 13th of December, he preached from the text, "And now

[1] Randolph's *Despatches.*

[2] *Knox*, vol ii. p. 331.

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understand, O ye kings, and be learned, ye that judge the earth," and he denounced "the ignorence, the vanitie, and the dyspite of princes against all virtue," and "inveighed sore against the Queen's dancing, and little exercise of herself in virtue and godliness." Two days afterwards, her Majesty commanded the minister of Edinburgh to appear at Holyrood, and accused him of "travailing to bring her in hatred and contempt of the people." "Madame," he replied, " . . . . I doubt not but it cam to the ears of proud Herod, that our Maister Christ Jesus called him a fox; but they told him not how odious a thing it was before God to murther ane innocent, as he had lately done before, causing to behead John the Baptist, to reward the dancing of a harlot's daughter. . . . Madam, if your ain ears had heard the whole matter that I entreated; if there be into you any sparkle of the Spirit of God, yea of honestie or wisdome, ye could not justlie have been offended with anything that I spack. . . ." He then favoured her with an epitome of his sermon, and admitted that he had said that, "in fiddling and flinging," princes "are more exercised than in reading of God's most blessed Word; and fiddlers and flatterers (which commonlie corrupt the youth) are more precious in their eyes, than men of wisdom and gravitie, who by wholesome admonition might beat down into them some part of that vanitie and pride whereintil all are born, but in princes tack roote and strength by wicked education. And of dancing, Madam, I said, albeit in Scriptures I found no praise of it, and in profane writers, that it is termed the gesture rather of those that are mad and in phrensye than of sober men, yet do I not utterlie damne it, providing that

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two vices be avoided: the former that the principall vocation of those that use that exercise be not neglected for the pleasure of dancing; secondly, that they dance not, as the Philistines their fathers, for the pleasure that they tack in the displeasure of God's people. For if any of both they do, as they shall receive the reward of dancers, and that will be drink in hell, so shall God turn their mirth in sudden sorrow." "Your words," said the Queen, "are sharp enough. . . . I know that my uncles and ye are not of ane religion, and therefore I cannot blame you, albeit you have no good opinion of them. But if ye hear anything of myself that mislikes you, come to myself and tell me, and I shall hear you." "Madam, I am assured that your uncles are enemies to God, and unto his son Jesus Christ; and that for maintenance of their ain pomp and worldlie glorie, that they spare not to spill the blood of many innocents. . . . But as to your ain personage, Madam, I would be glad to do all to your Grace's contentment, provided that I exceed not the bounds of my vocation. I am called, Madam, to ane public function within the Kirk of God, and am appointed by God to rebuke the sins and vices of all. I am not appointed to everie man in particular to schaw him his offence; for that labour war infinite. If your Grace please to frequent the public sermons, then doubt I not but that ye shall fully understand both what I like and mislike, as weall in your Majestie as in all others. Or if your Grace will assign unto me a certain day and hour, when it will please you to hear the form and substance of doctrine, which is proposed in public to the churches of this realme, I will most gladlie await upon your Grace's

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pleasure, time and place. But to wait upon your chalmer-door, or elsewhere, and then to have no further libertie, but to whisper my mind in your Grace's ear, or to tell what others think and speak of you, neither will my conscience nor the vocation whereto God hath called me suffer it. For albeit at your Grace's commandment I am here now, yet cannot I tell what other men shall judge of me, that at this time of day am absent from my book and waiting upon the Court." "You will not always be at your book," said the Queen, as she turned away. "He is not effrayed," exclaimed the courtiers, as after this feast of egotism Knox was departing, "with a reasonable merry countenance." "Why," said he, "should the pleasing face of a gentlewoman effray me? I have looked in the face of many angrie men, and yet have not been effrayed above measure."[1] At Christmas, in 1562, the Queen's musicians, fearing for life and limb, refused to perform in the chapel choir, and she herself, "poor soul, is so troubled for the preservation of her silly mass, that she knoweth not where to turn for defence of it."[2] It was resolved by the Catholics that the Easter of 1563 should not pass without the Feast, and again Easter altars were decked in secrecy, in private houses, or in lonely glens and forests, while a few brave priests even ventured to celebrate in the churches.

Amongst these offenders against the law were the Primate, the Abbot of Crossraguel, and the Prior of Whithorn. The Congregation, in great wrath, "determined to put to their ain hands, and to punish for example of others." Certain priests were informed that

[1] *Knox*, vol. ii. pp. 331–335. [2] Randolph to Cecil.

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on them "should be executed the punishment that God has appointed to idolatrie in His law, by such means as they mycht wherever they should be apprehended,"[1] without asking leave of Queen or Council. Her Majesty was very angry at these lawless threats, and as she was at Lochleven, sent for John Knox to come to her there. She earnestly besought him to dissuade men from taking in hand the punishment of their neighbours for using their own religious rites. "Will ye," said she, "allow that they shall tack my sword in their hand?" "The sword of Justice, Madam," said Knox, "is God's, and is given to princes and rulers for ane end, which if they transgress, sparing the wicked and oppressing innocentis, they that is in the fear of God executes judgement, where God has commanded, offends not God, although kings do it not. . . . The examples are evident; for Samuel feared not to slay Agag, the fat and delicate king of Amalech, whom king Saul had spared. Neither spared Helias Jesabel's false prophets, and Bael's priests, albeit that king Achab was present. Phineas was no magistrate, and yet feared he not to strike Cosby and Zimri. . . . . And so, Madam, your Grace may see that others than chief magistrates may lawfullie punish. . . . And in this case I would earnestly pray your Majestie to tack good advisement, and that your Grace should let the Papists understand, that their attempts will not be suffered unpunished. For power by Act of Parliament is given to all judges within their awin bounds, to searche mess-mongers, or the hearers of the same, and to punish them according to the law. . . ." The inter-

[1] *Knox*, vol. ii. p. 371.

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view lasted two hours, and then the Queen, "being somewhat offended, passed to her supper."[1] No wonder that she was offended, for she understood the comparison implied in "Jesabel's false prophets" and "Bael's priests."

Next morning by sunrise the Queen sent for Knox to meet her at Kinross, where she was astir early for hawking. "Whither," he says, "it was the night's sleep, or a deep dissimulation locked in her breast," she was as blythe as the spring morning. After talking on divers subjects, she promised "I shall cause summond all offenders, and ye shall know that I shall minister justice"; and as they parted, the forgiving sovereign is said to have presented the grim minister with a pretty little watch in a crystal case.[2] True to her word, the Primate and forty-seven others were tried on charges of hearing confession and assisting at mass, and they were committed to ward. Priests were now fleeing for their lives across the borders; nearly a year had passed since Ninian Winzet was driven from the country, and the struggle seemed all but hopeless. "We will bear with the Queen; we doubt but all sall be well,"[3] said the more temperate Protestants. But such moderation was intolerable to John Knox, whose conduct in stirring up strife so soon as there was the least sign of peace was enough to drive poor Mary mad. Another sore affliction befell her in this spring of 1563. She was at St Andrews, and was just going to walk in the garden before breakfast, when a black sealed letter from the Duchess of Guise, announcing the death of her husband

[1] *Knox*, vol. ii. p. 373. [2] *Strickland*, vol. iii. p. 354.
[3] *Knox*, vol. ii. p. 380

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the Duke at the siege of Orleans, by the hand of an assassin, brought from the Queen wild cries—"Monsieur mon oncle est mort. Ah Jesu, Jesu!" The memory of countless kindnesses of Duke François in her happy childhood came back to her, the agony of her eternal farewell to France was renewed, and old wounds were reopened by these sad tidings. A link with her own past was broken, and the Catholic cause had lost one of its brave champions,—soon, she knew, to be followed by another, for the Grand Prior even then lay dying from wounds he had received at the battle of Dreux.

On the 26th of May 1563, Mary opened her first Parliament in person, in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. A thrill went through the vast assemblage when their Sovereign Lady began her speech in the Scottish tongue, and the cry rang through the hall, "God save that sweet face! Was there ever orator spoke so properly or so sweetly!" "Such styncken pride of women as was seen at that Parliament," says Knox, "was never seen before in Scotland."[1] That is to say, the ladies went in full dress. Indeed, the trades of Edinburgh had been reaping a harvest from the presence of the Court; but the ministers were now preaching at the women for the "targatting of their tails, and against the rest of their vanitie, which they affirmed would provock God's vengeance, not only against those foolish women, but against the whole realme. . . ." Whilst so many influential persons were gathered together, John Knox took the opportunity of expressing his opinion in a sermon on a

[1] *Knox*, vol. ii. p. 381.

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subject which was at this time occupying many of the Courts of Europe. This was the marriage of the Queen. ". . . . My lords, ... I hear of the Queen's marriage: dukes, brethren to emperors and kings, strive all for the best game; but this, my lords, will I say (note the day, and beare witness efter), whensoever the nobilitie of Scotland professing the Lord Jesus, consents that ane infidel (and all Papists are infidels) shall be head to your Soverane, ye do, so far as in ye lieth, to banish Christ Jesus from this realme; ye bring God's vengeance upon the country, a plague upon yourself, and perchance ye shall do small comforte to your Soverane."[1] But he had gone too far. Catholics and Protestants were alike scandalised, and the Queen in great indignation sent for him to appear at Holyrood. "Never Prince," she cried, was handled as she was, when the minister of Edinburgh, unabashed, entered the Presence Chamber. "I have borne with you in all your rigorous manner of speaking, baith against myself and against my uncles. . . . I avow to God I shall be once avenged." "And with these words, scarcely could Marnock, her secret chalmer-boy, get napkins to hold her eyes dry for the tears; and the owling, besides womanlie weeping, stayed her speech." "What have ye to do with my marriage?" she cried. Knox began a discourse about himself, repentance, and faith. "What have ye to do," the Queen repeated, "with my marriage? Or what are ye within this Commonwealth?" "A subject born within the same, Madam. And albeit I neither be erle, lord, nor baron

[1] *Knox*, vol. ii. pp. 385, 386.

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within it, yet has God made me (how abject that ever I be in your eyes) a profitable member within the same: to yourself I say that which I speak in public place. Whensoever that the nobilitie of this realme shall consent that ye be subject to ane unfaithful husband, they do as much as in them lieth to renounce Christ, to banish His truth from them, to betray the freedom of this realme, and perchance shall in the end do small comforte to yourself." The Queen's passionate weeping continued, and while the Laird of Dun, the only other person present, in vain sought to soothe her, John Knox looked on unmoved. At length he said, "Madam, I never delighted in the weeping of any of God's creatures; yea, I can scarcely well abide the tears of my awin boys whom my awin hand corrects, much less can I rejoice in your Majestie's weeping. But . . . . I must sustaine (albeit unwilling) your Majestie's tears, rather than I dar hurt my conscience or betray my Commonwealth through my silence." As Knox passed from the Royal Presence, he addressed himself to the ladies who were seated in the outer chamber. "O fair ladies, how pleasing war this life of yours if it should ever abide, and then in the end that we micht pass to heaven with all this gay gear. But fye upon that knave, Death, that will come whither we will or not! And when he has laid on his arrest, the foul worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so fair and so tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, targatting, pearle, nor precious stanes."[1] At this time Knox quarrelled with the Earl

[1] *Knox*, vol. ii. pp. 387, 389.

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of Murray, and they were not on speaking terms for two years.

The persecution continued. In August, when the Queen was absent at Stirling, many Catholics went to mass at Holyrood. "There resorted," says John Knox, "to that idol, a rascal multitude, having openly the least devilish ceremonie (yea, even the conjuring of their accursed water) that ever they had in the time of greatest blindness." Such an uproar ensued that the Mistress of the Maids fled to summon the Comptroller, Wishart of Pitarro, who was at the sermon in St Giles'. The Queen, for the sake of her promise, but sorely against her heart, prosecuted those who had been to mass, and with equal fairness the rioters were called to account. John Knox, acting as if Protestants were above the laws of the land, despatched letters to the absent brethren, praying them to appear on the day that the rioters were to be tried in Edinburgh. Whereupon the Privy Council summoned him on a charge of "illegally convocating the lieges." The Queen evidently trusted to find in this misdemeanour a plea for banishing her inveterate enemy who had cost her so many hot tears. She sat in her Chair of State at the Council, and at the sight of John Knox standing by the table she began to laugh. "Wat ye whereat I laugh?" she said to the Master of Maxwell and Secretary Lethington. "Yon man gart me greet, and grat never tear himself; I will see if I can gar him greet." But in this she was not successful, as Knox shed no tears, and was completely acquitted by his craven adherents, who, he says, "praised God for his modestie." "That nycht," he declares triumphantly, "was neither dancing

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nor fiddling in the Court; for Madame was disappointed of her purpose. . . ."[1] The poor Queen was considered by the minister of Edinburgh responsible for the very weather. To her was owing the bad harvest of 1563, the ground she travelled over being visited by a special famine. ". . . . . So did God, according to the threatening of His law, punish the idolatrie of our wicked Queen and our ingratitude, that suffered her to defile the land with that abomination again, that God so potentlie had purged by the power of His Word. For the riotous feasting and excessive banquetting used in Court and country, wheresoever that wicked woman repaired, provocked God to strike the fruits of the earth." Again, early in the new year of 1564, "God from heaven, and upon the face of the earth, gave declaration that He was offended at the iniquitie that was committed, even within this realme; for upon the 20th day of Januare, there fell weet in great abundance, quhilk in the falling freezit so vehementlie, that the earth was but ane sheet of ice. The fowles baith great and small fruzit, and mycht not flie, manie died, and some were taken and laid beside the fire that there feathers mycht resolve. And in the same month the sea stood still, as was clearly observed, and neither ebbed nor flowed the space of twenty-four hours. . . . These things were nocht onlie observed, but also spoken and constantlie affirmed by men of judgment and credit. But the Queen and our Court made merrie. There was banketting upon banketting."[2]

[1] *Knox*, vol. ii. pp. 411, 412. [2] *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 417.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN.

"Avant Darnlé—Darrière jamais."

THE bright days of Mary Stuart were fast drawing to a close. For her the feast was soon to be over and the lights to be out; and how often in the terrible years to come, when dark shadows had grown indistinct in the distance, and sharp words had lost their edge, she may have looked back to Holyrood. Oftener still she may have pined for those amusing expeditions to her country towns (the quaint old burghs ever beloved of Scottish sovereigns), or for the times when she could mount her milk-white steed, and escape where the minister of Edinburgh, breathing forth hatred and sedition, could not follow her, to the breezy mountains and forests of Atholl and Mar, there to enjoy with wild delight the excitement of hunting and hawking. If he could hardly follow her in person, he did not forget her; and having nothing worse to record of his Sovereign Lady, he affirms that, as the dire consequences of her visit to Fife, "partridges were sold at a crown apiece."[1] She had been accustomed to the solemn etiquette surrounding the sovereigns of France. In the country of her brief bright reign, poverty and

[1] *Knox*, vol. ii. p. 471.

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squalor were hidden far away from royal eyes, but the gates of Holyrood were very near the Nether Bow Port, and as Mary rode up the steep streets of her ancient capital, she came in contact with all sorts and conditions of men within the narrow boundaries of its walls. Without surrendering her inborn dignity, she loved to play at *not* being a Queen. When, in February 1564, Sir Thomas Randolph found her at St Andrews, she was living in the house of one of the citizens. "I sent for you to be merry," she said to his Excellency, "and to see how like a bourgeoise wife I live with my little troop; and you will interrupt our pastime with your grave and great matters. I pray you, sir, if you be weary here, return home to Edinburgh, and keep your gravity and great embassade until the Queen come thither . . .; you see neither cloth of estate nor such appearance that you may think that there is a Queen here; nor I would not that you should think that I am she at St Andrews that I was at Edinburgh."[1]

The desirableness of a second marriage Mary now admitted, and not unwillingly. Indeed, ever since poor Francis II. had breathed his last, Catholic and Protestant had been building on the chances of her matrimonial alliance. The Earl of Arran aspired early to her hand, and soon after her return home she was seized one night with the sudden terror that he had come to carry her off by force from Holyrood. Whether her panic had a real foundation or not is unknown. Arran took John Knox into his confidence, and brought the serious allegation against the Earl of Bothwell, of having offered

[1] Chalmers' *Life of Queen Mary*, vol. i. p. 123.

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to assist him to seize the Queen, and at the same time of proposing the murder of Murray and Lethington. Bothwell on these charges was outlawed; but as Arran, immediately after making them, went mad, their truth is considered very doubtful. Sir John Gordon, who was beheaded at Aberdeen, is said to have passionately loved the Queen, and one of her minor adorers was the poet Chatelar, a gentleman of Dauphiné, a grand-nephew of the illustrious Bayard, who, half losing his wits for love of Mary Stuart, "transported by her affabilitie,"[1] ventured too far, and paid for his audacity by his life. Among those who had been suggested by diplomacy were Don Carlos, the heir of the Spanish Crown; the Archduke Charles, second son of the Emperor of Germany; her brother-in-law, Charles IX. of France; the Count of Orleans, the Duke of Ferrara, the Kings of Denmark and Sweden, and the great chief of the Huguenots, the Prince of Condé. The possibility, or rather the extreme probability, of offending the Queen of England (who really did not wish to see Mary married at all) had to be considered. Mary and Elizabeth had exchanged many civilities, and countless pretty speeches and letters by means of posts and ambassadors. At a grand Shrovetide masque at Holyrood, in 1564, had not Buchanan prophesied in Latin verse, that so long as heaven and earth should endure, the mutual faith and affection of Mary of Scotland and Elizabeth of England should flourish green in remembrance;[2] and often had Sir Thomas

[1] *Sir James Melville's Memoirs*, p. 133.
[2] *Inventories of Queen Mary*, Pref. p. lxxxiii.

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Randolph come from London laden with polite assurances, to return thither burdened with the gossip of the northern Court, if he had not sent it on before in letters to Cecil.

Pending the marriage negotiations, Mary sent Sir James Melville to the English Court; and to judge of his own account of his interviews with Queen Elizabeth, he must have returned to Holyrood drawing many comparisons between the true daughter of Henry VIII., who "shot, jested, and drank beer; spat and swore upon occasions,"[1] and his own liege Lady, the very embodiment of feminine grace, who reigned both as a woman and a Queen. Very eagerly did Mary question Melville on his return, if he thought the Queen of England "meant truly towards her, as well inwardly in her heart as she apperit to do outwardly by her speeche." The sagacious ambassador tells us—"I said in my judgment, that there was neither plain dealing nor uprycht meaning, but great dissimulation, emulation, and fear that her princely qualities should o'ershine, chace her out, and displace her from the kingdom. . . . ."[2] Personal intercourse the "good sisters" had never had, and a great meeting which was to have taken place at Nottingham, in 1562, was never accomplished. The Privy Council of August of that year was far-seeing. Although permitting the meeting of the Queens, they nevertheless warn their own Sovereign "that thai wald na wyse gif hir counsale to committ hir body in Ingland, and thairfoir referrit the place of the meeting

[1] Froude, *Hist. of England*, vol. v. p. 2.
[2] Sir James Melville, p. 129.

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and the securetie of her awin persone to hirself."[1] These words are like an anticipation of the possibilities of Fotheringhay.

The old grievances still remained between Mary and Elizabeth. Mary refused to ratify the Treaty of Edinburgh, and Elizabeth refused to formally acknowledge Mary as her successor. Mary suggested that a new treaty should be drawn up, desiring only that, failing Elizabeth and her lawful heirs, her own claims as the heiress of England should be acknowledged. As the Scottish Queen truly said, if the Treaty could "once in this sort be knit up betwixt us," the cause of dissention would be removed "by the root. We doubt not but hereefter our behaviour togidder in all respects shall represent to the warld . . . . great and firm amytie . . . . to the great comfort of our subjects, and perpetuall quietnesse of baith the realmes. . . ."[2]

For motives which historians, not being able to read the human heart, have failed to discover, the Queen of England now proposed as a husband for Mary, her own beloved Master of the Horse, her "Sweet Robin," Lord Robert Dudley. The Queen of Scots repudiated this strange offer. So long as her marriage was a question of mere negotiation she was swayed by ambition—even if the possibility of being again a Queen of France may have seemed a dream too beautiful to be true, and the other possibility of marrying Don Carlos, and becoming one day Queen

[1] *Register of the Privy Council*, edit. Hill Burton, vol. i. p. 217.

[2] *Lettres de Marie Stuart Prince Alexander Labanoff*, tome premier, pp. 125, 126.

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of those dominions on which the sun never set, too dazzling a destiny—but in February, 1565, she forgot splendid thrones and sunny skies, and submitted, or thought she submited, to her own heart. Then, in the storm-assailed Castle of Wemyss, there suddenly appeared Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley. Once before she had seen him, when she was "La Reine Blanche." He was now only "a long lad of nineteen," but already perfect in all courtly accomplishments, and the Queen fell in love with her cousin forthwith. So, although a severe snowstorm kept the Court within the narrow walls of the fortress, the time passed pleasantly away. Darnley's father, the Earl of Lennox, after a banishment of some twenty years, because of his dealings with Henry VIII., had now returned to Scotland. His mother, Margaret Douglas, was a daughter of Henry VIII.'s sister Margaret, the widow of James IV., by her marriage with Angus. Hence Darnley was the first prince of the blood in England, and, after Mary Stuart, the heir to the English throne. His connection with the throne of Scotland came after that of the house of Hamilton. His mother, the Lady Margaret Lennox, was "a very wyse and discreet matron . . . ," and far-seeing withal; for when Sir James Melville was returning to Scotland, she did not forget to send to the Queen "a ring with a fair diamond," "a diamond to my Lord of Murray; ane orloge or montre set with diamonds and rubies, to the Secretary Lethington," and a ruby ring to Sir James's brother Robert.[1]

From certain political points of view, Mary's marriage

[1] Sir James Melville, p. 129.

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with Darnley was most desirable, but he was a Roman Catholic, and the Lords of the Congregation were highly offended.

Meanwhile the Bishop Coadjutor of Dunblane was sent by the Queen secretly to Rome to procure a dispensation for her marriage with her cousin; and after the solemnisation of the nuptials, the Pontiff announced to the Cardinals at Rome that he had granted the dispensation, receiving the promise of both that they would defend the Catholic religion to the utmost of their power. "The Cardinals were not told, the Pope did not know that Mary had secretly given this pledge to the Holy See before she caused proclamation to be made at the Market Cross of every shire in Scotland, 'certifying and assuring all her good subjects, that as they, nor any of them, have hitherto been molested in the quiet using of their religion and conscience, so shall they not be disquieted in that behalf in any time to come.' . . ."[1]

Mary and Darnley were privately espoused[2] or betrothed at Stirling in April 1565, and on Sunday, the 29th of July, the public marriage took place within the Chapel at Holyrood, at six o'clock in the morning. Only a few years before, Mary had been a bride for the first time, but then it was amid all the glories of Notre Dame, and all the splendours of the Court of France. If only seven years older, how great was the difference between the radiant girl then and the widow now, who, though young in

[1] *Statuta Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ*, Pref., Joseph Robertson, p. clxix.

[2] See the authority for the private marriage of Mary and Darnley in the Supplementary Appendix of Prince Labanoff's *Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart*, vol. vii. pp. 60, 67; and see also Paul de Foix, in his letters to Catherine de Medici, in *Teulet*.

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years, was old in experience of life! Who can estimate what that poor heart, which beat so eagerly beneath the black dress she still wore, had already suffered, and who could estimate what it was still to suffer? The tragedy of her life was beginning. The marriage ritual was that of the Church of Rome, and the Dean of Restalrig officiated. The Queen remained to Mass, but Darnley, with whom policy and amusement took precedence of religion, retired. There was feasting and dancing; the royal bride was forced by her laughing maids to exchange her black dress for wedding garments, and the long summer day wore through. Buchanan composed a masque, "The Pomp of the Gods," for the occasion; and Sir Thomas Craig of Riccarton, the poet-lawyer, sent to the press of Edinburgh his *Epithalamium*, in which he indulged in images of "fields of golden grain, orchards loaded with unwonted profusion, the sun walking through his ethereal dominions in unclouded splendour, and the gentle murmur of the honied bees that sing at their flowery wark,"[1] and other delights which were to follow on this happy marriage! But the sounds of the coming storm were already heard; and when, the day after the wedding, Darnley was proclaimed King of the Scots at the Cross of Edinburgh, amongst all the nobles present only one voice answered, "God save his Grace!" and that was his own father's. The proclamation was considered an illegal stretch of the royal prerogative, as Mary had conferred the title of "King" without asking the advice of her Council.

On Sunday, the 9th of August, Darnley, probably

[1] Tytler's *Life of Sir Thomas Craig*, p. 130.

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with a view of apologising for his conduct in having pitched one of the Protestant Psalm-books into the fire, went to St Giles to hear John Knox preach. He received small encouragement to return! Waving the red flag in the bull's face, Knox took for his text, "O Lord, our God, other lords than Thou have reigned over us." He dilated on the government of wicked princes, who, for the sins of the people, are sent as tyrants and scourges to plague them, . . ." and asserted that "God sets in that room (for the offences and ingratitude of the people) boys and women . . . . and that God justly punished Ahab and his posterity, because he would not take order with that harlot Jezebel."[1] Knox's suspension from preaching for a few days was his only punishment for these disgraceful words.

As Queen Elizabeth, with all her manœuvres, had failed to hinder Mary's marriage, she now expressed high indignation at its accomplishment, and lost no time in torturing the new-made bride. "Her only delight was to stir up dissension among all her neighbours."[2] She despatched Sir John Tamworth to command the Queen of Scots to send her husband back to England, shut up the Lady Margaret Lennox in the Tower, and with quickened zeal pursued her unwavering policy of stirring up strife in Scotland, and thereby rendering government impossible. A strong section of the Scottish nobility had been from the first opposed to the Darnley marriage. Murray not only saw that his day as the Queen's minion was over, but suspected that the new religion was imperilled, and, besides, Darnley had mortally offended

[1] *Knox*, vol. ii. p. 497. [2] *Sir James Melville*, p. 135.

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him by observing, as he looked over a map of Scotland, that his earldom was far too large. He rose in rebellion, and was joined by "the Duke," as the Duke of Chatelherault was often called, by Argyll, Glencairn, Rothes, Ochiltree, and Kirkcaldy of Grange. The Queen appeared at the head of her troops, with armour under her dress and pistols at her saddle-bow, and spent a tempestuous honeymoon in the vigorous suppression of the insurrection, "which, from the hasty and uncertain manner in which the conspirators posted from one part of the kingdom to another, obtained the popular name of the Runabout Raid. . . . ."[1] The rebel Lords fled into England. Indeed, Elizabeth had been secretly subsidising them, and "no Scottish subject, whatever his crime, could take refuge there without finding secret support, if not an open welcome."[2] When Queen Elizabeth witnessed the utter failure of the Raid, she was so ashamed of her interference, that she compelled Murray and the Commendator of Kilwinning to declare on their knees before her and the French and Spanish ambassadors (who had accused her of fomenting the Scottish disturbances, and who were doubtless highly entertained by the farce she was now acting), that she had nothing to do with them and their "abominable treason." She then bade them begone from her presence, as "unworthy traitors."[3]

We must now relate, though of necessity very briefly, the preliminary acts of a great conspiracy. Very soon after his marriage, Darnley began to prove himself a

[1] *Tales of a Grandfather*, Sir Walter Scott, vol. i. [2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Keith*, vol. ii. p. 378.

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hopeless combination of vice and imbecility. He was now crying like a spoilt child for the Crown Matrimonial. This the Queen wisely refused to give him, and to the refusal her boy-husband believed she was advised by her Italian Secretary, David Riccio. Riccio was a native of Turin, and had come over with Moretti, the Piedmontese ambassador, in 1561. He had been in the Scottish Queen's service ever since, first as musician, and then as secretary. He was very ugly, but very clever, and her Majesty found him trustworthy and sagacious in carrying on her foreign correspondence. At the same time, after the manner of some of her race, she may have permitted him to be on too familiar terms. In the days of James III., the proud nobility found themselves insulted by the presence at Court of such persons as Cochran the architect and Rogers the musician; so now, by fierce eyes and contemptuous growls, they testified to their scorn for "that vile knave, Davie," with whom the Queen was so often transacting business in her cabinet. It was feared also that the cause of Protestantism was hindered by "Davie," who, it was alleged, was conducting a secret correspondence with Catholic powers. The Catholic League for the extirpation of heresy had at this time been signed by Pope Pius V., the Emperor of Germany, the Kings of Spain and Portugal, the Dukes of Ferrara and Savoy, and the Republic of Venice. There is "distinct evidence . . . . that Mary had either never joined the League, or had refused to regulate her proceedings in accordance with its objects."[1] And yet she was a true daughter of

[1] *Grub*, vol. ii. p. 147.

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the Church. She only had to exchange the altar at Holyrood for the preachings at St Giles's, to be delivered from her heaviest troubles. And besides, she was a true daughter of Rome. Did she not own, as one of her most cherished treasures, the Golden Rose sent by Pius IV. to her, a fair rose set among thorns of heresy?[1] Although, as we have seen, she was unable to send an ambassador to the Council of Trent in 1562, yet, before the Council broke up, the Bishop of Dunblane presented himself at the Vatican, and such were his assurances of the feelings of the Earls of Lennox, Atholl, Huntly, Montrose, Eglinton, Cassilis, Erroll, Caithness, Lord Hume, and others, that Pius IV., leaning on his holy nephew, St Carlo Borromeo, as on a tower of strength, wrote to them one by one, exhorting them to persevere in their fidelity to their Queen and their allegiance to the Holy See. Mary had referred the Fathers of Trent to her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, for an explanation of her position. The Cardinal showed that the few Catholic Bishops could not be spared from their task of watching over the feeble relics of Catholicity in Scotland, and the Council, replying in terms of lofty courtesy, had declared that among princes true to the Church of God, "assuredly the illustrious name of Mary, Queen of Scotland, would be commended to the undying remembrance of mankind."

There is reason to believe that after her marriage Mary was contemplating a serious effort for the restoration of the Church. Certain of the Catholic Earls now went to mass in her Chapel; the friars, for the first time

[1] *Statuta Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ*, Pref. p. clxv.

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for seven years, preached openly. Knox says twelve wooden altars were made and ready in the Chapel of the Palace, "which should have been erected in Sanct Gyles his church."[1] Above all, Murray and his allies were away in England, and she intended, at the Parliament which was to meet in March 1566, to proclaim their forfeiture. The Queen's enemies, of whom her worthless husband was the chief, now prepared to play a dastardly game. Among the conspirators appear the Earl of Morton, who, since Huntly's death, had been Chancellor, and who dreaded the coming Parliament, because of the anticipated alienation of certain Church lands to which he had helped himself; his cousin, George Douglas;[2] the Lords Ruthven and Lindsay, Andrew Ker of Faudonside, and Sir John Bellenden, the Justice-Clerk. The Scottish nobility ever dearly loved bonds, and two unhallowed covenants were accordingly entered into "before the slaughter of Davie." The Lords Ruthven and Lindsay planned them both, and the second bond was signed or approved by Darnley, Murray, Argyll, Glencairn, Rothes, Boyd, and Ochiltree. The tenor of the bonds were, that Riccio was to be slain and the banished lords were to be recalled, while Darnley was to pledge himself, on the word of a prince, to stand by his fellow-assassins. These were but the first steps. As the slaughter of the Secretary was specially arranged to take place in the presence of the Queen, who was within three months of her confinement, it was more than a possibility that both

[1] *Knox*, vol. ii. p. 524.

[2] An illegitimate son of the Earl of Angus, and brother of Darnley's mother, the Lady Margaret Lennox.

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she and her babe would perish. The contingency of her death was expressly provided for, and in that event Darnley was to be proclaimed King, to the exclusion of the house of Hamilton. Failing, however, this desirable catastrophe, which the lords were sparing themselves no pains to bring about, she was to be deposed and imprisoned, her miserable husband was to be duly enthroned, for his incapacities ensured a brief reign, and Protestantism was to dominate triumphant. Then, and not till then, would the true object of Riccio's murderers be disclosed, namely, the usurpation of the government, with the all but certain support of the Queen of England,[1] who was kept in full information of the conspiracy, if she and her creatures Cecil, Dudley, whom she had created Earl of Leicester, and Randolph, were not the hidden mainsprings of the whole. The sacrifice of the poor Italian was to be, as it were, but the framework to surround a horrible picture of intrigue and crime. On the 17th of February 1566, Randolph wrote to Leicester from Edinburgh: "I know that there are practises in hand, contrived between the father and son, to come to the crown against her will. I know that if that take effect which is intended, David, with the consent of the King, shall have his throat cut within these ten days. Many things grievouser and worse than these are brought to my ears; yea, of things intended against her own person, which, because I think better to keep secret than to write to Mr Secretary, I speak of them but now to your Lordship . . .!"[2]

[1] *Hosack*, vol. i. p. 142.

[2] Randolph to Leicester. Edinburgh, 13th February 1565–6. Cited in *Tytler*, vol. vii. p. 23.

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All preparations being now complete, a Fast began in Edinburgh on Sunday, March 3rd. The slaying of Oreb and Zeeb, the hanging of Haman, and similar incidents, were selected as subjects for Christian meditation. On the evening of Saturday 9th, while the spring twilight still lingered, the poor deformed body of the helpless Italian secretary lay dead at Holyrood, having received fifty-six stabs from the prime nobility of Scotland. The Queen wrote a brief account of what had taken place in her presence to the Archbishop of Glasgow, her ambassador in France. "Upon the 9th day of March instant, we being, at even about seven hours, in our cabinet at our supper, sociated with our sister the Countess of Argyll, our brother the Commendator of Halyrudhouse, Laird of Creich, Arthur Erskin, and certain others, our domestick servitors, in quiet maner, especially, by reason of our evill disposition, being counsell'd to sustean ourselves with flesh, having also then past almost to the end of seven moneths in our birth; the King our husband came to us in our cabinet, placed him beside us at our supper. The Earl of Morton and Lord Lindsay, with their assistars, bodin in warlick maner, to the number of eight score persons or thereby, kept and occupied the whole entry of our Palace of Halyrudhouse, so that as they believed it was not possible to any person to escape forth of the same. In that mean time the Lord Ruthven, bodin in like maner with his complices, took entry perforce in our cabinet, and there seeing our secretary, David Riccio, among others our servants, declared he had to speak with him. In this instant we required the King our husband, if he knew anything of that interprise? who denyed the same. Also we commanded the Lord

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Ruthven, under the pain of treason, to avoyd him forth of our presence, declaring we should exhibite the said David before the Lords of Parliament to be punisht, of any sorte he had offended. Notwithstanding, the said Lord Ruthven perforce invadit him in our presence (he then for refuge took safe-guard, having retired him behind our back), and with his complices cast down our table upon ourself, put violent hands in him, struck him over our shoulders with whinzeards, one part of them standing before our face with bended daggs, most cruelly took him forth of our cabinet, and at the entry of our chamber give him fifty-six strokes with whinzeards and swords. In doing whereof, we were not only struck with great dreadour, but also by sundrie considerations was most justly induced to take extream fear of our life."[1] The Queen in this narration has shrunk from revealing the details of her husband's treachery, and she does not mention what she has done elsewhere, that she felt the cold iron of Ker of Faudonside's cocked pistol with the trigger drawn at her side, and that her page, Anthony Standen, turned away the "regicidal rapier" of Patrick Bellenden. After the murder of Riccio, John Knox found it prudent to retire to Ayr. His friends would very fain exonerate him from even the charge of having countenanced the assassination, but his own words have risen up to witness against him. "That great abuse of this Commonwealth, that poltroon and vile knave, Davie, was justly punished, the 9th of March,

[1] Letter of Queen Mary to the Archbishop of Glasgow, her ambassador in France, concerning David Riccio's murther on the 9th March 1566. Printed in Keith's *Hist. of the Affairs of Church and State in Scotland*, vol. ii. pp. 411, 415.

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in the year of God, 1565, for abusing of the Commonwealth, and for his other villanie which we list not to express, by the counsel and hands of James Douglas, Earl of Morton, Patrick, Lord Lindsay, and the Lord Ruthven, with other assisters in their company, who all, for their just act, and most worthy of all praise, are now unworthily left of their brethren, and suffer the bitterness of banishment and exile."

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE BIRTH OF JAMES VI.

"Good morrow, little Prince."
KING JOHN, Act iv.

WE are assured that about this time, notwithstanding "all this hurliburly, the ministers of the Church and professors of religion ceased not."[1] At the General Assembly of the 28th December 1564, "it was ordained that everie Minister, Exhorter, and Reader sall have one of the Psalme books latelie printed in Edinburgh, and use the order contained therein in prayers, marriage, and ministration of the Sacraments."[2] This was the book of Common Order already referred to. The spirit of persecution continued bitterly to prevail; the Sacrament of the Altar was reviled in the usual horrible language which we are weary of reiterating, and the Queen's Mass at Holyrood continued the standing grievance of the most fanatical. At Eastertide, 1565, "Sir John Carvet, a priest, was seen riding hard as he had ended the saying of mass." Some of the Brethren, "diligent to search such things," were prowling about, and they "conveyed him, together with the master of

[1] *Knox*, vol. ii. p. 527.
[2] *Booke of the Universall Kirk*, KNOX, vol. ii. p. 421–461.

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the house, and one or two more of the assistants, to the Tolbuith, and immediately re-vested him with all his garments upon him, and so carried him to the Market-Crosse, where they set him up on high, binding the chalice in his hand, and himself fast tied to the said crosse, where he tarried the space of ane hour, during which time the boys served him with his Easter eggs. The next day following, the said Carvet, with his assistants, were accused and convinced by an assize, according to the Act of Parliament: And albeit for the same offence he deserved death, yet for all punishment, he was set upon the Market Cross for the space of three or four hours, the hangman standing by, and keeping him, the boys and others busie with egg casting; and some Papists there were that stopped as far as they could. And as the presse of people encreased about the Crosse, there appeared to have been some tumult."[1] The priest nearly died of his sufferings, and this, in a land which still called itself Christian, was the penalty paid for an Easter Communion. What strange scenes the old streets of Edinburgh witnessed in these days! In March 1564 John Knox, whose first wife had died in 1560, married Margaret Stewart, daughter of Lord Ochiltree. He was fifty-nine years of age; she was "a young lass of sixteen." It is difficult to picture the minister of Edinburgh as he is then described,—"ridend on ane trim gelding, nocht like ane auld decrepit priest as he was, but like as he had been ane of the blude-royal, with his bandes of taffatie fesnit with golden ringes and precious stanes"; and according to his enemies he was

[1] *Knox*, vol. ii. p. 476.

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assisted by the devil to transform himself, "ane auld decrepit creature of maist base degree of onie that could be found in the country, into ane of the maist noble and lustie men that could be found in the world," and thus transformed he had been able to steal the heart of "that puir gentil-woman."[1]

In the Assembly of June 1564, Lethington sharply reproved Knox for the language he used against the Queen. "We maun crave of you our brother, John Knox, to moderate yourself as weall in form of praying for the Queen's Majestie, as in doctrine, that ye propone tuyching her estait and obedience. . . Your extremitie aganes her Messe, in particular, passis measure; ye call hir ane slaif to Sathan; ye affirme that Godis vengeance hingis oure the Realme be reassoune of hir impietie, and what is this ellis but to rouse up the hairt of the peopill againis hir majistie, and aganes them that serve hir?"[2] A very long wrangle ensued, and Knox as usual justified his seditious language by examples from the Old Testament, and maintained that idolatrous sovereigns ought to be slain by their own subjects.

The Protestant Churches of the Continent having sent to the Scottish Protestants a summary of their Confession of Faith, with a request to know if they agreed with it, a meeting of Superintendents and Ministers was held at St Andrews in September 1566, and an answer was sent to Theodore Beza, to the effect that "they agreed in all points with those Churches, and differed in nothing from them; albeit in the keeping of some Festivall days our

[1] Father A. Baillie's *True Information*, p. 41.
[2] *Knox*, vol. ii. pp. 425–427.

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Church assented not, for only the Sabbath Day was kept in Scotland."[1]

We find the hatred of ecclesiastical "garments" exhibiting itself among our Protestant countrymen before Prelacy had become a rock of offence. In December 1566, Knox proceeding to England on a visit to his sons, who were receiving their education there, was furnished by the Assembly with a letter to the English Bishops recommending them to deal leniently with their brethren who objected to wear "sick garments as idolaters in time of blindness have used in their idolatrie," and demanding if "surcloaths, cornet, cape and tippet, has been badges of idolaters, in the very act of their idolatrie, what hes the preacher of Christian libertie and the open rebuke of all superstitione to doe with the dreggs of that Romish beast?"[2]

We must return to the poor Queen, whom we left late on the 9th of March a prisoner in her own blood-stained chamber at Holyrood. The titled assassins, who according to preconcerted plans had been joined by Murray, Rothes, and Ochiltree, newly arrived from England, had filled the Palace with armed men, and though the Provost of Edinburgh rang the alarm bell, and brought five hundred loyal citizens beneath the Queen's windows, they were powerless. She was not allowed to approach the window, and was brutally threatened that if she attempted to speak to the people, she would be "cut into collops, and thrown over the walls."[3] The key was turned upon her, none of her

[1] *Knox*, vol. ii. p. 534. *Zurich Letters*, vol. ii. pp. 362–365.
[2] *Booke of the Universall Kirk*, pp. 49, 50.
[3] Ruthven and Morton's Narrative—Keith's *Appendix*.

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women were permitted to enter, and the lords, very much disappointed that, though feverish and exhausted, she was still alive, and perhaps remembering uncomfortably the threat she had uttered between her tears, that "if her secretary were slain, it should be dear blood to some of them," retired to an adjacent chamber to consider what was to be done next. Darnley, who, far as he had gone, feared to proceed, now turned traitor among his fellow-conspirators. Leaving them, he went to his wife, confessed his behaviour, and began by piteous entreaties: "I ask you, my Mary, to have pity on me, have pity on our child, have pity on yourself,"[1] to oblige her to forgive him, and to induce her to believe in his penitence. To her energy was due the plan for escape. At two o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 12th of March, with her miserable husband, she stole down a secret stairway to the Cemetery of the Chapel-royal. She had arranged all; and at the outer gate Sir William Standen, with five fleet horses, was ready. In breathless silence the Queen was, at the risk of her life, mounted on a pillion behind Arthur Erskine. Margaret Carwood, her maid, was behind Lord Traquair. Darnley, Sir William Standen, and Bastian, rode singly. Their palfreys were swift to gallop in the sharp morning air; they halted at Seton House; then on again while the grey dawn drew nearer daylight, and before sunrise they had reached the gates of Dunbar. "The first thing the Queen did was to order a fire to be made to warm her, and asked for some new-laid eggs. When the said eggs

[1] *The Hist. of Mary Stuart*, Claud Nau, her Secretary, edit. Rev. Joseph Stevenson, S.J.

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were brought to the Queen of Scotland, she herself put them on the fire to cook. "Refreshed and warmed, she sat down to write to France, and in her letter to the Cardinal of Lorraine signed herself, "Your niece, Marie, Queen without a kingdom."[1] But she was a Queen with her kingdom still, and she was free. The conspirators were outwitted, her faithful hosts gathered round her, and on March 18th she returned in triumph to Edinburgh, escorted by 8000 men. Morton and Ruthven fled to England; and Lethington, who had been deeply involved in the conspiracy, disappeared to the mountains of Athol. The Queen forgave Murray, and she contrived to place him on outwardly good terms with Bothwell, whom he hated, and who had been vigorously exerting himself in her behalf. On the 5th of April a Special Council met, and unanimously agreed that the Queen should await in Edinburgh Castle the birth of her child. Accordingly, to that secure but gloomy fortress she retired, very sad at heart, for she had seen the bonds for the "slauchter of David," and now knew the abyss of her husband's wickedness and treachery. With longing desires for France (she could gaze from the Castle's narrow windows on the sea,—the sea that rolled between her and the beloved land), and fully anticipating that her sad life would soon be over, the young Queen made her will, and received the blessed Sacrament as her viaticum, with probable death very near. On Wednesday, the 19th of June, at ten o'clock in the morning, the heir of Great Britain was born. The Castle guns, though they shook the room

[1] Memorial on Scotch Affairs, addressed to Cosmo de Medicis. *Labanoff's Appendix*, vol. vii. Cited in *Strickland*, vol. iv. p. 317.

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where the royal mother lay, thundered forth the news; by midday Sir James Melville was mounted, and speeding on his road to London, as the swift courier, the telegraph message of the period; and the lingering twilight of the long summer day had scarcely faded into the brief summer night before "fires of joy" blazed from Arthur's Seat to the Highland hills. By the fourth day Melville had brought the great news to Queen Elizabeth, who was at Greenwich, and in a sportive mood, dancing after supper. "The Queen of Scotland is the mother of a fair son, and I am but a barren stock," she burst out, with at least honest jealousy and spleen. Next day she assured Melville that the "joyful news" had "delivered her out of heavy sickness, which had holden her fifteen days."[1] The family of Guise had lately sent over Mauvissière de Castelnau with directions "to threaten the King of Scotland, and to ask him to behave himself better towards his wife."[2] A gleam of hope that her husband would amend his ways had added to poor Mary's happiness when she welcomed him with their new-born babe in her arms. "What if Faudonside's pistol had shot?" she asked. "What would have become of him and me both? God only knows, but we may suspect." "Madam," answered Darnley, "these things are all past." "Then," said Mary, "let them go."[3]

Even in her quiet retreat in the Castle Mary suffered troubles from without. Elizabeth, who saw how greatly her rival's claims to the throne of England were strengthened by the birth of a son, was desperate, and devised a

[1] *Sir James Melville*, pp. 158, 159. [2] *Nau*, pp. 27, 28.
[3] *Lord Herries' Historie of Mary Queen of Scots*, Abbotsford edit.

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cruel trick. She sent an old gentleman named Ruxby to Mary, to propose that the Earl of Northumberland and his brother, Sir Henry Percy, would assist her in any insurrection she might wish to raise against the Queen of England, to persuade her that every Catholic would join her; and, to prove his zeal for the Church, he was to present the Catholic Queen with an ivory tablet engraven with the Passion of Christ. The old gentleman duly obeyed his orders, but Mary saw through the fraud, and dispatched him with assurances that she was never more anxious to be on good terms with Elizabeth. He carried papers signed by the hand of Cecil, in which the Queen of England promised to grant him and his heirs in perpetuity an annual pension if he succeeded in his mission.[1]

On the 17th of December the infant Prince was baptized, and received the names of Charles James. The Primate officiated, and, with the Bishops of Dunkeld, Dunblane, and Ross, took part in this last public ceremony of the ancient Church, in the Chapel-Royal at Stirling Castle. The sponsors were Charles IX., the Duke of Savoy, and the Queen of England.[2] Elizabeth sent her god-son a costly golden font, with instructions to the Earl of Bedford, who presented it, to observe "pleasantly," that "as the font was made when the babe was born, he was now too big for it, therefore it may be better used for the next child." In addition to these "pleasant" observations, Bedford was instructed to endeavour to bring about a settlement concerning

[1] *Nau*, pp. 25–27.

[2] The Countess of Argyll was proxy for Elizabeth, and had afterwards to do penance for assisting at a Catholic function.

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the weary Treaty of Edinburgh, or, as Mary had desired, the adjustment of a new Treaty, in which the Queen of Scotland was "to require nothing to be confirmed, . . . but that which directly appertains to us and our children, omitting anything . . . . that may be prejudicial to her title *as next heir after us and our children.* . . . ." Alas, that Queen Mary, overruled probably by bad advice, should have lost this excellent opportunity of terminating the fundamental cause of her quarrel with Queen Elizabeth, by not replying directly to the ambassador's proposals. Darnley, who was in Stirling Castle, did not appear at the baptism, being supposed to be either in mortal offence, or intoxicated, or grieved in his soul because "the tailors and embroiderers had neglected to provide him proper clothes." Indeed, he was now leading such a disreputable life, that his wife would have been justified in forbidding him to enter her presence. Their disagreements were perpetual. "His deportment," says Du Croc, the new French ambassador, "is incurable, nor can there be ever any good expected from him." He was an object of unspeakable contempt to the lords of the Riccio Assassination Bond,—especially as he had audaciously declared before the Privy Council his innocence, and had made proclamation of that fact at the Cross of Edinburgh. Their vengeance on the traitor was nigh at hand. On Christmas Eve the Queen signed the pardon of seventy-five persons implicated in the murder of her secretary, excluding, however, from all share in her grace, George Douglas and Faudonside. Well might the wretched Darnley feel that when the banished lords returned, his doom was sealed. Already the faction of his enemies, quietly led

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by Murray, Lethington, and Bothwell, had been active. A bond was drawn up by James Balfour, "the greatest lawyer of his day," at Craigmillar Castle, by which those who signed it agreed "to put off sic ane young fool and proud tyrant by ane way or other."[1] On Morton's return he was involved in the plot; and among those who either took an active part in it, or "looked through their fingers thereto," as Murray did, were the Earls of Argyll and Caithness, Archibald Douglas, and the Earl of Huntly, who had been restored to the estates lost by his father at Corrichie, and had succeeded Morton as Chancellor. The soul of the horrible business was Bothwell. He made the practical arrangements, assisted by his unfortunate creatures, Nicholas Hubert, called French Paris, George Dalgleish, William Powrie, Hepburn of Bolton, Patrick Wilson, Ormiston, Laird of that Ilk, and May, the heir of Talla. On the same Christmas Eve that the lords were pardoned, Darnley left Stirling for Glasgow. There he caught the infection of small-pox, which was rife. Mary visited him on the 27th of January 1567, and on the 30th brought him to Edinburgh. It was observed that a raven, bird of ill-omen, accompanied the sick man's litter all the way from Glasgow to Edinburgh.[2] Dreading infection for the baby James, it was arranged that Darnley should lodge in the house of Kirk-of-Field, which was recommended by Murray "as a place highly situate, in good air, environed with pleasant gardens, and removed from the noise of the people." It was close to the city wall, on the site of the present College, and is very differently

[1] *Pitcairn*, i. 3–12.

[2] *Nau*, p. 33.

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described by Buchanan as "ane hous whilum of auld priestes, among graves."[1] The house, which was far from luxurious, was comfortably fitted up for his time of convalescence, and the Queen, who was at Holyrood with her baby, frequently went to visit him, and sometimes she slept at Kirk-of-Field. On Sunday morning, the 9th of February, after breakfast, Murray found it was absolutely imperative that he should leave immediately to visit his wife in Fifeshire, and accordingly set off. All was now in readiness. That night the Queen left a party she was giving at Holyrood in honour of the marriage of her servants Sebastian Paiges and Margaret Carwood, and proceeded up the streets of Edinburgh to the Kirk-of-Field. She was now on affectionate terms with her husband, and sickness seemed to be having a salutary effect on his character. After some hours of loving talk, about eleven o'clock Mary suddenly rose, saying, "I have failed to Bastien," bade good-night, and, escorted by torchbearers, returned to Holyrood on horseback, and having paid a brief visit to the revelries, which were almost over, went to bed. At two o'clock on Monday morning the city of Edinburgh was awakened by a terrific explosion, like the crack of doom. The earth shook as the Kirk-of-Field was blown up from its very foundations; and in the garden, a few yards from the house, lay the dead bodies of Darnley and his "chalmer chield," beside a tree. There were few among the citizens of Edinburgh who, on that Monday morning, crowded round the blackened and smoking ruins of the Kirk-of-Field, and few at Holyrood, from the murdered

[1] Buchanan, *Detection*, pp. 66–69.

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man's father, the Earl of Lennox, to the turnspits, who had any real doubt as to the real murderer. A reward of £2000 was offered to the discoverer of the guilty persons, but at first no one had courage to speak by day. Mysterious voices were heard on the streets by night, and an unknown and unseen hand nailed a placard on the door of the Tolbooth, accusing Bothwell, Balfour, and "black Mr John Spens." James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, had been true to the National cause since the Regency of Queen Mary's mother. He had guarded his Sovereign Lady in France in the first days of her widowhood, and ever since her return home he had been faithful to her,—especially since the murder of Riccio, when, environed by traitors and hypocrites, the lonely woman had leant thankfully on the strong man's arm, ever ready to support her. He was, we have seen, her Great Admiral, the Lieutenant of her Marches, and one of the most powerful of her subjects. He is said to have been hideously ugly, his conversation and manners were coarse, and he lacked an eye, but Mary's enemies have averred that she not only relied on her Lieutenant, but that she passionately loved him. In October 1566 he was wounded in a Border affray, and the Queen, who was at Jedburgh holding Justice Courts, took a wild gallop over moss and moor to visit him at his Castle of Hermitage, twenty miles off. She was accompanied by Murray and other lords, "in whose presence she conversed with Bothwell for some hours,"[1] and then galloped back to Jedburgh the same day, paying for her excessive fatigue by violent illness in which her life was despaired

[1] *Nau*, p. 31.

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of. This impulsive ride, taken "without respect of the intemperance of the weather," has been often held up as a proof of Mary's "inordinate affection" for her Lieutenant.

Events are now hurried on with bewildering rapidity, and tragedies which have filled volumes are thickly crowded into the next few months. The dark shadow of a horrible suspicion fell upon the Queen of Scots. From Paris, the Archbishop of Glasgow wrote, that rather than not take a "rigorous vengeance," "better in this world that you had lost life and all;"[1] and as she passed through the High Street, the market wives of Edinburgh cried out, "God preserve your Grace, if you are sackless of the King's death." Bothwell's trial and acquittal took place. Parliament met on the 14th of April, and rose on the 19th. On the afternoon of that day, Bothwell gave a great supper to the nobility, in Ainslie's tavern in Edinburgh. His guests met at four o'clock, and after they were "well cheered," having sat far into the night, their host rose and proposed his own marriage with the newly widowed Queen. At the same moment he produced a bond, which he requested all present to sign. In this document they were made to proclaim the innocence of Bothwell, and his appropriateness to be the husband of their Sovereign Lady. To their deep infamy, the bond was signed by the Earls of Morton, Argyll, Huntly, Cassilis, Sutherland, Glencairn, Rothes, and Caithness; and among the eleven barons who signed, were the Lords Herries, Hume, Boyd, Seton, and Sinclair. These pledged themselves, "on our honour and fidelity, not only to further, advance, and

[1] *Keith*, vol. i. p. civ.

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set forward such marriage betwixt her Highness and the said noble lord; but with our votes, fortification, and assistance in case any would presume . . . to hinder, hold back, or disturb the said marriage, we shall, in that behalf esteem, hold and repute the hinderers, adversaries, or disturbers thereof, as our common enemies and evil willers, and take part and fortify the said Earl to the said marriage, . . . and therein shall bestow our lives and goods. . . ." On April 22, the Queen went to visit her baby at Stirling. She left next morning, little reckoning that to the old fortress, which had been one of the happy homes of her infancy, and to her baby boy, she had said farewell for ever. Nor did she know the horrors, worse than death, that were before her. She slept at Linlithgow, and next day set off for Holyrood. All went well till at the suburb of Foul-briggs (now Fountainbridge), close by the walls of Edinburgh, her little retinue of twelve persons was surprised by Bothwell with one thousand men. He seized the Queen's horse by the bridle, and by violence compelled the weary woman to proceed with him for twenty miles to his Castle of Dunbar. Only Sir James Melville and Secretary Lethington were permitted to accompany her. A veil must be drawn over Mary Stuart's life within these hateful walls, where she was forcibly detained by the ruffian Earl from the 24th to the 29th of April, "in firm custody and durance, by force and masterful hand of his armed friends and dependants." ". . . The Queen," says Sir James Melville, "could not but marry Bothwell after what had occurred against her will."[1] It is a horrible story at best, and it suffices to

[1] *Sir James Melville's Memoirs*, p. 177.

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say that the records of the times enable us to understand that "this poor injured woman" was driven "to patch up a marriage on any terms" with Bothwell.[1] When the nobles signed the bond in Ainslie's tavern, they ignored one impediment in the way of their plans. Bothwell had a wife (or, at least, was allied to a woman who was reputed to be his wife) already. Only six months before, he had been united to the Lady Jean Gordon, sister to the Earl of Huntly. A divorce was hurried on, the whole affair being believed to be one of collusion. On the one hand, the Lady Jane brought an action against her husband before the Commissioners of Edinburgh, on the ground of his adultery with one of her household, and obtained sentence of divorce on the 3rd of May. Bothwell brought his suit before the Court of the Primate; and on the ground of their relationship within the prohibited degrees, and their marriage without a Dispensation, sentence was given on the 7th of May, that the marriage was radically null.[2] Within recent years, the Original Dispensation for the marriage was discovered in the charter chest at Dunrobin; but still it has been maintained that the marriage, in canon and statute law, was null and void, as the terms of the Dispensation were that it should be solemnized "in the face of the Church," and these terms had not been complied with. The parties were not married in a Catholic Church, and the person who performed the ceremony was not a Catholic priest, but a

[1] *Nau*, Pref., p. clvi.

[2] See a "*Lost Chapter in the History of Mary Queen of Scots Recovered*": John Stuart, *Narrative of Events*, pp. 16–18.

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Protestant minister.[1] On the 6th of May, Bothwell brought the Queen back to Edinburgh, "having compelled her by fear, under circumstances such as might befall the most courageous woman in the world, to promise that she would as soon as possible contract marriage with him." Well might Sir James Melville exclaim, "It was a sair matter to see that gud Princess run to utter wreck, and na body to forewarn her."[2] Dazed with grief and maddened by cruelty, "never man in Scotland once making any mean to procure our deliverance," are her own reproachful words, she acted like a person who cared little what might happen after what had been. She created Bothwell Duke of Orkney; the marriage contract was signed on May 14th; and at four o'clock in the morning of May 15th, "the marriage was made in the palace of Holyrood House, at a preaching by Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, in the great hall where the Council uses to sit, and not in the Chapel at the mass."[3] "If there is a good work to be done, a bishop must do it,"[4] remarks John Knox. There was no mirth or rejoicing that "woful wedding day."[5] Next day Queen Mary told Du Croc that "all she desired was death"; and the day following, when she was alone in her chamber with Bothwell, she screamed out "for a knife to stab herself," "or else," she said, "I shall drown myself."[6]

[1] See *Mary Queen of Scots and her Marriage with Bothwell*, Colin Lindsay, p. 52.

[2] Sir James Melville, p. 176.

[3] Sir James Melville.

[4] *Knox*, vol. ii. p. 555.

[5] *Diurnal of Occurrents.*

[6] Sir James Melville.

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CHAPTER IX.

CARBERRY HILL, LOCHLEVEN, LANGSIDE, AND THE FLIGHT TO ENGLAND.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
  The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
  And milk-white is the slae:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
  May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
  Maun lie in prison strang.

Lament of Mary Queen of Scots.—BURNS.

THE third marriage of the Queen of Scots was an insult to every hearth and throne in Christendom. It needed no telegraphic wires to flash the appalling news across either Border or Channel, and to speed back to Holyrood the general murmur of horror and of shame. In vain Mary wrote to the Bishop of Dunblane to mitigate the shock of the catastrophe at the Court of France;[1] and equally in vain she wrote to the Archbishop of Glasgow, calling the event indeed "strange and utherwise, nor we wot ye would have looked for," and adding, "But as it is succedit, we mon make the best of it."[2] To Sir Robert Melville, brother of Sir James, and now her ambassador

[1] MS. cited by *Keith*, vol. ii. p. 592.
[2] *Stevenson's Illustrations*, 177.

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in England, though she little knew he was in the pay of the conspirators against her, she wrote to do what he could in "pacyfying oure . . . derrest sister."[1] It was a terrible triumph for her foes, and her best friends say she should rather have died than have submitted to the degradation of this marriage. How far a young woman of four and twenty was able to resist the pressure brought to bear upon her by the clamorous crowd of powerful traitors, among whom she stood alone, and who had forgotten the very memory of honour that they might compass her ruin, is a question which the student of Scottish history must weigh with due reflection, even if the behaviour of her worst enemy be left out of account. Meanwhile the strong confederacy of her enemies was adjusting itself. It included many of those who had murdered Darnley, and had signed the bond in Ainslie's tavern. Maitland of Lethington, with clear head and flexible conscience, put their plots and plans into business-like shape, and all, with cool effrontery, assuming the character of "righteous avengers of innocent blood,"[2] proclaimed their laudable intention of delivering the Queen from Bothwell's cruel tyranny and thraldom, of securing the Prince her son, and of avenging the blood of Darnley. On the 5th of June, Bothwell took the Queen to Borthwick Castle, twelve miles from Edinburgh. The Confederate Lords surprised them there, but they fled to Dunbar, Mary being disguised as a page. From Dunbar they went to Seton; and early on Sunday morning, June 15th, they set off with two thousand men in battle array to meet the rebels. They

[1] *Keith*, vol. ii. p. 601. [2] *Strickland*, vol. v. p. 321.

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halted at Carberry Hill, close to the place where, twenty years before, the disastrous battle of Pinkie was fought. Their enemies had left Edinburgh still earlier. They numbered three thousand men; and the day promising to be very hot, they prudently planted themselves with their backs to the sun, and had taken care to be provided "with store of drink, which was a great relief in such exceeding heat of the year."[1] For hours the two armies gazed upon each other. The French ambassador, Du Croc, earnestly attempted negotiation, but unsuccessfully. Proposals were made that Bothwell should engage in single combat with a peer, who was to challenge him as the murderer of the late King. But the ruffian turned coward, and evaded the combat.[2] The long summer day was wearing on to the late afternoon. By fighting or by arbitration something must be done. The Lords' terms were that the Queen should give up Bothwell, as the murderer of her husband. "It looks very ill of them," observed Mary, "to act in contradiction to their own signatures, after they have themselves married me to him." For Bothwell there was now only flight or instant death. A brief, wild last conference took place between him and the Queen. Then he turned his horse's head and fled to Dunbar. He had played his game for a throne, and had lost it. Mary's mournful month since the 15th of May, spent with him who "suffered her not to pass a day ever without causing her to shed abundance of salt tears,"[3] was over. She and Bothwell never met again. Once

[1] *Keith*, vol. ii. p. 630. [2] *Tales of a Grandfather*, vol. ii.
[3] Sir James Melville, p. 182.

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fairly rid of the avowed cause of strife, it was resolved to bring matters to an issue. Lethington was sent with many representations to the Queen, and she finally surrendered to Kirkaldy of Grange. "Laird of Grange," she said, "I render me unto you upon the conditions ye rehearsed unto me in the name of the Lords." He kissed the fair white hand outstretched in peace. She was on horseback; he escorted her down the hill, Mary Seton following on a pony, and he led her into the enemy's camp. There a horrible shock was prepared for her, and she nearly fell from her horse to the ground. This was a sensational device in the shape of a white taffety banner, extended between two pikes, and borne by two soldiers, on which was represented Darnley lying dead beneath a tree, while by him knelt the little Prince, a label with the words, "Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord," proceeding out of his mouth. "Burn her, burn the murderess," yelled the common soldiers, till for very shame the Laird of Grange silenced them with his drawn sword. The Queen was hardly within the camp when she found herself betrayed and a prisoner. In her exasperation she called on Patrick, Lord Lindsay, to give her his hand. "By the hand that is now in yours," she vowed, "I will have your head for this." She was dragged into Edinburgh, riding between Morton and Atholl. Maddened by insult and treachery, she was goaded to break out into wild threats on that brief but terrible ride; and when at nine o'clock in the twilight of the summer evening she entered Edinburgh, her short red and yellow riding skirt covered with dust, her beautiful face drenched with tears, the citizens could hardly recognise their Queen. She was taken to the

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house of the Provost, a dismal keep, called the Black Turnpike, sometimes used as a prison, facing the tumultuous High Street. Without water to wash her face, without a woman to approach her, but with two soldiers stationed in the room all night, she lay down in her riding dress, after swallowing a mouthful of bread and water. The poor woman seems for the time to have lost her reason with misery; for next morning she ran to the window, her dress torn, her hair hanging down, and screamed to the people either to slay her or to deliver her from the cruelty of the false traitors who were torturing her. Towards evening of this day Lethington entered, and with peerless skill defended the course he was taking. Later, Morton and Atholl arrived in a hypocritical frame, pretending remorse. They conducted the Queen on foot, Mary Seton and other ladies following, down the Canongate to Holyrood. Soldiers lined the way. The banner was again displayed, and it did wonders with the Edinburgh mob; but despite accumulated insult, the Queen's old dignity and calm returned. Supper was prepared at Holyrood, and during this meal, which Mary, fearful of poison, hardly touched, Morton, who stood behind her chair, suddenly asked an esquire if the horses were ready. The Queen wished to know where they were going; she was told lies, and then wrapped up in a coarse russet mantle by way of disguise, hurried away,—her attendants, two maids; her luggage, a single night-dress; was mounted on horseback, and conducted to the shores of the Forth. Here a vessel was ready; and having reached the other side of the water, she was again mounted; and, riding all night, the blue waters of Lochleven were reached

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by early dawn. The Laird of Lochleven was Sir William Douglas, son of Sir Robert Douglas. His widowed mother, who lived with him, was Margaret Erskine, sister of the Earl of Mar. Before her marriage to Sir Robert she had, as mistress of James V., become mother of the Earl of Murray. The position which this chaste lady had once occupied was not calculated to increase her acceptability to Mary either as a hostess or a jailer—especially as she was fond of declaring that her Majesty was only a usurper, and her own son James was rightful occupant of the throne. The Laird's brother George lived at Lochleven, as did generally his seven sisters (one of whom was married to Lord Lindsay), and a foundling of eighteen years, known as Willie Douglas. The Queen, exhausted after her midnight ride, was placed in a room on the ground floor, and there remained "for fifteen days or more, without eating, drinking, or conversing with the inmates of the house, so that many thought she would have died." Did she feel the temptation to despair? The Confederate Lords, calling themselves the "Lords of the Secret Council," now sat in deliberation on the doom of their helpless victim. Some proposed life-long imprisonment, some demanded death; but for the present her deposition was resolved upon, and "whatever demands might be made on her, were to backed by the prospect of a public trial and the block."[1] The articles of her deposition were drawn up by Lethington, "a man who always liked to have two strings to his bow,"[2] in a form which

[1] *Burton*, vol. iv. p. 278.

[2] *Nau*, p. 58.

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was to the Queen's advantage, their conditions being such as made them worthless whenever she pleased. They contained a renunciation of her crown in favour of her "dearest son James, Prince of Scotland," the appointment of her "trusty brother James, Earl of Murray, as Regent, and the provision of a Council of Regency, to consist of the Lords of Secret Council. On the 24th of July, the Lords Lindsay and Ruthven and Sir Robert Melville arrived at Lochleven. The Queen was in bed, and in a state of extreme bodily weakness. Her women were turned out of the room, and the articles were laid before her for signature. Deceit was tried first, and that failing, force accompanied by fearful threats. "I am not yet five and twenty," she pleaded; but this did not move their hearts, and by a great oath Lindsay brutally swore "that if she would not sign those instruments, he would do it with her heart's blood, and cast her into the loch to feed the fishes." Then thrusting a pen into the poor white hand, in which he left the print of his mail-clad fingers, and forcing it down, he compelled her to affix her trembling signature. Matters were indeed dark for Mary Stuart then. Her life was in imminent peril. Far away in France, her base brother was doing his utmost to ruin her cause, and to prevent Charles IX. from stretching out a hand to help the sister-in-law he had loved, ever since those happy days when they had sported together in the Royal nursery of France. To Charles and the Princes of Lorraine, Murray pledged himself by endless promises, protestations, and perjuries, to set out forthwith for Scotland, and there to strain every nerve to free her from prison, to re-establish her authority, and to put

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everything into its former good order.[1] He is said to have made profit out of this treachery, and then by way of England he returned to Scotland, arriving at Berwick just ten days after the coronation of Mary's son. The events at Lochleven and Stirling, an enforced abdication, and a defiant coronation, had already thrilled with amazement the Courts of Europe. Elizabeth's ambassador, Throckmorton, was in Scotland; her ministers were urging her to leave Mary Stuart to her fate; and the Queen of England seems hardly to have known whether most to rejoice in the discomfiture of the Queen of Scots, or to tremble at the rude infringement made by the northern rebels on the Divine Right of kings. The prospect of seeing Murray established as Regent was, however, cheering, as in that capacity he would be practically her Viceroy. On the 15th of August, towards supper time, Murray appeared at Lochleven, accompanied by the Earls of Morton and Athole. Alone with the Queen, after supper, Murray walked in the garden, and poured out on her the bitterest reproaches. Night falling down on Lochleven, they re-entered the Castle, and sat in conference till past midnight. Murray approached the subject of the Regency by craving the Queen's advice. She told him plainly that the office of Regent was not for him, whereupon he admitted that he had already accepted it.[2] If Mary

[1] See *Nau*, p. 56.

[2] This account of the meeting at Lochleven between the Queen and Murray is one of the latest, if not the latest, that has come down to us. Hitherto we have listened to Murray's own account of that interview. "We have been taught to believe that he actually did consult her upon the subject in all good faith and

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had hoped for comfort from her half-brother she was sorely disappointed. His injurious language nearly broke her heart, and "cut the thread of love and credit between him and the Queen for ever." On the 26th of July 1567, Prince James was crowned King of Scotland and Lord of the Isles, in the parish kirk of Stirling.[1] Carried by his governor, the Earl of Mar, from his nursery, he passively submitted to have his mother's crown held over his tiny head, his tiny hand was made to touch her sceptre, and despite the protest of John Knox, James VI. was a duly anointed king. Knox preached on the inauguration of Joash and the slaughter of Athaliah; but the babe, wrapped in deep slumber, lay upon the throne "in blissful unconsciousness of all the maledictions and requisitions for the blood of his hapless mother which were thundered from the pulpit in his presence. . . ."[2] That summer day was a miserable one at Lochleven. The Laird, manifesting indecorous joy, shot off his artillery, lighted bonfires, and danced and sung in the garden. When the Queen enquired whence this mirth, he invited her to rejoice on her son's coronation day. Exasperated by insult, Mary flung her-

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true kindness . . . .; and that she not only advised but entreated him to accept the proposals made to him by the Confederates as being most advantageous to herself. Nau tells a different tale; one more consistent with Mary's character. . . ."—*Nau*, Preface, p. clxxxii.

[1] The Hamiltons were absent from the Coronation, and they tendered a protest "that nothing done towards the reconstruction of a government should stand to the prejudice of their hereditary claims."—See *Burton*, vol. iv. p. 82.

[2] *Strickland*, vol. vi. p. 4.

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self on her knees, and uttered a bitter prayer (for the iron had entered into her soul), that God "would grant her the favour, before her death, to see her enemies and rebellious subjects brought into the same trouble, sorrow, and desolation to which they had now reduced her; and especially that, before the end of the year, she might see the Laird as wretched as she then was; and then she laid her curse upon him and his house."[1] It was not a Christian prayer; but let none judge the woman in the depth of her affliction.

Mercifully she was unable to realise the strength of the plots that were thickening round and round her. The 20th of June 1567 is the date assigned by her enemies for the discovery of the Casket Letters. According to the Confederates, Bothwell had negligently left in Edinburgh Castle "ane small gylt coffer not fully ane foot lang, garnished in sindrie places with the Roman letter F under ane king's crown,"[2] containing eight letters and certain love verses (falsely called sonnets), said to have been written by Mary to Bothwell when she was still the wife of Darnley. After Bothwell's escape to Dunbar, he sent a servant, George Dalgleish, to the Castle to recover the forgotten box, and on his way back Dalgleish was intercepted by Morton. If the Lords of Secret Council could prove that these letters were written by the Queen, they believed that they required no further justification of their conduct. It is remarkable, however, that their treasonable acts were first committed; and "posterior to these is their pretended cause or

[1] *Nau*, p. 65.

[2] The Crown of France, and the initial letter of Francis II.

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inducement, the discovery of the Queen's letters several weeks after!"[1]

On the 25th of June the Queen's old enemy, John Knox, who had been living quietly in retirement since the murder of Riccio, re-appeared in Edinburgh. The time seemed favourable for establishing Protestantism more firmly than ever, and for completing the ruin of the Queen. The ministers threw in their cause with the Lords of Secret Council, and George Buchanan, who, though no minister, had been elected Moderator of the General Assembly which met on June 25th, and who had forsaken his Queen and former pupil, was ready to lay his immense abilities at their service. At the next Assembly in July, it was agreed that one of the coronation oaths henceforth should be for the maintenance of the "trew religion."[2] Lest any remains of the houses of God should be left in the land, a number of the nobility and others solemnly promised "to convene themselves together with their power and forces, and here begine to root out, destroy, and allutterly subvert all monuments of idolatrie, and mainly the odious and blasphemous Masse; and therefore to goe forward throughout this haill realme, to all and sundrie places, whatsomever idolatrie hes fostered, haunted, or maintained, and chiefly where Masse is said, to execute the reformatione foresaid, without exception of place or persones, . . . the host of the Lord shall pass through the haill country, . . . and also shall proceed to the punishment of idolaters according to the law. . . ."[3]

[1] *An Inquiry, Historical and Critical, into the Evidence against Mary Queen of Scots*, William Tytler, vol. i. p. 89.

[2] *Booke of the Universall Kirk of Scotland*, p. 67. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 67.

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Anticipating these formal resolutions, the Earl of Glencairn had, on the 25th of June, broken into the Queen's chapel and committed havoc among the altars and images.

On the 22nd of August Murray was inaugurated as Regent in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. On the 15th of December he presided in Parliament, when the Acts passed at the Convention of Estates in August 1560, for the abolition of the old religion and the establishment of the new, were ratified, and for the first time received royal authority.

The course of vengeance which the Regent pursued against the Darnley murderers was full of prudence and caution. Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange and the Laird of Tullibardine were despatched with a squadron of five ships "to pursue the Earl of Bothwell, his assistars, and colleagues, by sea and land, with fire and sword." Bothwell, who was living as a pirate in the North Seas, escaped his pursuers. He next appears at Copenhagen, and eventually died at the Castle of Draxholm, on the west coast of Zealand, after having been detained as a state prisoner for years by the King of Denmark. He is said to have left behind him a Confession, wherein he exonerated the Queen of Scots from all share in the tragedy of Kirk-of-Field, and attributed the influence he had gained over her to magic. The discussion of the authenticity of the Confession forms another volume in that vast literature which Queen Mary has produced. Those who suffered for the Kirk-of-Field were Dalgleish and Powrie, young Hay of Talla, and John Hepburn, who, on the 3rd of January 1568, were hanged. On 16th August 1569 Nicholas Hubert was also hanged.

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On these poor tools Murray was avenged; but the master murderers, who, with the exception of Bothwell, were now within reach of vengeance, but whom he dared not touch, went free. Even those who call Murray the "Good Regent" unwillingly admit that his practical punishments were reserved for those who had "hands blackened with powder and clothes torn with clambering over walls."[1] To Sir James Balfour, who had been so deeply implicated, he granted full remission, £5000, and the rich abbey of Pittenweem, on condition of his resignation of Edinburgh Castle, of which Bothwell had made him governor, into his keeping.

Mary was now tasting, in the damp and dismal Tower of Lochleven, her first experience of prison life. Without, were the cold waters of the loch, and the mist-veiled Lomonds beyond. Within, there was profound dreariness throughout the northern winter, beguiled by hope, by stolen letters, written when the ladies of the household, who had been constituted the Queen's jailers by night and day, were at dinner, and by that matchless needlework which had once been her amusement, and was now a solace during the brief winter days and long winter evenings. The letters were started to their distant destinations by friendly messengers hovering near. For her needlework, we find Mary sending by some one bound for Edinburgh for "sewing gold and sewing silver; . . . . twa ounce black sewing silk; . . . . ane dozen of raising needles and moulds." The Laird's sisters by turns shared the royal prisoner's bed. "To one who had enjoyed full command over

[1] *Burton*, vol. iv. p. 357.

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the stately reserve of the Court of France, and the impregnable barrier of isolation which it had put at her disposal, this may have been a heavy grievance; it can be paralleled only by the sufferings of people accustomed to civilised refinement when their lot is cast among barbarians."[1] Exercise was always essential to Mary's health, but the narrow limits of an island five acres in extent rendered this almost impossible, and consequently liver complaint, to which she was subject, troubled her greatly. Continual thinking of and devising plans of escape kept up a quiet flutter within the Queen's apartments during the spring of 1568. On the 25th of March, Mary attempted to fly in the dress of a washerwoman, but she was betrayed by her fair white hand. Again, on the 2nd of May, she made a desperate and successful effort to break her bonds. In George Douglas, the Laird's brother, and in young Willie Douglas, the foundling, she had firm friends. After the Queen's supper, about seven o'clock on Saturday, May 1st, was the time fixed for the attempt. The Queen, saying she wished to pray, went into an upper room. She knelt down, and, with a beating heart, committed her cause to God. Then she and the one woman who was to accompany her, dressed themselves in peasants' clothes, and tarried for the preconcerted signal from Willie Douglas. The adventurous stripling was meanwhile waiting on the Laird at supper. The keys of the Castle were, as usual, placed on the table beside the Laird. It was a moment on which all hung, when Willie, in pouring out his master's wine,

[1] *Burton*, vol. iv. p. 362.

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let fall a napkin on the keys, gathered them into its folds, and left the dining-hall. He apprised the Queen; she and her woman stole downstairs, and all glided out, Willie locking, as noiselessly as possible, every door behind him. The boat was ready, the Queen laid herself down under the boatman's seat, rising however, when they were half-way over, to wave her white veil that her friends on shore might be ready. George Douglas and a company of horsemen awaited her. In a moment she was in the saddle; she saw that the brave Willie was mounted also, and then away they set at full gallop. That night they reached Niddry, near Linlithgow, and when the peasants saw their Sovereign Lady pass, they gave her a rapturous greeting. Next day she galloped to Hamilton, while the news of her escape sped like lightning through the length and breadth of the land. Forthwith a host of nobles, including the Earls of Argyll, Cassilis, Eglinton, and Rothes, and the Lords Somerville, Yester, Livingston, Herries, Fleming, Ross, and Borthwick, were at her feet. She assembled her Council at Hamilton; she abjured the enforced demission of the Government; ambassadors soliciting succour were despatched to the Courts of England and France; an Act of Council was passed, proclaiming the treason of Murray, and a bond was drawn up for her defence and the restitution of her crown, and was signed by eight earls, several bishops, eighteen lords, twelve abbots and priors, and nearly one hundred barons. The Queen tried to avoid the misery of a battle with her own subjects, but the Hamiltons were determined to make a bold effort to crush the Regent Murray. On the 13th of

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May, near the village of Langside, two miles from Glasgow, the Queen's troops and the Regent's met in a brief hot fight. The Battle of Langside barely lasted an hour, but it sealed the fate of Mary Stuart irrevocably. Her army, badly managed by Argyll, was 6000 strong; and though Murray mustered only 4500 men, his own superior guidance, and the assistance of Morton, Kirkaldy of Grange, and others, gained the day. Standing on a hill with her ladies, the Queen watched the fight, and, fevered by anxiety, drank frequently from a stream. When she saw that all was over she turned from the field and fled. Accompanied by Lords Livingston and Fleming, Lord Herries and his son, George Douglas, Willie, and her ladies, she took her headlong run for life across hill and glen, by moor and moss, dashing through streams, now skirting the mountain side, now darting across the valley, halting only for a moment while a fresh horse was saddled at the farm of Culdoach, and there gratefully accepting a little oatmeal and a cup of sour milk from a poor widow. Then she was in the saddle again; and onward, due south, rode the Queen of Scotland and Widow of France, and Heiress of England, straight to her doom. Her graceful figure, in a close-fitting dress of white silk, was like a spirit flying through the land. Riding all night, she reached Sanquhar, whence, after a brief rest, she went on to Terregles, near Dumfries. She says, in a letter to the Cardinal of Lorraine, that she had ridden ninety miles on end, had slept on the ground, and had been three nights with the owls.[1] According to local

[1] *Labanoff*, tome ii. p. 118.

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tradition, she spent her last night in Scotland at Hazelfield, the seat of the Maxwells. At Dundrennan Abbey she presided at a council of her friends. Archbishop Hamilton was there, though fifty-seven of his name had been slain in the Queen's cause. She might *ask* advice, but her own mind was made up. She would go to England. Every persuasion was urged to induce her to abandon this mad resolve. Many proposed flight to France; but she who had reigned at the Louvre would never return to that land as a fugitive. She would not listen to reason, and acted like an infatuated woman. Had she not sent her *avant courier* to her "dearest sister," bearing a token ring as a reminder of promised friendship, and a letter saying that, "next to God, I have no hope but in your goodness!"

On Sunday, May 16th, 1568, at the Bay of the Abbey Burnfoot, Mary Queen of Scots embarked for England in a fishing-boat with sixteen followers, including Lord and Lady Livingston, Lord Boyd, and George and Willie Douglas. It was not yet too late to save her. The Archbishop of St Andrews rushed into the water, and grasping the boat, implored her not to trust in the Queen of England. Only when fairly set sail did Mary realise whither she was bound. Her heart failed her, and she said she would go to France. But this was not to be. The winds were contrary, as the winds of life were evermore to be to her. In a few hours the rude craft had crossed the Solway, and Mary Stuart first set foot on English soil at Workington, on the coast of Cumberland.

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CHAPTER X.

QUEENSMEN AND KINGSMEN.

Oh, Scotland! Scotland!

. . . . . .

Oh, nation miserable.

Macbeth, Act iv.

FROM Workington Mary proceeded to Cockermouth, and from thence to Carlisle. From Carlisle Castle she was taken to Bolton Castle, in Yorkshire, on the 14th of July, and then the Queen of Scots began to suspect she was getting entangled in a net, for she declared that if they detained her a prisoner they would have much ado with her.[1] The difficulties of Queen Elizabeth's position can hardly be realised. She who, like a hunted creature, had thrown herself upon her protection, was the heiress of her throne, and, according to every Catholic in England and Ireland, its rightful occupant. She was her beautiful sister, she was the mother of a "fair son," and she was the spirited Princess who had refused, and who would refuse to her dying day, to sign the Treaty of Edinburgh. Besides, she was the hope of Catholicism. To Mary Stuart looked Catholics, even as Elizabeth Tudor believed that the Anglican Church, the Lutheran

[1] Wright's *Queen Elizabeth*, vol. i. p. 286.

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Princes of Germany, the Protestants of Scotland, the Huguenots of France, the religious insurgents of the Netherlands, turned to herself as the true daughter of him who had thrown off the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, when, in the midst of total darkness, "Gospel light first beamed from Boleyn's eyes." The Queen of England was well aware of the flutter of excitement amongst her Roman Catholic subjects when Mary crossed the Borders, and in permitting her to be at large in her dominions her advisers saw peril to her throne. When Cecil and Leicester conceived that within prison walls the Queen of Scots would be harmless, they made a "political blunder of the first magnitude. . . . As the inmate of a prison she proved a far more formidable enemy to Elizabeth than when she wore the crowns both of France and Scotland. Little, indeed, did Cecil foresee, when he was busily framing one hollow pretext after another for detaining the royal fugitive, what a future he was preparing for his mistress. Nineteen years of successive insurrections and conspiracies and plots, all to be quenched in blood, the best and bravest in the land. Nineteen years of incessant remonstrance and recrimination, of incessant anxiety and danger, as well from foreign as domestic foes. . . . Never did a political crime entail a heavier measure of retribution than the captivity and murder of the Queen of Scots."[1]

Before finally deciding on the course to be taken, it was desirable that an enquiry should be instituted into the horrible accusations whereby the rebel Scottish lords

[1] *Mary Queen of Scots and Her Accusers*, John Hosack, vol. i. p. 386.

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sought to justify their treason. In October 1568, a great Conference was opened at York. Among Mary's chief supporters were the Bishop of Ross, the Lords Livingston, Boyd, and Herries, and the Laird of Lochinvar. Her chief accusers were the Earls of Murray and Morton, Maitland of Lethington, and George Buchanan; whilst the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Essex, and Sir Ralph Sadler, acted as commissioners for the Queen of England. The alleged discovery of the Casket Letters on the 20th of June 1567, was brought forward in vindication of the Scottish rebellion, and as a convincing proof of the guilt of the Scottish Queen. When the proceedings began, an insulting condition was demanded of Murray—to acknowledge the supremacy of the English Crown. The "Good Regent" turned red, but his craven lips would not open to offend the Queen of England. Perish the independence of his country sooner than that! Then up rose the Laird of Lethington, and said that "gladly should homage be done for the lands of Huntingdon, Cumberland, and Northumberland; but as to the crown and kingdom of Scotland, it was freer than England had been lately, when it paid S. Peter's Penny to the Paip."[1] The Conferences were removed to Westminster, Cecil being Elizabeth's mainstay, and the Bishop of Ross Mary's.

After many protestations about his unwillingness to proceed against his Sovereign, Murray produced a Book of Articles which he described to be "collections made in writing of the presumptions and circumstances by the which it should evidently appear, that as the Earl of

[1] Sir James Melville's *Memoirs*, p. 206.

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Bothwell was the chief murderer of the King, so was the Queen a deviser and maintainer thereof." The most atrocious of all the charges brought against Mary at the Conference was that of attempting to destroy her son. To this she only once referred, and in these words: "The natural love which the mother bears to her only bairn is sufficient to confound them, and needs no other confirmation." She added that the very men who had thus charged her had wronged her son before his birth! The results of the Conference were, that concerning Murray and his adherents who had come to be arraigned for disloyalty to their sovereign, "there has been nothing deduced against them as yet, that may impair their honours and allegiance; and on the other part there had been nothing produced or done by them against the Queen their Sovereign, whereby the Queen of England should conceive or take any evil opinion of the Queen her good sister for anything yet seen."[1] An attempt was now made to recommend Mary to renounce her realm, "as being weary of that realm and government thereof," "and demit the same in favour of her son, the prince." To do so would be an acknowledgment of guilt, and with lofty scorn she said she would die first. The last words she would utter would be those of a Queen of Scots.[2] The Conferences being over, Murray was hurried back to Scotland with the comfortable gift of £5000 from the English treasury, and with his box of papers, where they never more saw the light of day.[3]

[1] *Burton*, vol. iv. p. 461; *Goodall*, vol. ii. p. 305.
[2] *Burton*, vol. iv. p. 460; *Labanoff*, tome ii. p. 274.
[3] *Hosack*, vol. i. p. 475.

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The Conferences were not completed before negotiations for the marriage of Mary and the Duke of Norfolk, "the greatest subject in Europe," were entered into. The wooing of Norfolk and the fugitive Queen has been called "one of the mysterious passages in history."[1] Murray, Lethington, and Leicester approved of it, and Mary herself was not averse to the alliance, though she did observe, and no one could deny it, "My fortune has been so evil in the progress of my life, and especially in my marriages, as hardly I can be brought to have any mind to like of an husband. . . ."

Soon, however, love letters to "my Norfolk," "mine own good lord," were to proceed from her ever ready pen to the wooer she had never seen and never was to see in life. The hopes of Mary, and of that large party who desired her marriage with the Duke, ran high, when Elizabeth tacitly proclaimed that she had discovered the mysterious courtship by bidding Norfolk beware on what pillow he laid his head,—a terrible threat from Tudor lips! A fourth marriage of the Scottish Queen necessarily implied a legal separation from Bothwell, who was known to be still in existence somewhere, and the subject was debated at a convention in Perth in July 1569. To the opponents of a divorce, Maitland said it was very strange that those who had so lately taken up arms, expressly for the purpose of separating the Queen from Bothwell, should have now so entirely changed their minds. The bitter truth of this taunt went home, and the Convention broke up in confusion.[2] Maitland was

[1] *Burton*, vol. iv. p. 436.

[2] *Hosack*, vol. i. . 92; *Tytler*, vol. vii. p. 285.

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arrested, but he was rescued by the Laird of Grange, who was now governor of Edinburgh Castle. Both the great statesman and the great soldier had discovered the Regent's treachery, and had thrown in their lot with Queen Mary.

In the management of their negotiations with Pope Pius V., the King of Spain, and the great Spanish general the Duke of Alva, Mary and the Duke of Norfolk employed Roberto Rudolphi, a Florentine banker, to proceed to the Continent with letters of mysterious import, bearing more or less on the liberation of the Queen, and doubtless on the invasion of England. Amongst the despatches was one (written, it is supposed, by Bishop Lesley, who was aware of all the plots) to the Pope, entreating his Holiness to "take such steps in this matter, that we may be relieved from so great an indignity." That is to say, that the Queen of Scots might be set free from her ties to Bothwell. A little later, Mary was unfortunately induced by the English buccaneer, Sir John Hawkins, who was engaged in dangerous dealings with Spain, to write to Philip in behalf of certain comrades of his, who had been imprisoned on the Spanish coast. Soon, however, the plots became unravelled. Charles Bailly, who was carrying letters from Rudolphi to the Bishop of Ross, was arrested, and under torture made revelations alarming to Leicester, and one Higford was caught with a bag of gold and a letter in cypher, containing an order to Norfolk's house steward for the transmission of the gold, which proceeded from Mary's French lands, to the loyal garrison in Edinburgh Castle. After this, Norfolk was arrested, and Bishop Lesley was sent to the Tower.

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In vain the Queen of Scots sought practical help from Continental powers. Neither France nor Spain desired to quarrel with Elizabeth. However, on the 25th of February 1570, Pius V. issued a Bull of Excommunication against the heretic Queen, and John Felton having affixed it to the gates of the Bishop of London's palace, paid for the act by his life. The Papal ban placed Elizabeth on alien terms with foreign states, and rendered the oath of allegiance no longer binding on the consciences of her Roman Catholic subjects. Henceforth she became vehemently anti-Roman; and although Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, endeavoured to maintain the Catholic spirit, Cecil and Leicester were staunch Puritans, and the Puritan party, led by Thomas Cartwright, formerly Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, seemed strengthening itself. The state of religion in England, and every event that widened the separation between England and Rome, greatly affected the Queen of Scots, as well as every Roman Catholic in the country. The comparative toleration which existed at the time of Elizabeth's accession had been superseded by a narrow and intolerant horror of Rome, and stringent measures were taken to enforce Recusants[1] to conform to the Established Church, and to make Mary, as well as all her co-religionists, as uncomfortable as possible. In 1569 the Northern Rebellion took place in England. Led by the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and joined by the great families of Dacre, Norton,

[1] *Recusants.*—"This term came into use in the reign of Queen Elizabeth as the legal designation of persons refusing [*recusantes*] to attend the services of the Church of England."—Blunt's *Dictionary of Sects, Heresies, and Schools of Thought*, p. 490.

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Markenfield, Tempest, and others, its object was the destruction of Anglicanism and the liberation of the Scottish Queen. The Rebellion was crushed; Northumberland fled to Scotland, and became the guest of Hector Armstrong of Harlaw, in Liddesdale, by whom he was betrayed for money to the Regent, who shut him up in Lochleven Castle. Westmoreland was hospitably received by the Laird of Ferniehirst, near Jedburgh. Though no blood was shed on the field during the Northern Rebellion, the vengeance of Elizabeth was terrible, and it is estimated that about 800 perished on the scaffold, 300 being executed at Durham alone. The Duke of Norfolk was condemned to death. Elizabeth twice signed and revoked his death-warrant, but finally affixed an irrevocable signature, and on the 2nd of June 1572 he was beheaded.

Whilst Norfolk was a condemned man, the House of Commons, clamorous for Mary's blood, reminded their sovereign that "because Saul spared Agag, God transferred the kingdom of Israel from Saul and his heirs for ever." And how different was the conduct of Joshua, "a worthy prince and governor, who put to death at one blow *five kings*, and that as might appear rudely, causing his soldiers to set their feet on their necks and slew them."[1] They further referred to the fate of the wicked Queens Jezebel and Athaliah, both inferior in wickedness to the Queen of Scots. Mad against her religion, they asked, "Shall we think that the gathering of a few sticks on the Sabbath-day is to be punished by death in a poor simple person, and the seeking to sub-

[1] *D'Ewes*, 212, cited by *Hosack*, vol. ii. p. 118.

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vert the Gospel of Christ, and to draw the people of God to that idolatrous doctrine that teacheth to impute the merits of Christ's blood and passion to wicked men's devices, yea to stocks, to stones, to sticks, to water, to bells, shall not be worthy the punishment of death in a noble person? God direct our judgment otherwise!"[1] A Bill of Attainder against the Queen of Scots passed both Houses within three months of Norfolk's execution.

Meanwhile, her fortunes were falling in Scotland. Yet her party there was strong. The Duke of Chatelherault was Lieutenant-General of the kingdom in the Queen's name, and amongst her adherents were Lethington and Grange, Huntly, Argyll, Mar, Herries, Seton, and Fleming. The Queen's party vehemently opposed the Regent Murray, who they ever averred was aiming at the throne. He was the servant of Elizabeth and of Cecil, and the Kirk and King's party called him the "Good Regent." Whilst he negotiated with Elizabeth for a transfer of his sister into his own hands, and sent his friend, Nicolas Elphinstone, to propose to give up, in exchange for her, the Earl of Northumberland, we find John Knox writing in an enigmatical and gloomy letter to Cecil, "If ye strike not at the root, the branches that appear to be broken will bud again, and that more quickly than men can believe. . . . Turn your een unto your God. . . . John Knox, with his one foote in the grave."[2] The Regent's plots and plans were rudely and for ever brought to an end. On the 23rd of January

[1] *D'Ewes*, 212, cited by *Hosack*, vol. ii. p. 118.
[2] Record Office.

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1570, as he was riding through the streets of Linlithgow, he was shot dead from a house by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, who with many of Mary's friends he had terribly punished after Langside. Murray was succeeded in the Regency by Lennox in July 1570, and Elizabeth found in him an obedient servant. He was slain on the 4th of September 1571. On the 5th of September Mar became Regent, and died on the 28th of October 1572. The day after his death Morton filled his place. In June of this year a base transaction took place. The Earl of Northumberland, who, ever since his flight to Scotland after the Northern Rebellion, had been in Lochleven Castle, was sold to the English by Morton for £2000 down. "This was unthankfullie remembered; for when Morton was banished from Scotland he found na sic kind man in England unto him as this Earl was."[1] Northumberland was, soon after his return to England, executed at York. Morton had been so involved in the affairs of the government that the period of special strife in 1571 was long remembered as the days of the Douglas wars.[2] It is impossible to describe the miseries of this distracted country during the first Regencies. It was rent asunder between Queensmen and Kingsmen. Fathers, and sons, and brothers took opposite sides, and fought against each other. The very children of the towns and villages formed themselves into bands for King James or Queen Mary, and fought inveterately with stones, sticks, and knives."[3] Of both Queensmen and Kingsmen, we are told they were "bot factions;

[1] *The Historie of King James the Sext*, p. 175.
[2] *Tytler*, vol. vii. p. 371. [3] *Tales of a Grandfather*, vol.

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greedy, vengeable, warldly, wretched creatours, and baith parties craftily stirred up and halden to by a only faction in England who had that Queen's ear, intending the wreck as weel of our young King as of his mother."[1] Indeed, the interference of England was the key to most of the misery. Elizabeth's policy became specially perfidious after Murray's death, and she sent Randolph to Scotland to kindle fresh civil war; and let loose Sussex, Scrope, and Sir William Drury against the Queensmen.

During the Lennox Regency the mighty fortress of Dumbarton, which was held for Mary by Lord Fleming, fell. On a misty moonless night, on the 2nd of April, Crawford of Jordanhill ascended the almost impregnable rock by means of scaling ladders, slew the sentinel, and surprised the sleeping garrison. The Archbishop of St Andrews was taken prisoner, and for alleged complicity in the Darnley murder (though the fact of being a Hamilton was sufficient to condemn him), was hanged in the market-place of Stirling on the 6th of April 1571. On the 4th of September the Laird of Grange introduced Buccleuch and Fairniehirst, Mary's partisan, with about 500 men, into Stirling, about four o'clock in the morning. They entered with the cry, "God save the Queen!—think on the Archbishop of St Andrews—all is our own!" There was a brief moment of triumph, and then the Queen's men were overcome, whilst at the same time the Regent Lennox was slain.

During the Regency of Mar an atrocious attempt was made by Elizabeth to sacrifice the Scottish Queen.

[1] *Sir James Melville*, p. 268.

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Availing herself of the indignation which was raging against all Catholics after the massacre of St Bartholomew's Day, 1572, she despatched Sir Henry Killigrew, Burghley's brother-in-law, to Scotland, in September, on an awful mission known only to Cecil and Leicester. He was to negotiate with Mar and Morton for the deliverance of Mary into their hands, on condition that she should be put to death within four hours after she had crossed the Borders. But the Scottish Earls and the English statesmen could not come to profitable terms, and the "great matter," as the question of Mary's death was called, was for the present suspended.

Mary's chief supporters were now Adam Gordon of Auchendown, Huntly's brother-in-law, in the North, and in Edinburgh the Laird of Grange, holding the Castle in her name, and Maitland of Lethington. There was one within the walls of Edinburgh who, though prematurely an aged man, and fast nearing the grave, was resolved to employ his little remaining strength by sending forth final utterances of deadly hate against the Sovereign whom he had done his best to injure ever since that August morning in 1561 when she first set foot on Scottish soil. This was John Knox, who could now only totter from his house at the Netherbow to St Giles, leaning on the arm of his secretary, Richard Bannatyne. Still those feeble lips could rail against the foe for whom they would utter no prayer. "That I have called her ane obstinate adolatrice, ane that consented to the murder of her awn husband, and ane that has committed whoredom and villanous adultery, I gladly grant, and never minds to deny; but railing and sedition they are never able to prove in me, till

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they first compel Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, St Paul and others, to recant, of whom I have learned plainly and boldly to call wickedness by its own terms —a fig a fig, and a spade a spade. . . . . I pray not for her."[1]

On the 28th of August 1571, the little King made a characteristic first appearance at a Parliament held in his name by his grandfather, the Regent Lennox. "The King being convoyit to the Parliament House at Stirling, and set at the board, he fortuned to espie a hole in the board-cloth, and as young children are always unconstant and restless, prest to attain to the hole with his finger, and desired of a lord that sat near him to know what house that was; it was answered the Parliament house. Then, said he, this Parliament has a hole into it. Whither God inspired the babe with prophecie at that time or not I will not dispute. But, in verrie deed, the chief leader of that Parliament was stopped with sic a hole within five days after this saying, that it convoyit him even to the death. . . . ."[2]

[1] Bannatyne's *Memorials*, pp. 95, 96.

[2] *The Historie of King James the Sext*, pp. 143, 144.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE NINETEEN YEARS' CAPTIVITY.

"She is there, the queenly victim of a rival's jealous hate."
HENRY NUTCOMBE OXENHAM.

MARY was no sooner a prisoner in England than she tasted the first drops of one of the bitterest cups ever drained by mortal lips. On February 4th, 1569, she passed from the hands of Sir Francis Knollys into those of George Talbot, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, and on that day she entered Tutbury Castle. Her new keeper was a prince in his wide and fair domains, which lay in the very heart of England. But despite wealth and dignities, the unfortunate nobleman had far from a happy life, and the arrival of the Queen of Scots was not to add to his comfort. The royal prisoner was a perpetual source of anxiety, his own liberty was curtailed, and as Elizabeth paid him inadequately for the maintenance of the Scottish household, his private resources were to be heavily taxed. His wife, the famous "Bess of Hardwicke," had found in him a fourth husband, over whom she was well qualified to domineer. "She was a woman of a masculine understanding and conduct; proud, furious, selfish, and unfeeling,"[1]—altogether a terrible woman, and a great

[1] Hunter's *Hallamshire*, p. 84, Gatty's edition.

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manager withal, for "she was a builder, a buyer and seller of estates, a money-lender, a farmer, a merchant of lead, coal, and timber."[1]

Within Tutbury Castle, which was very old, built of timber and plaster, and occasionally used by the Shrewsburys as a hunting lodge, Mary endured her first experience of a thoroughly uncomfortable abode. In vain, she declares, she raised "ramparts and entrenchments of curtains and tapestry" for shelter in the damp, unaired, and dilapidated chambers—the cold wind penetrated everywhere, and she suffered deplorably from rheumatism and neuralgia.

The royal lady had scarcely crossed the borders before she suffered privations. The Queen of Scotland and Dowager of France, to whom comfort and elegance had never been luxuries but matters of course, arrived in England in the dust-begrimed and mud-bespattered white silk dress in which she had escaped from Carberry Hill, and in this plight Elizabeth insulted her by sending from her own wardrobe "two shabby shifts, two pairs of shoes, and some remnants of black velvet." Mary's beautiful dresses, with her tapestry and her peerless jewels, were in the Castle of Edinburgh, or in Holyrood, or in the possession of her enemies. When Murray was leaving her at Lochleven to become the Regent of her kingdom, she had begged him to take her jewels into his custody. Ill had he kept the trust. Some of her fairest pearls, which Catherine de Medici had admired or envied of old at Fontainbleau, he secretly sold to Queen Elizabeth,[2] and with certain of

[1] Lodge's *Illustrations*, vol. i. p. xvii.

[2] *Inventories of Queen Mary*, Pref., p. cxxix.

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her diamonds he adorned his own wife. By degrees Tutbury was rendered more endurable. The Queen's retinue was large, and her comforts were gathered round her. Tapestry was sent from Lord Shrewsbury's other country houses, and furniture and plate arrived from London. In the hall was a dais overhung by a cloth of estate, fine linen and carpets appeared in her bed-chamber, and gold and silver plate on her table, while for greater luxuries she had her French dower to resort to. Whatever her surroundings, there was still the old charm which had been the light of Holyrood; still her "alluring grace, a pretty Scotch accent, and a searching wit clouded with mildness." On the 25th of November 1569, during the Northern Rebellion, Mary was taken to Coventry; on the 3rd of January 1570 she returned to Tutbury; and in May was taken to Chatsworth. Meanwhile negotiations for her liberation were proceeding, and in September Cecil and Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer, accompanied by Bishop Lesley, arrived at Chatsworth. The possibility of freedom seemed actually near, when all the negotiations collapsed. Mary fell ill from disappointment, and well she might, for her captivity was now hopeless. Henceforth it became "a fixed maxim of policy with the dominant faction in England that Mary Stuart should never be restored to liberty. It became a fixed article of faith, on the other hand, with the partisans of the captive Queen that they were justified in resorting to force, not only to effect her freedom, but to place her on her rival's throne.[1] On the 25th of

[1] *Hosack*, vol. ii. p. 40.

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November 1570 the royal captive, with an ample retinue, spent the dreary autumn day in riding from Chatsworth to Sheffield. Her removal was now no easy matter. She had her own stud, but heavy requisitions for assistance were made of the neighbouring gentry, and for days the roads were lined with carts and pack-horses conveying her things over the twelve miles between Chatsworth and Sheffield. Within the great Castle of Sheffield and the adjoining lodge in the Park the Queen of Scots was to pass fourteen years of her prison life. "I am a miserable captive," she writes in 1571 to her faithful friend, Bertrand de Salignac de la Mothe Fénélon, ambassador in England from the Court of France; and a few years later, "O God, grant patience in that I suffer wrong," was the mournful prayer she inscribed upon a medal. Her enemies would fain have caught her in wilder ejaculations which they might have construed to suit their own ends. '". . . . Her Majesty would have you *tempt her patience to provoke her to answer somewhat!*"[1] was the amiable suggestion of Cecil in writing to Lord Shrewsbury. The noble jailor "took great heed to her, keeping numbers of men continually watching both by day and night under her windows, over her chamber, and on every side of her, so that unless she could transform herself into a flea or a mouse it was impossible for her to escape." Her health soon began to give way. She who had followed the hart in full career in the forests of Fontainbleau, and in the broader hunting-grounds of Atholl and Mar, pined for fresh air and exercise. When utterly worn out for

[1] Lodge's *Illustrations*, vol. i. p. 543.

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lack of either, Shrewsbury declared, "I do suffer her to walk upon the leads here in the open air, and in my large dining-chamber, and also in this court-yard, so as both I myself and my wife be always in her company for avoiding others' talk, either to herself or any of hers. And sure watch is kept within and without the walls, both day and night, and shall so, God willing, so long as I have the charge." The winter of 1572 was a terrible one for her. Shrewsbury was absent in London, at the Duke of Norfolk's trial, and Sir Ralph Sadler (who had seen her once before as a goodly babe, in the Royal nursery of Stirling) took his place in his absence. It was considered necessary to keep her closely shut up within the Castle, and only as a special favour, and in the charming society of "Bess of Hardwicke," was she privileged sometimes to walk on the leads. When the master of the house returned in February, he allowed her for the first time for five months to take a walk. The ground was white; but, wild with delight, Mary Stuart plunged into the snow up to her ankles. It is piteous to read her entreaties for medicines to cure "the old grief in her side," and one malady after another. In vain her physician doctored her with drugs and cordials. A gallop over hill and dale, a mind at rest, were the only efficient remedies for her. After repeated entreaties, her craving to go to Buxton for the baths was gratified in 1573, and the monotony of her prison life was broken by several visits thither. After the arrest of Norfolk, Mary's household, which had numbered thirty-nine persons, was for the time greatly diminished. Amongst those who were forced to go was Willie Douglas. "Rest assured," was her

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promise to him, "that the life which was hazarded for mine shall never be rendered destitute so long as I possess a friend in all the world."[1] She still retained her physician Castellaune, her Scottish secretary, Gilbert Curle, and her French secretary Raullet. Raullet died in 1574, and was succeeded by Claud Nau, a gentleman of good family in Lorraine, who continued in the service of the Scottish Queen till a short time before her death. Her secretaries had no easy tasks, for her affairs had fallen into great disorder. Her French estates were mismanaged, and her dowry irregularly paid, and Mary had difficulty in satisfying the demands of servants and agents. "If they lack anything here," she said, "they pursue me about, even to my bed."[2] It was not till 1584 that Marie Seton, almost worn out by the prison life which she had voluntarily shared with her beloved mistress, took refuge in the peaceful Convent at Rheims, over which the Queen's aunt, Renée of Lorraine, presided. Who can say if the fluttering heart of Mary Stuart may not have longed for the wings of a dove, that she too might flee away and be at rest, either in the Convent, where as a girl-widow she had spent such happy days, or in her own delightful villa at Fontainbleau? The deaths of several of her French relatives lessened the probability of such an escape every year. In May 1572 Charles IX. died, and was succeeded by his brother Henry III. The forlorn captive in Sheffield Castle was not likely to forget that Henry had sought her hand before she married Darnley, and that she might have been again a Queen of France. Her last lover was Don

[1] *Labanoff*, tome iii. pp. 378-382. [2] *Ibid.*, tome iv. pp. 234, 235.

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John of Austria, "the last of the Crusaders," and the hero of the battle of Lepanto, who died in 1578. In 1573 the Duke d'Aumale, one of the uncles who had accompanied her to Scotland, was slain at the siege of Rochelle. On the 26th of December 1574 the Cardinal de Lorraine died, and not till the following February, in these days when even bad news travelled slowly, did Mary hear of the death of him who had been, as she wrote in her tear-stained letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, "my father and my uncle."[1] The Bishop of Ross continued true to his Queen. He endeavoured to reside with her, or near her, whenever he could, till his final departure to the Continent in 1573–4. Not only in his "Defence of the Honour of the Right High and noble Princess Marie," but in minor ways, he proved that he never forgot her. When in London he was busy collecting English songs and ballads for her amusement; and when in 1572 he was permitted to leave the Tower for the milder custody of the Bishop of Winchester, he sent her a book of meditations "for an afflicted soul," and next year he wrote for her, "*Tranquilli Animi Conservatio et Munimentum*," to which she replied in a poem. Mary was ever ready to look on both sides of religious questions, and for a time she assisted at Anglican services. She however gave up this practice, we are told, and arrived at the conclusion that "there were only two points on which Protestants agreed, and these were to pray for the State, and to make invectives in passing on the Pope." To be deprived of the blessed Sacraments was an awful trial devised by consummate cruelty. When she besought Elizabeth, at

[1] *Labanoff*, tome iv. p. 267.

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one period of excessive sickness and weariness, to send her a priest, a copy of the octavo edition of Buchanan's indecent *Detectio Mariae Reginae* (first published in 1572) was forwarded instead. If bad news from both Scotland and France often rendered drearier Mary's dreary prison life, good tidings sometimes came also. When Bothwell died on the 14th of April 1578, surely to hear of his confession, wherein he exonerated the Queen of Scots, gave great satisfaction to the inmates of Sheffield Castle. Needlework, of which Mary had ever been exceedingly fond, was now one of her greatest boons. "She said that all the day long she wrought with her needle, and that the diversity of the colours made the work seem less tedious, and continued so long at it till very pain did make her to give it over. . . ." "I have nothing else to do," she pleads, "as all my occupation is to read and work in my chamber." She gave many commissions for materials for her work, and doubtless the arrival of silks and wools, and new designs in tapestry from Paris, were, next to the reception of cyphered letters, very exciting events in her prison. The idea of propitiating Queen Elizabeth with specimens of her handiwork, and thereby obtaining some little relaxation or comfort, early occurred to her. It was for Elizabeth that she wrote to her Parisian tailor for "two caps, with crowns of gold and silver, such as were made for me formerly, and remind Beton of his promise to procure for me, from Italy, some of the newest fashions of head-gear, veils, and ribbons, with gold and silver. I will reimburse him for the outlay." And it was for Elizabeth she wrote to the Archbishop of Glasgow,— "If my uncle, the Cardinal, would send me something

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pretty, such as bracelets, or a mirror, I would give them to this Queen." In 1575 "a very beautiful coif of reseil, very delicately worked by Mary's own hands, with the collar, sleeves, and other little pieces belonging to the set . . . executed as charmingly as possible . . .," was sent as a New Year's gift from Sheffield Castle to Hampton Court. "Such," says one of the biographers of the Queen of Scots, "was the abject condition to which poor Mary Stuart was reduced."[1] Giving presents had been a passion with her ever since, as a little girl emerging from babyhood, she had delighted in distributing her costly infant wardrobe among her friends and servants. She manifested a wonderful consideration for what she believed to be the tastes of the recipients of her gifts. For her boy, far away in the royal school at Stirling, it was a train of toy artillery; for Queen Elizabeth a piece of the newest fashioned finery; for the poet Ronsard, when, in 1583, he dedicated to her, whom he remembered as the fairest flower of France, the last volume of his poems, it was a silver vase, with Pegasus drinking at the fountain of Castaly. Having heard that the Earl of Leicester "took," as she expressed it, "great pleasure in his furniture," she writes to the Cardinal of Lorraine—"So you might send him a crystal vase in your own name, which I would pay for, or a beautiful Turkey carpet." Out of the world as she was, she had not wholly forgotten it, and she requested that her tailor might be sent over with patterns of dresses, such as were then worn at Court, and with cuttings of silk, and cloth of gold and silver.

[1] *Mignet*, vol. ii. p. 192.

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The smallest things pleased her now; and she wrote to the Archbishop of Glasgow to obtain for her "some turtles and Barbary doves, that I may try to bring them up in this country. I should take pleasure in feeding them in their cages, as I do all the little birds I can find. These are the only pastimes of a prisoner."[1] Again she wrote to him—"If my uncle, the Cardinal of Guise, has gone to Lyons, I am sure that he will send me a couple of pretty little dogs, and you will buy me as many more; for besides reading and working, I find pleasure only in all the little animals that I can get. You must send them me in baskets, very warmly [packed.]"[2]

Queen Mary's correspondence, frequently in cypher, occupied a great deal of time—too much time, indeed, and her passion for writing long, mysterious, and sometimes dangerous letters, and despatching them by mysterious messengers, was incurable. She wrote to the Pope, to Cardinals, to Bishops, to the Queens of England and France, and the Kings of France and Spain; to Cecil, Walsingham, and Leicester, to the English Privy Council, to French and Spanish ambassadors—hence her own pen and those of her two secretaries were busily employed.

In writing, in embroidering, in devising plans of escape, in yearning for tidings from Stirling Castle, in experimenting on divers curious courses of medicines with the view of alleviating maladies far beyond the skill of earthly physician; in weeping and praying, in hoping and despairing, the dreary nineteen years dragged

[1] *Labanoff*, tome iv. p. 183.

[2] *Ibid.*, tome iv. p. 229.

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on to the awful end. At times hope rose high, and dazzling possibilities were not forgotten. One life only stood between her and the throne of England. At any moment the prison doors might open, and the courier herald hail her as Queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland; and with Catholic Christendom exulting, and the chivalry of Europe at her feet, she would go free. But "hope deferred maketh the heart sick"; and as no deliverance came, and gazing down the dark vista of the future, though "the ensanguined block of Fotheringhay" was mercifully hidden from her eyes, the darkness grew thicker and thicker, and from her broken heart the cry arose—"Wherefore art thou so sad, my soul—if God permits this for thy sins? Dost thou fear to enter into the furnace, where that great workman will consume the straw only that burns thee, and will make thee to shine as gold? Fly thou beyond these waters, fly thou beyond the seas which environ these Islands, and understand that there is no prison for a soul which God hath set at liberty!"[1]

[1] *Nicholas Caussin, S.J.* Printed in the Holy Court, 1663.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE FALL OF EDINBURGH CASTLE.

"Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven in the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland. . . ."

Macbeth, Act IV.

Till late in the spring of 1573, Maitland of Lethington and Kirkcaldy of Grange held Edinburgh Castle for Queen Mary. Morton was now Regent, and the Queen of England was represented by Killigrew, her zealous ambassador. It was by Killigrew's advice she despatched Sir William Drury to Edinburgh with an English army to unite with the Regent in besieging the last stronghold which was faithful to her unfortunate sister. A gallant resistance was made, the Castle was nearly battered to pieces, and still the banner of the Queen waved above the towers. The besieged, who were called "The Castilians," clung to the hope that succour would arrive from their ancient allies even at the last moment; but they hoped in vain, for no friendly French sails appeared to the eyes that were strained in gazing for them over the Firth of Forth. Among the thirty-four women in the garrison was Lethington's wife, Mary Fleming, one of the Queen's Maries of happier days. When starvation set in, the brave wives of the soldiers were let over the Castle rock by ropes, and stole into

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the city to buy food for their starving husbands. These being discovered, were hanged by the Regent Morton. It was not till the water of the well, which had been "bought by blood," was poisoned, that the garrison surrendered to the English on the 29th of May. With the fall of the Castle perished the last hopes of the poor prisoner in Sheffield Castle, as well as of those who had risked all for her sake. The dreadful news was brought to her by Shrewsbury, and with a passionate burst of tears, she exclaimed, "Henceforth I will neither hear nor speak of Scotland more!" "The news nips her very sore," wrote Shrewsbury to Cecil, who was now Lord Burghley. Maitland of Lethington died in prison. Said some, "He took a drink, and died as the old Romans were wont to do."[1] He was "the flower of the wits of Scotland." Hated by the Congregation, he and Knox had many verbal passages at arms, and in the bitter pages of Buchanan he figures as the "Chamæleon," while Richard Bannatyne, John Knox's servant and secretary, wrote of him as the "Mitchell Wylie" of Scotland;[2] the good man meant the Machiavelli. The Laird of Grange, the flower of chivalry, the scholarly soldier, he who was "humble, gentle, and meek like a lamb in the house, like a lion in the fields,"[3] was, with his brother, hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh on the 3rd of August. His friends tried hard for his life, with "passionate intercessions," but for him there was no

[1] Sir James Melville's *Memoirs*, p. 256.

[2] *Maitland of Lethington, and the Scotland of Mary Stuart*, John Skelton, p. 320.

[3] Sir James Melville's *Memoirs*, p. 257.

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mercy from Morton or Elizabeth. The ministers were clamouring for his blood; and had not the dying Knox predicted that he should be shamefully dragged from the rock wherein he trusted, and hanged in the face of the sun? Sir Adam Gordon retired to France, and the miserable strife for the child against the mother, and for the mother against the child, ceased. The bleeding country rested, and even the Borders enjoyed a measure of peace. The Raid of the Redswair was the last but one of the great Border skirmishes. On the 7th of July 1575 Carmichael, the Scottish warden, met Sir John Foster, the English officer, on English ground, each being accompanied by armed men. They met in peace, but, faithful to immemorial tradition, parted in war. The English were beaten, and Foster and certain of his comrades were taken prisoners and delivered to Morton. The prudent Regent, rather than offend Queen Elizabeth, dismissed his prisoners with a gift of falcons. "Are you not well treated," said a Scotsman to one of them, "since we give you live hawks for dead herons?"[1] We have seen the wretched end of the Archbishop of St Andrews on a gibbet at Stirling. He had not lived a moral life, and had played a discreditable part in the suppression of the Dispensation for Bothwell's marriage with the Lady Jean Gordon; but he is honourably commemorated by the admirable Catechism issued by his authority and associated with his name, for having made an effort to reform his neighbours at least, before the fall of the ancient hierarchy. The state of the Church was now very low. The thirteen original

1 *Tales of a Grandfather*, vol. ii.

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dioceses existed, and the parochial divisions were unaltered, but the Bishops had died, or were abroad, or had turned Protestant. The Archbishop of Glasgow had been in Paris since 1560, and acted as Queen Mary's ambassador there; Patrick Hepburn, Bishop of Murray, died in 1573; William Chisholm, Bishop of Dunblane, was probably now in France, and meditating his final retreat from the strife of tongues and of swords to the Carthusian monastery at Grenoble; John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, we have seen devoted to the service of his imprisoned Queen, whilst he was also carrying on his literary occupations. In 1574, having obtained release from the imprisonment which his fidelity to Mary involved him in, "this worthy and learned prelate" went abroad. He was appointed to the See of Coutances in Normandy, but never obtained peaceable possession of it, and died at Brussels in 1596. William Gordon was now in the See of Aberdeen; and Brechin, vacant in 1566 by the death of John Sinclair, was occupied by Alexander Campbell. Alexander Gordon, who had been in the See of Caithness since 1558, had turned Protestant, as had also done Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, James Hamilton, elect of Argyll, and Robert Stewart, elect of Caithness. The Sees of Dunkeld and of the Isles were respectively occupied by James Paton and John Carswell, who appear to have been laymen.[1] They were bold men in those days who ventured to celebrate or to assist at Catholic rites, as we are reminded by the execution of two priests for saying Mass

[1] Keith's *Scottish Bishops.*

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in 1572–3 and 1574. "No monumental stones," says a Presbyterian writer, alluding to the latter sufferer, "marks this man's grave; his very name has been suffered to perish; but was he not a martyr to his faith?"[1] At Stirling, during the Regency of Murray, "four priests of Dumblayne was comdemnit to the death for saying of Mass agains the Act of Parliament"; and although the Regent spared their lives, he "causit thayme be bound to the Mercat Croce, with their vestments and chalices in derisioun, whare the people caist eggis . . . . at their faces be the space of ane hour, and thereaftir their vestments and chalices war brynt to ashes."[2] In 1570 the Earl of Cassilis, known as the King of Carrick, seized Allan Stewart, who had been appointed Commendator of the Abbey of Crossraguel, and roasted him over a fire till he would surrender his rights to the abbey lands. By less openly atrocious but extremely unjust means, the Earl of Morton and other noblemen endeavoured to secure to themselves the rich mines which only a few years ago they had been so fortunate to find, in the shape of church lands, on their estates. They conceived the extraordinary device of filling certain of the vacant Sees with persons whom they called "bishops," while they helped themselves to the greater parts of the Episcopal emoluments. On the vacancy of St Andrews, in 1571, Morton obtained the Arch-Episcopal rents; and being desirous to enjoy those rents in some sort of legal manner, made choice of

[1] *The Church Hist. of Scotland*, Rev. John Cunningham, Minister of Crieff, vol. i. p. 501.

[2] *The Historie and Life of King James the Sext*, pp. 40, 41.

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John Douglas, Rector of the University of St Andrews, to figure as "bishop."[1] Other Sees were similarly filled. One of the most worthy and able in the ranks of the Protestants was John Erskine, Laird of Dun, and Superintendent of Angus. So early as 1540 he had embraced the new opinions. He now appeared to uphold the cause of the ministers against the State, and also to advocate the introduction of a better form of Church government than that which the *First Book of Discipline* had supplied. On the 12th of January 1572 a meeting of superintendents and other ministers was held at Leith. It was then agreed that the titles of archbishops and bishops should continue as before the Reformation, and that the boundaries of the dioceses should not be altered. The system then introduced has been called "titular Episcopacy." Indeed it was Episcopal only in name, for although the "bishops" were said to be "consecrated, the persons to whom the office of consecration was intrusted had not themselves the gift which they were required to bestow on others."[2] Meanwhile John Knox lay dying at St Andrews; and when John Douglas was inaugurated as "archbishop," he denounced anathema to the giver and anathema to the receiver of the consecration. Whilst highly displeased with the tendency of the ecclesiastical tide, which was now flowing on without him, we are told that he did not direct his denunciation against the principle of Prelacy. Many writers have assumed that there was no intention amongst the founders of the new religion in Scotland to abandon the Episcopal form of

[1] *Keith*, vol. ii.

[2] *Grub*, vol. ii. p. 180.

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government, and that the jurisdiction of the superintendent resembled that of the bishop. Had these founders expressed themselves with greater calmness, we might have been able to judge what their real views on the subject were; but as their formularies abound in violent anathemas against all that was considered either Papal or Catholic, the mere fact that the Episcopal office was an essential part of the "congregation of Antichrist," may have been sufficient to render it odious to true "professors." The original Scottish Reformers utterly rejected the threefold ministry of bishops, priests, and deacons; they abandoned the "laying on of hands," and they boasted that they "took not their pattern from any kirk in the world." The discipline which was hastily organised in 1560 was temporary and experimental, and a Presbyterian writer seems to say truly—"They requyr no bishops to be placed in the diocesse of the old Popish bishops, which they would have done if they had thought that the office of a bishop was an ordinary and perpetual office in the kirk instituted by Christ or His Apostles. . . ."[1] So soon as the notion that the Episcopal office was "Popish" was taken possession of, hatred of Prelacy became in Scotland almost a part of Protestantism. The great struggle between Prelacy and Presbyterianism had not yet begun, but its earliest premonitory symptoms were already showing themselves. In the General Assembly at Perth, in August 1572, as the names of "archbishope, deane, archdeane, chamber,

[1] *An Apologetical Narration of the State and Government of the Kirk of Scotland since the Reformation*, William Scott, Minister of Cupar, p. 5.

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chapter; . . . . war thocht sclanderous and offensive to the eares of many of the brethren, appeirand to sound to Papistrie; . . . . the haille Assembly in ane voyce . . . . solemnly protests that they intend not be using sic names to ratifie, consent, and agree to any kinde of Papistrie or superstitione, and wisches rather the said names to be changit in uthers that are not sclanderous or offensive. . . ."[1]

On the 24th of November 1572 John Knox died at Edinburgh. He was buried in St Giles' Churchyard, and over his grave the Earl of Morton observed "that he neither feared nor flattered any flesh."[2] No comment of friend or foe is requisite on his character. Knox speaks for himself in his *History of the Reformation.*[3] In that book, which is replete with power and literary ability, and which has been frequently and freely cited, he exhibits his own character in his own words. His estimate of himself, of "I, John Knox," is—"What I

[1] *Booke of the Universall Kirk*, p. 133.

[2] Mr James Melville's *Diary*, Wodrow edit., p. 6. Dr Burton points out how often this saying of the Regent Morton over Knox's grave has been misquoted.—*History of Scotland*, vol. v. p. 87.

[3] In 1586 Thomas Vautrollier, who had been for some time a printer in Edinburgh, proceeded to England and "took with him a copy of Mr Knox's History . . . . and printed twelve hundred of them; the stationers, at the Archbishop's command, seized them; . . . . it was thought he would get leave to proceed again because the Council perceived that it would bring the Queen of Scots to detestation."—*Calderwood MS. Hist.*, cited in Introductory Notice to Works of John Knox, by David Laing. The next edition of the History was an inaccurate one, printed in 1644 by David Buchanan. The great edition, edited by David Laing for the Wodrow Society, appeared in 1846.

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have been to my country, albeit this unthankful age will not know, yet the ages to come will be compelled to bear witness to the truth." His servant, Richard Bannatyne, has recorded his last days in his *Memorials*.[1]

Knox's coadjutor, as minister of Edinburgh, was John Craig. Craig began life in a Scottish Dominican Monastery, and, wandering abroad, he became master of the novices in the Dominican Monastery at Bologna. Owing to the study of Calvin's *Institutes*, his faith underwent a change, and having been tried and convicted of heresy, he was, after the ruthless fashion of the day, condemned by the Inquisition in Rome to be burned. The very night before his intended execution, the 18th of August 1859, Pope Paul IV. died, and in a general opening of prison doors by the people, Craig escaped. After many adventures he returned to his native land, and as he had forgotten his own language, preached in Latin for a time in St Mary Magdalene's in the Cowgate. Craig had left Edinburgh for Montrose before Knox's death, and James Lawson succeeded Knox as minister in Edinburgh.[2]

The deplorable condition of the land at this time is witnessed to by David Ferguson, minister of Dunfermline, in a sermon preached before the Convention of Ministers at Leith in January 1572. "This day," he said, "Christ is spoiled amongst us, while that which ought to maintain the ministry of the Kirk and the poor is given to profane men, flatterers in Court, ruffians, and hirelings; the poor in the meantime

[1] Bannatyne's *Memorials*, p. 172.
[2] M'Crie's *Life of John Knox*, vol. ii. p. 213.

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oppressed with hunger, the kirks and temples decaying for the lack of ministers and upholding, and the schools utterly neglected. . . . Your temples, where the Word of God should be preached and the Sacraments administered, all men see to what miserable ruin and decay they are come; yea, they are so profaned, that in my conscience, if I had been brought up in Germany, or in any other country where Christ is truly preached, ... and had heard of that purity of religion which is among you, and for the love thereof had taken travel to visit this land, and then should have seen the foul deformity and desolation of your kirks and temples, which are more like sheep-cots than the House of God, I could not have judged that there had been any fear of God or right religion in the most part of this realm. And as for the ministers of the Word, they are utterly neglected, and come in manifest contempt among you. Ye rail upon them at your pleasure; . . . . we are now made your table talk, whom you mock in your mirth and threaten in your anger." Addressing himself to the landowners, he proceeded—"Cleanse, then, your hand of all impiety, specially of sacrilege whereby ye spoiled the poor, the schools, the temples, and the ministers of God's Word; yea, Christ Himself."[1] The General Assembly frequently bewails "the abundance of vice in all parts of this realme," and the Kirk blindly sought to improve the scandalous manners of the people by the suppression of amusements. Only the timely interference of the citizens of Edinburgh prevented death being inflicted as the

[1] *Tracts* by David Ferguson, minister of Dunfermline, Bannatyne Club, p. 11.

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penalty for playing Robin Hood in 1561. The old May Day festivities ("ony wemen or uthers about simmer trees singund") were put down, and the sentence of lesser excommunication was to be pronounced on those that "aftir admonition, will pass to May-playes. . . ." It was "thocht meet and concludid that no clerk playes, comedies, or tragedies be made of the Canonicall Scriptures, alse weall new as old, on Sabbath day nor wark day in tyme coming. . . ."[1] The village procession on Sunday, and the village pageants on the patron Saint's day were no more. "Quhair is the blythnes that hes bein, baith in burgh and landwart sein . . . .? All mirrines is worn away."[2] The first day of the week, now dissociated with the Resurrection, was gradually becoming "a gloomy ordinance," a "weary Jewish day," instead of a "weekly Easter," and a general fast was from Sunday to Sunday inclusive. The influence of the beauty of the Catholic Church had been felt from the altar to the hearth, and its loss was now painfully apparent in the absence of sanctified recreation, as well as in every circumstance of life. The gloomy spirit which provided punishment for those who "keepit holy all dayes that heirtofore hes been keepit holy, besides the Sabbath dayes, sic as Zuill day, Saint's dayes, and sic others"[3] was forgetful of that Presence which, at the Marriage Feast of Cana, had sanctified for ever innocent human mirth. Rapidly indeed was the golden chain of the Incarnation, whereby Heaven and earth are linked together, becoming invisible.

[1] *Booke of the Universall Kirk*, p. 146.
[2] Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington.
[3] *Booke of the Universall Kirk*, p. 151.

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We find a vigorous resistance made to the withdrawal of the Christmas or Yule vacation by the boys, who clung to their dear old Christmas holidays. The scholars of the grammar school at Aberdeen, described by the Town Council as "disordered bairns, who have taken the school, meaning to have the old privilege" of holidays at "the superstitious time of Yule," made a gallant stand during half a century for their immemorial inheritance. The means taken by the "disordered bairns" to attain their end were such, that to prevent such "horrid disorders" and "enormities," masters were forbidden to receive a scholar without caution that he shall not defy discipline or attack the school at Yule.[1] The vocations of the "minstrel" and the "piper" were gone, for music, like all other refining influences which had added to the happiness of life by adding to the beauty, was neglected in this dismal age. Yet in 1579 a statute commanded "Sang scuills" to be set up "for instruction of youth in the art of musick and singing quhilk is almaist decayit, and shall shortly decay without tymous remeid be providid." Persons who ventured to dance were dragged before the Kirk Session. Indeed, this austere tribunal interfered with every one and everything, and must often have made life miserable by its tyranny. "Searchers" penetrated on the "Sabbath" into private houses to hunt out and fine those who were not in the Kirk; and when there, if human beings, sinking under long hours of "sermons," of "conceived prayer," and universal dreariness, fell fast asleep, they were speedily

[1] *History of the Burgh and Parish Schools of Scotland*, James Grant, pp. 183, 184.

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awakened by the beadle with his stick. What the "Sabbath" sufferings of Catholics (who, like all others, had to attend the sermon) were, we leave the reader to imagine. The General Assembly sought to regulate the apparel both of the ministers and their wives. "All kinds of broidering" were "unseemly," and all bagaries of velvet on gowns, hoses, or coats, and all "superfluous and vain cutting out, . . ." "all kinde of costly sewing, or variant hues in sarks . . . as red, blue, yellow, and sicklyke, quhilk declares the lightnesse of the mynde, . . breeches of velvet, satine, taffitie, or suchlyke, . . . all silken hatts, . . . rings, bracelets, buttons of silver, gold, or other metal," were also condemned. The ministers and their wives were to dress in black, russet, sad grey, and sad brown serges, or similar homely material, "that the good Word of God be them and their immoderateness be not sclanderit. . . ."[1] The ministers were sometimes obliged to eke out their miserable incomes by secular occupations, and the good and reasonable advice was given, that "ane minister or reader that tapis ale, beir, or wyne, and keeps ane open taverne, sould be exortit . . to keep decorum."[2]

The Assembly of April 1578 bewails "the universall corruptione of the hail estates of the bodie of this realme, the great coldness and slackness of religione in the greatest pairt of the professors of the same, with the daily increase of all kinde of fearful sinnes and enormities. . ."[3] Allusion is made in the usual style to

[1] *Booke of the Universall Kirk*, p. 149. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 160.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 176.

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the "bloodie conclusiones of the cruell Councill of that Roman beast," though it is difficult to see what he had to do with the awful state of religion and morals of that country, which congratulated itself as specially in the enjoyment of light and Gospel truth. The ministers should have looked nearer home. "As long," said one whose heart was sorrowful for Scotland, "as they teach that all our works are grievous wickedness, can they wonder if we become wicked in earnest? It is all the same whether you practise piety and holiness, or take a man's life away, if there be no difference of reward for good and for evil."[1] Every church had a pillar and stool of repentance, and a sackcloth for public use. This sackcloth had fared better than the other vestments at the Reformation,[2] and it was in very frequent requisition for offenders against the Seventh Commandment. The penitential system of the new religion was excellent in intention, and infinitely preferable to the absence of all discipline. By the punishment inflicted in 1574 on a son for striking his father, we may form an idea of the severe and realistic fashion in which this discipline was administered by the Kirk. On the first "Sabbath" he was to appear on the stool of repentance, the instruments of his assault, a hammer and a stone, in either hand, and "ane paper written in great letters about his head—BEHOLD THE ONNATURALL SON punished for putting hand on his father, and dishonouring of God in him." The next "Sabbath" he was to confess his sin in the middle of the Kirk; on Monday to stand "in the jougs" for two

[1] *Narratives of Scottish Catholics*, p. 158.

[2] See Sprott's *Introduction to the Book of Common Order.*

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hours in the market place; then while his guilt was loudly proclaimed, he was "to be carted on ane cart through the haill town," and finally the "Onnatural Son" was to be fearfully threatened at the Market Cross with the consequences of a repetition of his bad behaviour.[1] Offenders with the tongue were "brankit," that is, their heads were enclosed in an iron frame called the *Branks*, from which projected a spike so as to enter the mouth and prevent speech. The Jagg or Jougs was an iron collar wherewith certain offenders were fastened to the wall, near the kirk door, for an hour before morning service.

In 1579 the first edition of the Holy Bible ever printed in Scotland proceeded from the press of Alexander Arbuthnot and Thomas Bassandyne, in Edinburgh, and is generally called the Bassandyne Bible. It is a reprint of the second Genevan edition of 1561.[2] Thus Scotland received her first Bible in her own language heavily laden with Calvinistic notes and commentaries. "Oh what difference," said the ministers in their Dedication of the Bible to the King, "may be seen between these days of light, when almaist in every private house the book of God's law is read and understood in our vulgarie language, and that age of darkness, when scarcelie in ane citie (without the cloisters of monks and friars) could the book of God ance be found, and that in ane strange tongue of Latin not gud, but mixed with barbaritie, used and read by few, and almaist understood and expounded by nane. . . ." Every householder, yeoman and burgess,

[1] *Scotland Social and Domestic*, Rev. Charles Rogers, p. 388.
[2] Dobson's *History of the Bassandyne Bible*, p. 133.

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worth a certain amount of yearly rent, was commanded to "have a bible and a psalm buke in vulgar language in their house, for better instruction of themselves and their families . ." under the pain of ten pounds. In 1567 John Carswell, styled "Bishop" of the Isles, produced the earliest printed book in the Celtic language, in the form of an edition of the Book of Common Order, "adapted in some cases to the peculiar manners of the Highlanders." The Catechism of Canisius, of which Peter King, a Scotchman, printed a translation in Paris, in 1588, was probably a few years later used in Scotland by Roman Catholics. In 1582 the University of Edinburgh, towards founding which good Bishop Reid had so long before as 1558 bequeathed 8000 merks, was established. Robert Rollock was first Principal.

There were learned and travelled persons scattered about the country at this time, as ever in Scotland, and not a few homes in the fertile strath or lonely Highland glen heard of new ways, new books, new opinions, of a new world, when the student son returned from three or four, or possibly seven or eight years' residence in the great University of Paris, or in some other of the famous Continental schools. Foremost among the literary names of the day is that of the illustrious George Buchanan, poet and historian, "the first of Latin narrators throughout the world since the days of Tacitus."[1] He wrote his *Paraphrasis Psalmorum Davidis Poetica* in 1564, and died in 1582, just after completing a *History of Scotland*. His famous treatise, *De Jure Regni apud Scotos*, "the first work which

[1] *The Scot Abroad*, vol. ii. p. 28.

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boldly and eloquently advocated those principles of popular liberty, then almost new and now so familiar to Europe,"[1] was answered by Ninian Winzet. The name of the wondrous Scotchman, James Crichton, surnamed "The Admirable," flashes like lightning across the history of the literature of the sixteenth century. But the lightning, though brilliant, has left no token of its presence. The stripling who had run through the circle of the sciences and mastered ten languages, and who panoplied in a suit of intellectual armour, vanquished every combatant in disputation in Rome, Paris, Mantua, Padua, and Venice,[2] and who was slain in a carnival frolic in his twenty-second year, has left behind him only a name, though it be a name of wonder. In 1578 Bishop Lesley published his Latin history of Scotland at Rome. Amongst the gentlemen who wrote pleasant and graceful poetry was Sir John Craig, who had had no joyful Court event to awaken his muse for many a day, and Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, father of Queen Mary's famous secretary. Gratefully to be remembered is George Bannatyne, who, when the plague broke out in Edinburgh, in October 1568, retired to his father's manor house at Newtyle, in Strathmore, and copied, in three months, from a mass of obscure and mutilated MSS., the poems of Dunbar, Henryson, Douglas, Montgomery, and Scott, in 800 folio pages. The Regent Morton and the Press were not on good terms, and he induced the Privy Council to issue an edict, that "nane tak upon hand ta emprent or sell whatsoever book, or ballet, or other werk, without its

[1] *Tytler*, vol. viii. p. 136.

[2] See *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, vol. iii.

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being examined and licensed, under pain of death. . . ." This was no vain threat; for in 1579 "twa poets of Edinburgh," "baith weel beloved of the common people," were hanged at Stirling for writing against the Regent's "sinistrous dealing." From the Inventory of books belonging to Bassandyne, the Edinburgh printer, and made out in 1577, these specimens, amongst others, of the religious effusions of the day may be taken—*Ane Braidfurd's Meditationes, Foure Pomander of Prayer, Ane Buke of the Pathway to Salvatioun, Ane Image of Baith the Kirks, VII bukes of the Flower of godlie prayaris.*[1] "The warkis of the famous and worthie Knicht, Schir David Lyndsay of the Mont," had lost none of their "charm," and from 1568 to 1597 five or six impressions appeared from the press of Henrie Charteris in Edinburgh. The same printer brought out editions of the works of Henryson and Barbour. Did the following, in Bassandyne's Inventory, represent the minor light literature then popular?—*Twa myrrie taillis and quick answeris, Four Italiane luvaris, The First Throne of the Palace of Plesour.* Perhaps *Ane buke of Pictures of lernit men, Frenche littill tounes,*" found a place in the narrow shelf devoted to general literature, and apparently a very popular work was *The Sevin Seages,* "printit be Robert Smyth, dwelland at the Nether Bow."[2]

[1] Among the sixteenth-century Scottish printers contemporary with and following Bassandyne and Arbuthnot, besides Thomas Vautrollier, the refugee Huguenot, who is credited with having printed the first edition of Knox's *History of the Reformation,* were John Ros, Henrie Charteris, Robert Waldigrave, and Robert Smith.

[2] See *The Bannatyne Miscellany,* vol. ii. p. 191, and *History of e Bassandyne Bible,* p. 159.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE FIRST YEARS OF JAMES VI.

"My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy future shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign
That ne'er wad blink o'er mine!
And keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee;
And when thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!"

Lament of Mary Queen of Scots.—BURNS.

THE massacre of St Bartholomew was to be a tower of strength to Protestantism. There was probably no Roman Catholic in Scotland or Ireland, from the royal captive in Sheffield Castle to the hunted peasant, who did not suffer from the great wickedness of its perpetrators. The tragedy lashed into inexorable Protestantism those who were wavering, and it was destined profoundly to affect the character which the Scottish Reformation was to assume. Sympathy with the Huguenots, combined with the traditional abhorrence of all that was English, induced a vast number of Scottish Protestants to look for the final adjustment of their doctrines and discipline to the French Reformed instead of to England. That fierce spirit, which was to attain its most emphatic expression amongst the Covenanters,

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has been traced to association with the "children of the fiery south of France,"[1]—those who would fain have spread their religion by the point of the sword. In the summer of 1574 there arrived in Edinburgh from Geneva, by way of England, Andrew Melville. He was a travel-stained scholar. Brimful of erudition and of fanaticism, with a hot temper, and sternly enclosed within the barrier of a narrow creed, he had come to carry on the work begun by John Knox, to reduce it to form, to permeate it more completely with the spirit of Genevan Protestantism, and, if that were possible, with a bitterer hatred of so much that was in the truest sense Catholic. Like Knox, he had drunk of the poisonous doctrine of Calvin from its fountain-head at Geneva; and Theodore Beza was to him what John Calvin had been to the first minister of Edinburgh. He passed on to his paternal home at Baldovy, near Montrose, his outward indications of nationality probably little affected by ten years' residence in foreign lands. Having been made Principal of the College of Glasgow, he laboured earnestly and successfully there, only abiding his time to set about the real work of his life.

In August 1575 the General Assembly met at Edinburgh, when a certain minister, John Durie, instigated, it is said, by Melville, raised a question touching the lawfulness of the Episcopal function. Whereupon the Assembly appointed certain of its members to confer on the subject. John Craig, James Lawson, and Andrew Melville were on the one side; George Hay, John Row,

[1] See *The Scot Abroad*, vol. i. p. 273.

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and David Lindsay on the other. Their united opinion was that the name of Bishop is common to "all them that hes a particular flock." From the ministers may be chosen "some to his power, to oversie and visite sic reasonable bounds besyde his awne flock as the Generall Kirk shall appoint; and in these bounds to appoint ministers . . . . elders, and deacons."[1] The preliminary steps taken, Melville continued in the Assemblies to fight against the Episcopal office until his efforts were crowned by success. The strife of the next few years is that of sham Episcopacy with Presbyterianism, and it affords us the dreariest page in all ecclesiastical history. As the opinion of Theodore Beza was of value to the troubled disputants, Lord Glammis, Chancellor of the kingdom, wrote to consult him. He answered his questions, and in a treatise, *De Triplici Episcopatu*, declared that the threefold order of Bishops was the Divine, the Human, and the Satanic. The Divine was to be found in the Word of God; the human had been recognised by the Fathers; the Satanic, to which the human inclined, was represented by the Papacy. John Douglas having died in 1574, Patrick Adamson or Constantine, the pious and scholarly minister of Paisley, was placed in St Andrews in 1576. This appointment increased the Regent Morton's unpopularity with the ministers. Morton ruled vigorously; to him was due the cessation of civil strife; and, profiting by peace, the whole country was reviving in commerce and industry; yet it is hard to say with which class of his countrymen he was most unpopular. His avarice was insatiable.

[1] *Booke of the Universall Kirk*, p. 152.

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He fined merchants for transporting coin out of the realm, Protestants for eating flesh in Lent, artisans for merely abiding in towns occupied by the Queen's forces, and many rich people had, on some pretext or other, to pay for their good fortunes; whilst no one knew what became of his acquisitions, unless, indeed, he stored them up in his gloomy Castle of Dalkeith, known as the Lion's Den. Besides devices at home for filling his coffers, he was frequently begging from Queen Elizabeth. He entered into negotiations with her touching "the great matter"; and Queen Mary "owed her life to the parsimony of Elizabeth and the avarice of the Scottish Regent."[1] In 1577 a confederacy, headed by the Earls of Athol and Argyll, was formed for the overthrow of Morton and the emancipation of the King from the subjection of childhood. Notwithstanding the interference of Sir Robert Bowes, whom Elizabeth had sent "to put Scotland to rights" in March 1578, Morton was desired to resign the Regency, and the affairs of the country were committed to a Council of Twelve. This conclave did not last long. Morton regained his power, though not the name of Regent, and wreaked his vengeance on the house of Hamilton for its fidelity to Mary. When "the Duke" died in 1575, the Duchy of Chatelherault returned to the French crown. The poor Earl of Arran, who had been insane for years, was now head of the Hamiltons, and his younger brothers, John, Commendator of Arbroath, and Claud, Commendator of Paisley, held the estates, when an Act of Forfeiture was passed against them.

[1] *Tytler*, vol. viii. p. 15.

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Meanwhile the royal boy, with his mighty destiny before him, was emerging from his half-orphaned childhood. At nine months old he was sent to Stirling, to the tutelage of the Earl of Mar, the hereditary guardian of the infant heir of Scotland. The mother, whom he was taught to regard as the worst enemy of his country, of himself, and of the "true religion," had never seen him since that fatal morning, the 22nd of April 1567, when she gave him her last kiss at Stirling. Her place was supplied by the Countess of Mar, who was "wise and sharp, and held the King in great awe." When the Earl of Mar died, his brother, Sir Alexander Erskine, "a gallant and matured gentleman," became James's governor, and the young Earl of Mar also lived in Stirling Castle. The Laird of Drumwhassel, "ambitious and greedy,"[1] was master of the household. Alternately whipped by his stern schoolmaster, George Buchanan,—spoilt by Peter Young, a more easy preceptor,—and influenced by the "wise and modest" lay abbots of Cambuskenneth and Dryburgh, who all four united in educating him, the boy was growing up in the Royal School at Stirling, crammed with learning, quaint and precocious, "the sweetest sight in Europe that day for strange and extraordinary gifts of ingine, judgment, memory, and languages."[2] One is appalled by the boy, who, led in the old Lady Mar's hand, walked up and down, discoursing of knowledge and ignorance, and who, in his eighth year, translated spon-

[1] *Sir James Melville*, pp. 261, 262.

[2] Dr M'Crie's *Life of Andrew Melville*, vol. i. p. 64.

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taneously any chapter in the Bible "out of Latin into French, and out of French after into English."[1] He early developed those qualities which, for better or for worse, were to distinguish him through life. The weakness wherewith he sank under the dominion of the favourite of the hour was manifested all too soon. In September 1579 Esmé Stewart, Lord of Aubigné, nephew of the late Earl of Lennox, the King's grandfather, "a graceful young man," arrived from France. The brilliant stranger, in the prime of manhood, showed to full advantage beside the rough-mannered barons and dreary pedagogues at Stirling, and the boy of fourteen gave him his heart. Sports and pageants were prepared for his entertainment, and doubtless the young King was well pleased to enjoy a little variety. If we may judge from the demonstration made when James and his guest entered Edinburgh, the taste in public pageants had not much improved since September 1561, when Mary Stuart, then a bright young Queen, had been grandly welcomed by her good city. Diligent preparations were now made to do honour to her son, and these included a general cleaning up of the streets,—persons who kept their pigs under their stairs being required to remove them. Even the boys of the High School were privileged to "make tragedies,"—a doubtful pleasure, if a great distinction. At the West Port the Town Councillors, under a pall of purple velvet, presented the King with the "Wisdom of Solomon." As his Majesty proceeded along the steep and ancient street,

[1] Dr M'Crie's *Life of Andrew Melville*, vol. i. p. 64.

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a young boy "descendit craftilye" from a globe, and presented him with the keys of the city made of massive silver, while "Dame Musick and her Schollers exercised her art with great melody." Before the College of Justice "four gallant, virtuous ladies,—to wit, Peace, Justice, Plentie, and Policie," made an oration. Invited by "Dame Religion," the young King entered the High Kirk, and listened to a discourse. He then proceeded to the Market Cross, where sat Bacchus, "with his magnificent liberalitie and plentye, distributing of sick liquor to all persons, passengers, in sick abundance as was pleasant to behold." In a market place was "erectit the genealogie of the Kings of Scotland, and a number of trumpettis sounding melodiously." At the East Port, "King Ptolmie" presided over a representation of the conjunction of the planets at the time of the King's nativity.[1] What could the French-bred Esmé have thought of this inextricable conglomeration of religion and mythology, which included a sermon in St Giles' and Bacchus riding on a puncheon?

The influence of Esmé was most grievous to Morton and Elizabeth; but the favourite held his own, and, assisted by Captain James Stewart, a son of Lord Ochiltree, rapidly undermined the power of Morton, as well as the teaching of Buchanan on the subject of constitutional government, for dangerous visions of absolute rule were rising before the mind of James VI.

One day Captain Stewart entered the Council Chamber, and, falling on his knees, boldly accused Morton

[1] *Life of King James the Sext*, pp. 277, 279.

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of being accessory to the murder of the King's father. The Earl denied having been "airt and pairt" in the tragedy, which had claimed many a meaner name, but admitted that he had been consulted about the murder, and knew it was to be done. He was condemned, and, on the 2nd of June 1581, was executed at Edinburgh by the Scottish guillotine called "the Maiden," which, some say, he had himself invented.[1] He had met his fallen fortunes with the dignity and courage of his heroic race, and with enormous outward manifestations, at least, of repentance. After his death the body of the mighty Douglas lay on the public scaffold, covered by a beggar's blue gown, till at sunset it was thrown into the common sepulchre in Gray Friar's Kirkyard, and his head was fixed on the Tolbooth. After Morton's death, Elizabeth beheld, with mingled fear and rage, Scotland slipping out of her hands, and her ministers considered that her best vengeance was to sacrifice the Queen of Scots. She despatched Randolph to Scotland to endeavour to stir up the nobles to seize the King, and an army, under the Earl of Huntingdon, was assembled on the Borders.

Randolph's efforts after strife were, however, fruitless; he had speedily to flee back to England, and an invasion of Scotland was abandoned. At the same time, the young King assumed an independent, if not a defiant attitude, very disquieting to the English Queen; whilst wild hopes may have arisen in the heart of Mary Stuart.

In August 1581 he created his cousin Esmé Duke

[1] Dr Burton says the "Maiden," or ancient guillotine, "was common long before" the Earl of Morton's time.

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of Lennox. The Earl of March received the earldom of Orkney, Lord Ruthven that of Gowrie, and Lord Maxwell became Earl of Morton. Before this, Captain Stewart had been created Earl of Arran. The great scheme for the "Association" of the Queen of Scots with her son in the government was now in progress, and James, seriously desirous to terminate the mischievous interference of Elizabeth in his kingdom, went over to his mother's cause. Had this scheme of the "Association," worked as it was by the unseen hands of Mary Stuart and of the Princes of Guise, succeeded, it would have altered the destinies of Europe. Contemporaneous with these political movements was the appearance of certain mysterious visitors, who flitted about the country, and were the objects of vast curiosity and terror. How far they were involved in the plots of France, and to what extent the Duke of Lennox (who, although professing Protestantism, was really a Roman Catholic) was instrumental in furthering, at one time, the interests of the national party in Scotland and of the Church, are among the difficult questions of history; but it must not be forgotten, that because of the foolish or wicked deeds of a few, a whole cause has sometimes fallen into disrepute. The motives of individual men are often mixed, and the secrets of the human heart are hidden alike from historians and politicians. But this we know, that *Ad majoram Dei gloriam* was the motto of the chivalry of St Ignatius Loyola, and amongst the Jesuits several of those who had flown from the Scottish persecution had enlisted, and were now eager to return to their native land to labour for the salvation of souls. The recovery of England, and ultimately of Scotland, to

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the See of Rome, was probably the original cause of the foundation of the Seminary of Douay in 1568. Other Seminaries, the most celebrated being those of Rome and of Valladolid, were established, and there several English and Scottish young men were trained by Jesuit Fathers to become missionaries in their respective countries, to minister to persecuted Catholics there, and if necessary to die for the faith.

In January 1579 Father John Hay arrived in the harbour of Dundee. Great was the fuss and commotion in the good town, and, doubtless, most agreeable the excitement in the depth of winter, when very little was going on. From the pulpit and the tables of the great, to the tavern and the market-place, the word Jesuit was in every one's lips. The ministers said "the Jesuits were a new race of persons, far worse than Papists";[1] whilst the General Assembly decided that they were "the pestilent dregs of a most detestable idolatry." Father Hay may have had some success, but it seems like watching the flicker of an expiring candle to hear of three hundred Catholics or more, clad in linen garments, on bended knees, offering prayers in the church of Turriff to God and the saints, and of rosaries being sold at the fair of the same town. After Morton's death a golden opportunity presented itself for the return to Scotland of the Scottish priests, and many in Paris of high character and of great learning were ready for the mission. Father Persons, who sent over William Watts, a secular priest, wrote in September 1581, "Our chief hope is in Scotland, on which depends the conversion,

[1] *Narratives of Scottish Catholics*, p. 145.

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not of England only, but of all the north of Europe; for the right of succession to the English crown, on the death of the present occupant, passes to the Queen of Scotland and her son." Watts received special directions regarding his conversation with the young King. He was to request him to take the persecuted Catholics under his protection, on the ground that the Catholics were the only party who favoured his succession to the crown of England. "Scotland is to be won, if at all," says Persons, "within the next two years." At Christmas 1581, one hundred Catholics received the Holy Communion in Edinburgh.[1] In Lent 1582, Father William Crichton arrived in Scotland, and returned to France, bearing a document, in which Lennox undertook "that he would have the King instructed in the Catholic religion, or else conveyed abroad."[2] The Duke of Guise and the Archbishop of Glasgow, with his Catholic compatriots in Paris, considered the cause as good as won, and envoys were despatched to Rome and to Spain, not only to negotiate with Pius V. and Philip II. for the requisite military assistance, but also to offer the King of Scots as a suitable husband for one of the Infantas. Some time before, the Kirk had taken the alarm. In December 1580, Walter Balcanqual bewailed from an Edinburgh pulpit the boldness wherewith Papists had begun "plainly to preach Papistry" and "impugn the truth." "Scottish Papists," he said, "that were out of the realm, swarm home from all places like locusts."[3] Despite this grievous state of things, the Melvillian

[1] *Narratives of Scottish Catholics*, p. 177. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 184.
[3] *Calderwood*, vol. iii. pp. 773–775, vol. iv. pp. 397–400.

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party in the Kirk was steadily strengthening itself. In July 1580, an Assembly, with James Lawson as moderator, met in Dundee, when the following Act was passed against Episcopacy:—"Forasmeikle as the office of ane Bischope, as it is now usit, . . . hes no sure warrand, auctoritie, or good ground, out of the Scripture of God, but is brought in by the follie and corruptione, to the great overthrow of the Kirk of God; the haill Assemblie of the kirk, in ane voyce, . . . finds and declares the said pretendit office . . . unlawful in itselfe, . . . and ordains that all sic persones as bruiks or shall bruik hereafter the said office, shall be chairgit simpliciter to demitt, quit, . . . the same as ane office whereunto they are not callit by God. . . ." The "bishops," before they could resume ministrations, were to receive "*de novo* admissioune from the Generall Assemblie, under the pain of excommunicatioune. . . ."[1] The Assembly met at Glasgow in April 1581, with Robert Pont as moderator, and on the recommendation of the King, it was agreed to erect *Presbyteries* in the principal towns, instead of the *weekly exercise* or *prophesying*.[2] The office of *Reader* was abolished, and the Second Book of Policie or Book of Discipline, which had been in preparation for some years, was now formally sanctioned. It was divided into thirteen chapters, and entered largely into the distinction between the ecclesiastical and civil powers. It taught that "there are four ordinair functions or offices in the Kirke of God, the office of the Pastor, Minister or Bishop, the Doctor, the Presbyter or Elder, and the Deacon." ". . . All the ambitious titles invented in the kingdom

[1] *Booke of the Universall Kirk*, p. 194. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 212.

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of Antichrist, and in his usurped hierarchie, which are not one of these foure sorts, . . . in one word, ought to be rejected." "The ceremonies of ordination are fasting, earnest prayer, and imposition of hands of the eldership." The duties of a pastor are "teaching of the Word of God." To him "only appertains the administration of the Sacraments." He is to "pray for the people, . . . and to blesse them in the name of the Lord," to watch over the manners of his flock, "to pronounce the sentence of binding and losing upon any person, according unto the power of the keys granted unto the Kirk . . . to solemnize marriage," to give forth "all public denunciations that are to be made in the Kirk, . . . for he is a messenger and herald betwixt God and the people in all these affairs." The office of a Doctor "is to open up the minde of the Spirit of God in the Scriptures, simply without such applications as the ministers use. . ." An elder is "to assist the Pastor, in examination of them that come to the Lord's Table," in visiting the sick, and in the preservation of order and discipline. A deacon's chief duty is to collect and distribute "the alms of the faithful." The admission of persons to "Papistical titles of benefices, . . . as Abbots, Commendators, Priors, Prioresses, . . ." is abolished. "Chapters and Convents of Abbeys, Cathedral Kirks, and like places, serve for nothing now but to set feus and tacks. . . ." ". . . Deanes, Archdeacons, Chantours, Subchantours, Treasurers, Chancellors, and others having the like titles flowing from the Pope and Canon Law, . . have no place in the Reformed Kirk." "As to Bishops, . . . they are all one with the ministers. . . ." "For it is not a name of superioritie and lordship, but of office and

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watching."[1] The Kirk was now in serious anxiety regarding the ever-increasing influence of Lennox at Court. At the same time, their dread of "Popery" returning became a panic, and was expressed in a document worthy of a panic, called the "King's Confession," and sometimes known as the National Covenant. The Confession began by solemnly affirming (as though a new revelation had been made in the 16th century) "that this only is the true religion, pleasing God, and bringing salvation to man, quhilk is now, by the mercy of God, revealed to the world by the preaching of the blessed Evangell; and is received . . . . chiefly by the Kirk of Scotland. . . . ." In violent and most unchristian fashion, the Confession proceeds: "And therefore we abhor and detest all contrary religion and doctrine, but chiefly all kinde of Papistrie, ... as they are now damned and confuted by the Word of God and the Kirk of Scotland. . . We detest . . . the usurped authoritie of that Romane Antichrist, . . . his corrupted doctrine concerning originall sin, . . . his five bastard Sacraments, . . . his cruel judgement against infants departing without the Sacrament, his absolute necessitie of baptisme, his blasphemous opinion of transubstantiation or real presence of Christ's body in the elements, . . . his dispensations with solemn oaths, . . . and degrees of marriage forbidden in the word, his crueltie against the innocent divorced, his devilish mass, his blasphemous priesthood, his profane sacrifice for the sins of the dead and the quick, his canonization of men, calling on angels or sanctis depairted, worshipping of

[1] *Calderwood*, vol. iii. pp. 515–555.

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imagerie, relics and crosses, dedicating of kirks, altars, days, vows to creatures, his purgatory, prayers for the dead, praying or speaking in a strange language, his processions and blasphemous litany, his manifold orders and auricular confessions, . . . his justification by works, . . . peregrinations and stations, . . . holie water, . . . conjuring of spirits, crossing, . . . hallowing of God's good creatures, . . . his wicked hierarchie, his three solemn vows, with all his shavelings of sundrie sorts, his erroneous and bloodie decrees made at Trent, with all the subserryvars and appliances of that cruel bloodie band. . . ."[1] This Confession was drawn up by John Craig, who was now Royal Chaplain, and was signed by the King and Lennox, and the signatures of all the people were required in January 1581. When national panics of Popery arose, which they were liable to do periodically, the Confession was renewed and signed, as in 1587–8, by the King and his household, and by all sorts of persons in 1590, and again in 1595. It formed the basis of the National Covenant of 1638, and it was also embodied in the Solemn League and Covenant of 1643.[2]

Boyd, the titular Archbishop of Glasgow, having died, the Duke of Lennox persuaded Robert Montgomery to accept the name of "Archbishop" and the "yearly payment of one thousand pounds Scots, with some horse

[1] *Calderwood*, vol. iii. pp. 501–505. A document, by way of answer to the Confession, was prepared, and although purporting to come from the titular Bishops, is supposed to have been the work of the coadjutors of Lennox.

[2] Craig's *Catechism*, edit. T. Graves Law, pref. p. lviii.

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corn and poultry, while he was himself to enjoy the revenues of the See. Appointments of this kind were called "Tulchan Episcopacy."[1] The ministers were exasperated by this last act of Lennox, and at the same time their abject terror of "Popery" increased. When the Duke of Guise sent Signor Paul, his master-stabler, with a gift of horses to the King, their ire was limitless, as they declared Paul "was a famous murderer in the massacre at Paris." Meeting the envoy in the garden at Kinneil, John Durie, the minister, drew his cap over his eyes, and said he would not pollute them by looking on the devil's ambassador. "Is it with the Guise that your Grace will interchange presents?" he shouted to James, "with that cruel murderer of the saints. . . . . Listen not . . . . to those ambassadors of the devil, who are sent hither to allure you from your religion." Heaving with indignation, Durie returned to Edinburgh, and preached and prayed so violently against the government that he was ordered to leave the city. The disagreement between King and Kirk was fast rising to a height. In June 1582 an extraordinary Assembly met at Edinburgh. Andrew Melville, the Moderator, preached against the "bloodie gullie of absolute power," and mentioned with horror that prints had been circulated representing the Queen of Scots with her son kneeling at her feet. The ministers

[1] When a cow will not give her milk, "they stuff a calf's skin full of straw and set it down before the cow, and that was called a Tulchan. So these bishops, possessing the title and the benefice, without the office, they wist not what name to give them, and so they called them Tulchan bishops."—Peterkin's *Records of the Kirk*, p. 248.

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prepared a list of the "Griefs of the Kirk," under fourteen heads, which, in bold and unequivocal language, drew the distinction between the obedience they owed to the King and the submission which was due to the Kirk. "In your Grace's person," said the "Griefs," "some men will to erect ane new Popedom, as though your Majestie could not be full King and head of this commonwealth, unless as well the spiritual as temporal sword be put in your hand, unless Christ be bereft of his authoritie. . . ." The intrepid ministers, bearing the "Griefs," proceeded to Perth, and laid them before the King. "Who dares subscribe these treasonable articles?" asked the Earl of Arran with angry lips. "*We dare*," replied Andrew Melville, as he took the pen from the clerk, and, advancing to the Council table, wrote his name, when his example was immediately followed by his companions.[1]

The overthrow of Lennox and Arran was now imminent. A party of the nobility, certain of the support of the Kirk and of Elizabeth, and including the Earls of Mar and Gowrie and the Master of Glammis, determined to deliver the King from his favourites, "men born heritors to na thing in this land, partly moved by ignorance of this estate, and partly by an ambitious desire not only to be equals but superior to the ancient nobilitie—clothing them with the pretence of the King's highness' name and kinrent, and ascribing unto his Majestie the odious title of an arbitrary power." A bond was as usual entered into, and the proceedings were deliberately organised. On the 22nd of August

[1] *Calderwood*, vol. iii. pp. 637–647.

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1582, when James had arrived at the Castle of Ruthven on a visit to the Earl of Gowrie, a thousand armed men suddenly surrounded the walls. Neither Lennox nor Arran were with the King. He rushed to escape by the door, but Glammis stood with his back against it, and as the youth burst into tears at the insult, said, "Let him greet on. Better bairns greet than bearded men!" James was a prisoner at Ruthven, and the affair was called the Raid of Ruthven. Queen Elizabeth highly approved of the Raid, and despatched first Sir George Carey, and then Secretary Davison, to strengthen the hands of Bowes, her ambassador in Scotland, whilst Randolph wrote exultingly to Walsingham. The ministers applauded the performance as "good and acceptable service to their sovereign and country," and the Melvillian party was victorious. On the 4th of September John Durie returned in triumph to Edinburgh, and entered the Nether Bow Port, escorted by "a great concourse of the haill town," "who, with bare heads and loud voices, sang to the praise of God, and testifying of great joy and consolation, the 124th Psalm: 'Now Israel may say, and that truly,' till Heaven and earth resoundit." The Duke of Lennox, who was lodging in the High Street, looked out of his window, and "he rave his beard for anger."[1]

Ere long the Duke retired to France, but not before, as an outcast in Scotland, he had suffered many privations, which were in strange contrast to the reckless luxury he had been living in. A contemporary, describing the transformation, affords illustrations of the extravagances

[1] *Diary of James* (not *Sir* James) *Melville*, p. 134.

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in his former household, by saying his domestic arrangements "was sa sumptous that lumps of butter was cast in the fire when it grew dull," and two or three crowns were expended in dressing a cabbage-stock; whereas now the fallen favourite "was fain to eat of a thin goose, scorched with barley straw."[1]

[1] *Diary of James Melville*, p. 134.

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CHAPTER XIV.

FOTHERINGHAY.

"The theatre of the world is wider than the realm of England."
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

IN June 1583, whilst James was at St Andrews, a concourse of magnates, including the Earls of Crawford, Huntly, and Marischal, assisted in delivering him from the Ruthven Lords. A visit from La Mothe Fénélon, who with De Menainville, arrived on an embassy from France, had helped to enliven his ten months of restraint, and the triumph of the ministers in having rescued their King and Kirk from the snares of Lennox, of Spain, and of the Pope, was mitigated by the presence of such visitors. A deputation of divines waited on James, to expostulate with him for entertaining the ambassadors of the "Tiger" (that is to say, of the King of France), "who glutted himself with the blood of God's people." James proved fully a match for the divines, and declared that courtesy was due to even the envoys of the Pope and the Turk.[1] Young as he was he had already begun freely to intersperse his conversation with profane swearing,—a bad habit, which he never abandoned all his life;

[1] *MS. Calderwood*, pp. 1247, 1251, cited by *Tytler*, vol. viii. p. 148.

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and one of the ministers lingered behind his brethren to rebuke his sovereign. De Menainville boldly demanded the rites of his religion whilst in Scotland. "As I have food allotted to my body," he said, "so do I require to be allowed the food of my soul; I mean the mass. . ."[1] Next Sunday James, however, uttered a counterblast of defiance, and compared De Menainville to the blasphemous and railing Rabshakeh. When, on the departure of the ambassadors, the King gave a parting feast, the ministers proclaimed a solemn fast, and preached three sermons, one after the other, to detain the unfortunate congregation in St Giles' till the banquet was over.[2]

The young King may well have been weary of his surroundings. On the one hand, the ministers were preaching, threatening, and defying; on the other, the Catholic missionaries were arguing, instructing, and alluring,—not only for the sake of the life to come, but of this present world also, for they had early discovered that the latter must be brought prominently forward in calculations with James VI. "The king perfectly well understands, and we daily impress it on him, that he will never obtain the crown of England but by the aid of the Catholics,"[3] wrote Father William Holt from Edinburgh in March 1584. To such assurances James listened attentively, and he seemed desirous to give the Church of Rome, France, Philip II., Gregory XIII., and the scheme of an "Association" with his mother a cautious trial, before casting in his lot with Elizabeth

[1] *MS. Calderwood*, fol. 1253, cited by *Tytler*, vol. viii. p. 1150.
[2] *Spottiswood*, vol. ii. p. 298.
[3] *Narratives of Scottish Catholics*, p. 192.

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and England for ever. From June 1583 till July 1586, when a League was concluded with England, the Catholic and Protestant causes, the Continental and English influences, were trembling in the balance. The Church made the most of this brief period, and sent over Father Gordon, uncle to the Earl of Huntly, who proved well fitted for the dangerous and delicate mission. He lived for two months at Court, and did his utmost to convert the King, following him everywhere, even to the chase.[1] In 1585, Gordon was joined by Fathers Edmund Hay and John Dury; and at Christmas the whole of the office of the nativity, together with the three masses, was solemnly sung in a monastery near the town of Dumfries, on the other side of the river. It was a perilous venture. Guards were posted on the bridge to prevent any from passing without a written order.[2] Long must that midnight have been remembered in a land where Christmas Day was only known as the 25th of December. Those who failed to cross the bridge plunged into the water up to the waist, and thus forded the river, that they might once again adore the Babe of Bethlehem on His altar throne. Of those who knelt there, how few were ever to receive a Christmas Communion again!

After James had escaped from the Ruthven Lords, Elizabeth sent Walsingham to Scotland, to bribe him back again to submission to her. Her agents, Bowes and Davison, were already busy with their interminable interference with Scottish affairs, and her spies took note of everything. It is solemnly reported at the English Court that "Menainville hath sent to the King a present

[1] *Narratives of Scottish Catholics*, p. 203. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 205.

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of French apples, almond, and other fruit, which were brought to the King yesterday night; and sundry think this is a watchword or sign that all things are ripe and ready for the plot laid by Menainville at his being here."[1] The Raid of Ruthven was now declared to be treason, and Arran was brought back to high favour. Lennox died in Paris in May 1583, making the dying request that his heart might be embalmed and sent to King James, his old friend and master. In the spring of 1584, Gowrie, Mar, Angus, and Glammis entered into a fresh plot for overturning the government. The King took arms against them, and Gowrie (who, ever since he had aided his father, Lord Ruthven, in the assassination of Riccio, had been embroiled in plots and tragedies) was executed at Stirling in May 1584. Angus and the other rebel Lords fled to England, "the ordinary refuge of Scottish exiles,"[2] where they took up their abode at Newcastle, and were joined by Andrew Melville, who, for resisting the King's interference in affairs of the Kirk, had been obliged to cross the Borders, and was accompanied by his nephew, James Melville.

Arran, despite his vices and incapacities, was made Chancellor of Scotland, and ruled both the King and the country. Elizabeth's interference went on. Again Secretary Davison was in Scotland, and Arran held a solemn conference on Scottish affairs with Lord Hunsdon, in the Kirk of Foulden, near Berwick. But Arran's intolerable dominion was near an end. In November 1585 there was a revolution. The banished Lords returned like a storm, and with 10,000 men advanced

[1] Bowe's *Correspondence*, p. 522. [2] *Tales of a Grandfather*, vol. i.

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to Stirling, where they compelled the King to surrender, and to deprive Arran of his power and earldom. The favourite vanishes, and becomes once more that private Captain James Stewart of Ochiltree, whose course of blazing magnificence for five years, four of them under the usurped title of Earl of Arran, was to remain "a wonder in the Scottish annals."[1] About this time a new actor appears upon the chequered scene. This was Patrick, the Master of Gray, whom Esmé Stewart D'Aubigné, son of the Duke of Lennox, brought over from France. Beautiful in person, his character stands out in history as hideous in its deceit and treachery. For the present he had been actively instrumental in the overthrow of Arran, and in severing James from the cause of his mother. A Coalition Ministry of the banished Lords was now formed, and lasted from November 1585 to August 1587. It has been called the Angus-Glammis Administration, and was substantially a revival of the Ruthven Raid policy.[2] The year 1585 was indeed a critical one in the history of Britain, and is memorable for the final struggle which was to decide whether France or England was to be henceforth the ally of Scotland. Not a year before, Lord Seton, the stedfast supporter of Mary and of Catholicism, was commissioned by Scotland to endeavour to revive the old league, to rescue the Scottish Queen, and to restore to the Scots Guards their full privileges; and in 1585, D'Esneval was sent to France to urge the renewal of

[1] See *Register of the Privy Council*, edit. Masson, vol. iv., pref. p. x.

[2] *Register of the Privy Council*, edit. Masson, vol. iv., pref. pp. xiii., xiv.

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"l'antienne amytie alliance, et voisinance qui ont toujours esté entre la France et l'Ecosse." But the kindly old league was doomed. It expired, leaving a mellow tinge upon the long annals of mediæval brutality and violence.[1]

The events on the Continent were profoundly influencing the destinies of Scotland and England. The Catholic League, which had been entered into by Sixtus V., Philip II., and the Duke of Guise, had stirred up Protestants in self-defence; and in 1585 Queen Elizabeth formed a treaty of alliance with the Netherlands and the King of Navarre. For some time a similar alliance with Scotland had been in contemplation, and even during the supremacy of Arran Elizabeth had sent Edward (afterwards Lord) Wotton to James with a gift of choice dogs and horses, mainly to encourage him to bring it about. A Border affray between the followers of the Scottish and English Wardens, Kerr of Ferniehurst and Sir John Foster, in which Lord Hunsdon, cousin to the English Queen, was slain by the Scots, had been made the most of by those who desired a pretext for war with Scotland, and had temporarily checked the League. Finally, however, on the 5th of July 1586, a League was concluded at Berwick, between Scotland and England, which pledged the two kingdoms to joint resistance to an invasion of either, and to the maintenance of the Reformed Religion against all opponents. Randolph had helped to induce James to sign the League, and he had prevailed on the young King to recall Archibald Douglas, cousin to the late Regent Morton, who had been present

[1] See *The Scot Abroad* vol. i. pp. 221, 227.

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at the murder of Darnley, and had been lately betraying the secrets of Mary to Elizabeth, and who was now well qualified to do the English work in Scotland.

After the King's escape from the Ruthven Lords, the dreary strife between sham Episcopacy and Presbyterianism, between Church and State, becomes more and more concentrated. Andrew Melville, as Principal of the College of Glasgow, had restored energy and life to that decaying school of learning, and there was now "na place in Europe comparable to Glasgow for guid letters . . . for a plentifull and guid chepe mercat of all kind of languages, arts, and sciences."[1] He cast an evil eye on the fair Cathedral of St Kentigern, whose very walls, as well as its carved places, had escaped the axes and hammers of the Congregation, and he so far brought round the magistrates to his opinions, that they agreed to its demolition, "because of the resort of superstitious people to do their devotion in that place, the huge vastness of the church, and that the voice of a preacher could not be heard by the multitudes that convened to sermon, the more commodious service of the people, and the removing of that idolatrous monument."[2] Quarriers and masons were summoned, the day was fixed, and a drum sounded to call them to the sacrilegious work, when up rose in arms the crafts of the good city, "swearing with many oaths, that he who did cast down the first stone should be buried under it."[3]

[1] James Melville's *Diary*, p. 50.

[2] *Spottiswood*, vol. ii. p. 259.

[3] *Ibid.*—Dr M'Crie says, "This statement rests solely upon the

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In the spring of 1584, Adamson, the titular Archbishop of St Andrews, who had been on an embassy to Queen Elizabeth, issued certain articles "for the Prince" and "for the Ministry," "for supplanting," said his enemies, "of the Kirk of Scotland." "For the Prince," he declared that his office was "to appoint a godlie order to the Kirk, and that it proceeded from the tyrannie of the Paipe till arrogate to the clergie the whole government of the Kirk." The judgment of Princes, as well in ecclesiastical polity as temporal, "is sovereign." "For the ministry," he maintained that the office of bishop is of "the apostolic institution, and most agreeable to the primitive puritie of the Kirk of God."[1] In a Parliament which met at Edinburgh in May 1584, the King's authority over all estates, spiritual and temporal, was confirmed; and in another Parliament of the same year all ministers, readers, schoolmasters, &c., were ordered to sign an obligation of submission to the King, and to the Acts of the previous Parliament, as well as of obedience to "our ordinary bishop or commissioner . . . appointed by his Majesty. . ." Among the ministers who subscribed (for several refused to do so),

authority of Bishop Spotswood. I never met with anything in the public or private writings of Melville, or of any minister contemporary with him, that gives the smallest ground for the conclusion that they looked upon Cathedral churches as monuments of idolatry, or that they would have advised their demolition on this ground. . . ." *Life of Andrew Melville*, vol. i. pp. 84, 85. Dr M'Crie seems to have forgotten that in the 3rd head of the *First Book of Discipline*, "Cathedral Churches" are classed with "abbeys, chapels, monkeries, etc.," as "monuments of idolatry," and as such their destruction is commanded.

[1] *Calderwood*, vol. iv. pp. 49, 55, 157, 167.

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was John Craig. As to the King's views on the subjec a great Presbyterian authority says: "About the same time the King, coming from hunting, drank to all his dogs, and among the rest to one of his dogs called Tell True, saying, 'Tell True, I drink to thee above all the rest of my hounds; for I will give thee more credence nor either the bishop or Craig.' This was the great account he made either of the bishop or the subscribers." [1]

In 1586 the Melvillian party excommunicated Adamson, and, in retaliation, Adamson's friends excommunicated the Melvilles.

When, in the winter of 1586–7, the days of the Queen of Scots were numbered, James commanded the ministers to pray for his mother, by adding to their other public petitions these few words, "The Lord illumine and enlighten her spirit, that she may attain to the knowledge of the truth, for the safety of soul and body; and preserve her from the present peril." This many of the ministers refused to do. On the 3rd of February, five days before Mary's execution, James ordered Adamson to pray for her in St Giles'. A young man, one John Cooper, ascended the pulpit. "Master John," called out his Majesty, "that place was designed for another, but since you are there, do your duty, and obey the charge to pray for my mother." Whereupon Master John replied that he would pray no otherwise than as the Spirit of God should direct him, and proceeded to address the Almighty by abusing the dying woman as Jezebel, Herodias, &c., till the King, exasperated, called

[1] *Calderwood*, vol. iv. p. 351.

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on him to cease. As the captain of the guard pulled him out of the pulpit, he knocked upon it, exclaiming, "This day shall bear witness against you in the day of the Lord. Woe be to thee, O Edinburgh! for the last of thy plagues shall be the worst."

We must return to the royal lady, whom we left a safely-guarded prisoner in the feudal Castle of Sheffield. When the Raid of Ruthven took place, she had been at Sheffield twelve years. When the negotiations for the association of herself with her son in the Scottish government were abruptly interrupted by the Raid, Mary fell into worse health than ever, and wrote a mournful letter to Elizabeth. "Your imprisoning me without any right or just pretence," are her words, "has already destroyed my body, of which you will shortly see the end. . . . Nothing remains of me but the soul, which it is not in your power to fetter. Give it room, then, to aspire a little more freely after its salvation, which now it seeks alone, and not this world's greatness."[1] She was indeed nearly worn out; her hair was growing grey, and tears filled her eyes when she found her left foot so shrunk and wasted that she could not put it to the ground. The process of tantalising her with hopes of freedom was still carried on, and with this view Beale, Walsingham's brother-in-law, the clerk of the English Privy Council, who had already paid her visits on business, ostensibly to arrange treaties for her liberation, was once more despatched to her prison. After James made his escape from the Ruthven Lords, the hopes, which were again rekindled, continued till

[1] *Labanoff*, tome ii. p. 333; Sadler's *State Papers*, ii. p. 464.

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the conclusion of the League with England in 1586. Then the poor prisoner may have been tempted to despair. The arch-traitor, the Master of Gray, was in many of her secrets; he was also the accredited agent of the Guises, and all his knowledge he revealed to the English Court. He was probably the author of the "brief, cold, deadly message" which he brought to Mary, when she was yearning for tidings from her son at this time. In this letter James informed his mother that, as she was a prisoner in a foreign land, he did not consider that she was in a position to enter into any association, but he should ever be prepared to recognise her as Queen-mother. "This was the bitterest hour of Mary's life." Thus it was that, whenever she began to breathe freely, with the prospect of the opening of her prison gates, they closed more firmly on her than before. In September 1584, Mary was taken from Sheffield to Wingfield Manor, and about the same time she was transferred to the custody of Sir Ralph Sadler, Sir Henry Mildmay, and Mr Somers. On the 6th of September the Earl of Shrewsbury, her strict, though not unmerciful guardian, bade her farewell, not to see her again till they met on the 8th of February 1587, in the great hall of Fotheringhay. The sands of the poor Queen's glass of life were now running very low, and as she drew nearer to the awful end, the sharper both her physical and mental trials became. Even those who believe Mary to have sinned grievously must admit that, as she was passing through her furnace of affliction, she ought to have been purified seven times in the fire. In January 1585 she was sent to Tutbury, a place specially hateful to her, and whose miserable

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appointments her own pen has so graphically described. In April Sir Amyas Paulet, a creature of Leicester, "a Puritan in religion, a bear in manners," succeeded Sir Ralph Sadler as her jailer. Her enemies could not have found any one so well qualified to help in killing her by inches. In November 1586 Sir Drue Drury, also a rigid Puritan, became Mary's assistant-keeper. She had a friend in the French ambassador, Mauvissière de Castlenau, as well as in his successor De l'Aubespiné de Châteauneuf. Partly through the influence of the former, she was delivered from Tutbury, and on Christmas Eve, 1585, was taken to Chartley Castle. Paulet, more irritable than usual from an attack of gout, was very averse to the journey, and said "it would be troublesome from the quantity of baggage the said Queen and her attendants had in apparel, books, and the like trash";[1] indeed, it was a question whether eighty or a hundred carts would be necessary. Plots and intrigues, the narration of which would fill volumes, are now crowded thickly into the little span of life remaining to the Queen of Scots. For all, whether for her own liberation only, or for the invasion of England, and the assassination of England's sovereign, Mary, as the great hope of Catholicism, was held responsible by her enemies. In 1585, the mysterious plot of Sir Francis Throckmorton, of which Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, was the prime mover, was discovered; the conspiracy of William Parry and Thomas Morgan against Elizabeth's life; the capture of the Scottish Jesuit Crichton at sea, from whose papers, torn

[1] Chalmers' *Life of Mary Queen of Scots.*

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into fragments, and scattered on the waves, and gathered together again, the written plans for a Spanish invasion are said to have been deciphered,—are but specimens of the tragic conspiracies from time to time coming to the light or the twilight, which originated the Covenant "for the defence of Elizabeth's person," concluded at the urgent instance of Leicester. By this Covenant men of all degrees in England bound themselves to prosecute to the death; all who should, directly or indirectly, attempt anything against their Sovereign. In desperation Mary now yielded herself to a negotiation which included her own liberation, the invasion of England, and the overthrow of the Anglican Church. In this conspiracy, the last which is associated with her name, and her last hope of life and liberty, her guilt or innocence is made to turn on her knowledge of the plots against the life of Queen Elizabeth. It is known as the Babington Conspiracy. John Savage and John Ballard united themselves with Anthony Babington, a young Roman Catholic of good Derbyshire family, for the execution of great designs,—namely, the invasion of England, the deliverance of the Scottish Queen, and the assassination of the heretical Elizabeth. Savage was to be assisted in the murder by six gentlemen, Abingdon, Bramwell, Charnoch, Tilney, and Titchbourne. Of the first of these designs Mary was fully aware, but all her enemies have not proved that she was also aware of the last. Now, of these plots Walsingham was as well informed as were the plotters themselves. He had brought his system of secret information to a state of exquisite perfection. A whole bevy of spies were at his bidding. Among them was one of the plotters,

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Maud, "a sordid wretch"; there was Gilbert Gifford, there was Thomas Philipps, an adept at reading the most difficult cypher; there was Gregory, skilful in the noble accomplishment of breaking seals and replacing them again. Through these and similar agents Walsingham secured and read numbers of the letters sent to the foreign ambassadors; and when the right moment had arrived, he revealed fully to Elizabeth the appalling discoveries he had made. Plots were thick; plans of escape were in daily debate at Chartley; letters, many in number and mysterious in cypher (on one day twenty-one or twenty-two packets arrived), were sent out and received; which papers, robes, and trinkets were to be packed up, and which left behind, may even have been in consideration; hopes were rising higher and higher, and in anticipation the Queen of Scots was already breathing the blessed air of freedom, when, on the 8th of August 1586, she was caught in a trap from which she never escaped alive. Great was her surprise when, on that "glad autumn day," old Sir Amyas, for once apparently in a good humour, proposed that the Queen should come with him to the hunt. Feeble and lame as she was, Mary's heart thrilled with the prospect of a gallop after the stag; she mounted her horse and set forth with Sir Amyas and his son, Nau and Curle her secretaries, and a few others. They had not ridden far when an armed company appeared, and at its head Sir Thomas Gorges, who demanded an immediate interview with the Queen. He briefly informed her that the Queen of England had several grave accusations against her. Sir Amyas would tell the rest. The Secretaries, suspecting evil, tried to ride up to the Queen's side. A

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skirmish nearly ensued, and Nau and Curle were both seized and carried off under a strong escort to London. The Queen and the rest of her company turned their horses, and Sir Amyas told his prisoner that they were not to return to Chartley, but he was taking her to the neighbouring house of Tixall. The Queen dismounted, and, seating herself on the ground, vowed she would not proceed another step. Sir Amyas argued and threatened, produced Elizabeth's written instructions for his conduct, and said go she must, whether she would or no.[1] Accordingly to Tixall she was taken, and there closely shut up in two rooms for seventeen days, without any of her attendants, without pen or paper, and without a change of dress. Here she existed alone, through these days of darkness, silence, and suspense, in misery unutterable. In the meantime Elizabeth's agents were ransacking Chartley, and turning inside out every box, cabinet, and drawer. The search occupied four justices of the peace for two days, and then three boxes, crammed with correspondence, with all the trinkets and money they could find (and even with articles of dress, for among the goods described as "stolen from the Queen of Scots" are three embroidered mufflers, a black velvet cap, and a pair of silk stockings), were despatched to Windsor.[2] Elizabeth and Walsingham, assisted by the cypher-interpreting Philipps, had now work before them after their own hearts. Nau and Curle were examined, and by all the anguish of the torture chamber and the

[1] *Nau*, pref. p. xxxvi.–xxxix.

[2] *The Letter Books of Sir Amias Poulet*, edit. John Morris, p. 266.

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blood of the scaffold, Elizabeth and her ministers determined that the Queen of Scots should be arraigned. Babington and his companions were now in safe custody, and their trials were proceeding. On the 20th and 21st of September, Babington, Savage, and Ballard, and the other conspirators, were executed with studied cruelty, which had been specially prescribed by Elizabeth, who would fain have seen their flesh torn from their bones with red-hot pincers.[1] On the 25th of August, Mary was brought back to Chartley, to her desolated apartments and emptied cabinets. The poor crowded round her coach and besought alms of her who loved so well to give. "Alas," she said, "I have nothing for you. All has been taken from me. I am as much a beggar as yourselves."[2] Her last journey was to Fotheringhay. On the 25th of September, when, as she entered the avenue, the gloomy towers of the Northamptonshire castle first frowned upon her, "*Perio*," "I perish," fell from the lips of the Queen of Scots.[3] On the 14th and 15th of October, her trial was held in the great hall of the castle. She was absolutely refused counsel for her defence. When, at nine o'clock in the morning, she entered the Trial Chamber, calm and stately, grave and dignified, and saw assembled four and thirty Com-

[1] "She had . . . . suggested to her Council that some 'new device' should be adopted to enhance their tortures and strike more terror into the people; to which it was answered by Burghley, that the manner of the execution prescribed by law would be fully as terrible as any new device if the hangman took care to 'protract the action' to the extremity of their pains. . . ." *Camden in Kennet*, vol. ii. p. 518, cited by Tytler.

[2] *Letter Books*, p. 275. [3] *Strickland*, vol. vii. p. 420.

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missioners, she exclaimed, "Alas! so many counsellors, and yet not one for me!" To the awful charge of conspiring against the life of the Queen of England, she replied by calling God to witness that she was innocent. She was grand in her utter loneliness, as with heroic courage and peerless skill she conducted her own defence against the first representatives of "the diplomatic and legal talent of England." Finally, she demanded, as she had previously done, a trial either before the Estates of the Realm, or else before the Queen in Council. After the second day of trial, Elizabeth suddenly adjourned the judgment to the Star Chamber. On the 25th of October, accordingly, the Commissioners again met, and on that day Mary Queen of Scots was "done to death," by being pronounced "guilty of compassing and imagining divers matters tending to the hurt, death, and destruction of the Queen . . . ." of England. On the 19th of November Lord Buckhurst, with Beale, the Clerk of the Council, arrived at Fotheringhay, and announced to the royal victim that she had been pronounced guilty of death by the Commissioners of the Star Chamber, "which sentence had been approved and confirmed by both Houses of Parliament, and that they had united in petitioning for her immediate execution." On Monday, the 25th, Paulet and Drury, telling her she was a dead woman, ordered seven or eight of their servants to enter her dining hall and tear down her Cloth of Estate[1]—the cloth she had lain under in her cradle, and sat under all her life. It was a poor piece of spite; but the anointed Queen, who, on the 14th of

[1] *Letter Books*, p. 313; *Labanoff*, tome vi. p. 470.

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October, had exclaimed, with fire and spirit, as she saw in the trial chamber the Chair of State she was not permitted to occupy, "I am a Queen—my seat ought to be there!" could now with truer dignity calmly replace the arms of Scotland and of Lorraine by the representation of the crucified Redeemer. Having demolished her dais, Paulet sat down in her presence with his hat on, and, pointing to a billiard table, said it must be removed, as she had no further need of pastime.[1] Her chamber, even her bed, was hung with black, as henceforth she was to be regarded as a dead woman. There are those who look on Mary as an unfallen saint, who, by a long confessorship, was prepared for the crown of martyrdom; and there are others who believe she became, by the sufferings of the nineteen years' captivity, a saint, but a saint with "a broken and contrite heart." Inasmuch as St Augustine says every Christian should die as a penitent, the former and the latter may unite in revering the glorious penitent of Fotheringhay. During these last months of living death, it was not in the human heart of the doomed woman to abandon all hope. As she listened to the wailing of the wintry wind round Fotheringhay, how often in imagination she may have heard the sounds of the chivalry of Scotland and of France advancing to her triumphant rescue! Surely the son she had borne would not see her die! But the dreary day dragged to the dreary night, and the dreary night to the dreary day, and no one came, and hope became feebler and feebler; and as she lay in her hearse-like bed, she thought she heard

[1] *Letter Books*, p. 314; *Labanoff*, tome vi. p. 470.

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the carpenters putting up the scaffold in her dining hall. Efforts were (although unknown to her) being made in her behalf. Henry III. had sent Courcelles to James to represent to him his mother's peril. "As she has brewed, so she must drink," said the loving son. On the 20th of December, the awful subject of the life or death of the Queen of Scots first makes its appearance in the records of the Privy Council of Scotland.[1] James had already sent a letter of vehement protest by William Keith, and in December the Master of Gray and Sir Robert Melville of Mordocairney were also sent to remonstrate with Elizabeth. Gray, consummate arch-traitor as he was, whispered in the Queen of England's ear, *Quia mortui non mordent.* Determined as Elizabeth was that the Queen of Scotland should die, she was now looking about for some one to do the part of executioner instead of herself. At five o'clock in the afternoon of the 2nd of February, an awful letter (awful to be numbered amongst the records of England) was received by Paulet and Drury at Fotheringhay. It was written by Davison and Walsingham. These statesmen declared that by the sayings of her Majesty "she doth note in you both a lack of that care and zeal of her service that she looketh for at your hands, in that you have not in all this time of yourselves (without other provocation), found out some way to shorten the life of that Queen. . . . . She taketh it most unkindly towards her that men professing that love towards her that you do, should in any kind of sort, for lack of the discharge of your duties, cast the burthen upon her, knowing

[1] *Register of the Privy Council*, edit. Masson, pref. p. xvii.

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as you do her indisposition to shed blood, especially of one of that sex and quality, and so near to her in blood as the said Queen is. . . . And so we commit you to the protection of the Almighty." Devoted servants as Paulet and Drury were of this most Christian Queen, they were not quite so bad as she had hoped, and Paulet wrote to Walsingham, ". . . . God forbid that I should make so foul a shipwreck of my conscience, or leave so great a blot to my poor posterity, to shed blood without law or warrant."[1] When Elizabeth read this letter, she said she "hated these dainty, nice, precise fellows." Leicester, Burghley, and Walsingham were all clamouring for Mary's blood. Elizabeth kept murmuring to herself, "*Aut fer aut feri; ne feriare, feri;*" and on the 1st of February, having sent for Davison, she asked if he had brought the death warrant. She read it, and, taking a pen, deliberately signed it. The Privy Council at once sent off Beale with the warrant. On Sunday, the 5th of February, Beale and a sable-clad personage travelled in the same carriage to Fotheringhay. Who were they? What had they come for? Their appearance looked very ominous. They were followed on Tuesday, the 7th, by the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, and the High Sheriff of Northamptonshire. In the afternoon these gentlemen desired to see the Queen of Scots. They were told she was in bed; their business would brook no delay, they *must* see her. Hearing this, the Queen got up, and, covering herself with a cloak, awaited them in an easy chair, at the foot of her bed. Accompanied by Paulet, Drury, and Beale, they entered, and

[1] *Letter Books*, p. 362.

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after salutations, Beale drew out the death warrant and read it aloud. "In the name of God," said Mary Stuart, as she solemnly signed herself with the cross, "these tidings are welcome." She asked when she was to suffer, "To-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, Madam," replied Shrewsbury. She besought that they would permit her to see her Confessor, but this was peremptorily refused; and she as firmly declined the services of Dr Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, which were offered to her. Paulet's last cruelty had been to deprive her both of Sir Andrew Melville, the Master of her Household, and of Camile du Préau, who had been for some time permitted to act as her chaplain. Du Préau was still under the same roof, but now, in her sore hour of need, she was to be forbidden the glorious consolations of the last Sacraments to strengthen her for her last journey. Mary told the Earl of Kent that she would willingly give ten thousand lives for her religion. "Madam," he interrupted, "your life would be the death of our religion, and your death will be its preservation." "Ah," said the Queen, "I did not flatter myself with the thought that I was worthy of such a death!" The messengers of death departed, and Mary was with her weeping household. "Up, Jane Kennedy," she said to one of the dearest of her women; "leave weeping, and be doing, for the time is short." The time was indeed short; the afternoon was advancing; and the Queen resolved not to lose a minute. She ordered supper to be served earlier than usual, and then drank to all her ladies, while they pledged her on their knees, mingling their tears with the wine. Afterwards she desired them to spread out the contents of her wardrobe, and her

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few jewels still remaining, and selected a parting gift for each of her friends, forgetting none, from the Kings of France and Spain to the humblest handmaiden in Fotheringhay.[1] Nor did she neglect her own last toilette, but chose for the morrow a dress of black velvet, a black satin pourpoint and kirtle, a petticoat of crimson velvet, and a long white lawn veil. With courage and forethought she laid aside a fine white *Corpus Christi cloth* to bandage her eyes with at the last moment, and set a woman at once to work on a camisole of Scotch plaid, to be made *without a collar.* It was late before she took up her pen. She wrote to Du Préau,[2] entreating him to spend this last night with her in spirit, by praying for her, as she was not to see him. She began a letter to the King of France, and wrote her will. By this time the clock struck two. Her women washed her feet; Jane Kennedy read aloud the story of the Penitent Thief; and utterly worn out she laid her head upon the pillow and slept, or at least rested, till six o'clock. Then she rose, and saying she had but two hours to live, bade her women dress her as for a festival. Having prayed alone in her oratory, she finished her letter to the King of France; and as she sat by the fire, for it was the early dawn of a cold winter morning, her physician, Bourgoigne, brought her a little bread and wine. She was again on her knees with her weeping household around her, when, with a

[1] *Mort de la Royne d'Ecosse.*

[2] It has been asserted that the Supreme Pontiff sent to Mary the Consecrated Wafer, and granted her the singular privilege of communicating herself. If so, she does not mention the fact in her letter to Du Préau.

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loud knock at the door, the High Sheriff announced that eight o'clock had struck. A quarter-of-an-hour later he returned with the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, Sir Amyas Paulet, and Beale. "*Allons!*" said the Queen, as the Sheriff approached her with his white wand; while, assisted by Bourgoigne, she rose from her knees. At the threshold of her chamber her attendants suddenly stopped, and absolutely refused to lead her to the scaffold. They followed behind, till at the door of the gallery they were told they must turn back. To this they made vigorous resistance; some confusion prevailed as they strove to force their way. The Earl of Kent said they might dip their handkerchiefs in their mistress's blood, or be guilty of other folly; and it was not till Mary had burst forth, "I am a cousin to your Queen, descended of the blood-royal of Henry VII., a married Queen of France, and the anointed Queen of Scotland," that certain of the faithful friends were permitted to follow. The Queen chose, to be with her to the last, Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, Andrew Melville, Bourgoigne, and her surgeon and apothecary. With great difficulty, for she was very feeble and lame, assisted by two of Paulet's servants, the Queen descended the stairs, and at the foot met Andrew Melville. "Woe is me," he cried, "that ever it should be my mishap to carry back such heavy tidings to Scotland as that my good and gracious Queen and mistress has been beheaded in England." As Mary bade him rather rejoice to see the end of her long sorrows, she too broke down and wept bitterly. But she recovered herself; Melville stepped behind her and held her train; and with the Sheriff, the two Earls, Paulet, and Drury, and others, she entered the chamber

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of death, and came face to face with the scaffold, the executioners, the block, and the axe, all covered with black. It was daylight now, but the feeble light of a winter morning; a great fire was burning in the hall, and about a hundred gentlemen had assembled to see the tragedy. Paulet helped her to ascend the two steps to the scaffold; she thanked him, and seated herself in an armchair, while Beale read aloud the death warrant, and the chief executioner stood with the edge of the axe turned towards the victim. She again asked to have her Confessor. This was denied, and the Dean of Peterborough disturbed her last moments by trying to make her renounce her religion. She entreated him to cease, but the intolerable divine went on and on; and heeding him not, the Queen prayed aloud in Latin, in French, and in English for her own soul, for Holy Church, for Queen Elizabeth, for her son; and with her eyes fixed on the crucifix she held in her hand, she prayed, "As Thy arms, O Christ, were extended on the Cross, even so receive me into the arms of Thy mercy, and blot out all my sins with Thy most precious blood." "Madam," broke in the Earl of Kent, gloomiest of fanatics, "it were better for you to eschew such Popish trumpery, and bear Him in your heart." "Can I," said Mary, "hold the representation of the sufferings of my crucified Redeemer in my hand without bearing Him at the same time in my heart?"

"I have not been accustomed to be served by such pages of honour, nor to disrobe before so many," she said, as the executioners were offering to assist her to take off her veil. She beckoned to Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle to come to her, but they were in such

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agitation they could do little, and as she tried to take out the pins herself, she besought them to recover themselves. The Queen kissed them, bade them farewell, signed them with the Cross; and as, with shaking hands, Jane Kennedy tied the fine white cloth over her eyes, she again gave way. Her dying mistress said to her, placing her finger on her lip, "I have promised for you; do not weep, but pray for me." The two ladies left the scaffold—they could do no more for her. The grooms of the chamber of death were ready. "*In te, Domine, speravi,*" "*In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum,*" "*In manus tuas!*"—gasped Mary in her agony, as the executioner guided her to the block. The headsman even became unnerved, and with an unsteady arm hit her on the skull; amid silence, broken only by the sighs and groans of the spectators, another blow descended; and after a third, he held her bleeding head aloft, and cried, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" "So let all her enemies perish!" exclaimed the Dean of Peterborough. The voice of the Earl of Kent alone answered, "Amen!'

On the 24th of April 1558, a radiant Queen stood before the altar of Notre Dame, glorious as the sun at noonday. On the 8th of February 1587, the lifeless form of that same Queen lay in the great hall of Fotheringhay, in blood and tears, covered with the cloth that had been torn from a billiard table. "Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain!"

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CHAPTER XV.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE KING.

"To Norroway, to Norroway,
To Norroway o'er the faem;
The King's daughter of Norroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

We turn from the "shambles of Fotheringhay," from the majestic and solemn calm of that scene, between eight and nine in the cold February morning, with a sense of relief, that for one at least the bitterness of death is past, and that if a "great national crime" has been perpetrated, if this dark stain of blood can never be effaced from the annals of England, the tortured soul of Mary Stuart is set free from her worn-out body. Before nine o'clock Lord Talbot was galloping at fiery speed to Greenwich to satisfy those who sat thirsting for blood; and a few hours later, far away in Edinburgh, the Master of Gray and the other ambassadors, who had only returned the day before from London, were reporting to the King and Council the failure of their mission, and their fears that the last extremity was inevitable.[1] By next day the merry crash of the bells of London, illuminations, and blazing bonfires, were the outward

[1] *Register of the Privy Council*, edit. Masson, vol. iv., pref. p. viii.

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manifestations of the triumph of the enemies of the Queen of Scots. Elizabeth made an utter laughing-stock of herself. She raged and stormed, she put on black garments, and, eager to shift the odium of her deed to some one else, she made Davison her scapegoat, imprisoned him, and laid on him a fine equivalent to ruin. She contrived, however, to deceive no one. To her dear brother, King James, she wrote "an abject and ignominious letter," bewailing "that miserable accident," which, "far contrary to my meaning, hath befallen." In our own days of quick intelligence, it is difficult to believe that not till the 18th did a rumour of his mother's death reach the King, but, disbelieving it, he went out to hunt. On the 23rd, the "unparalleled and uncouth news" was confirmed, and he was in such grief "that he went to bed that night without supper," and afterwards "investit himself with dule weed of purple for certain days." The bearer of Elizabeth's letter, Robert Carey, he forbade to cross the Borders. And now an outburst of horror broke from the Scottish nation, the echo of which has not died away during three centuries. Elizabeth felt her audacious behaviour shake her throne, and, perhaps, other thrones than her own; for the head which had fallen on the scaffold at Fotheringhay was that of an anointed Queen. It was not forgotten by either Henry III. or the Catholic League that it had once worn the crown of a Queen of France. Philip II. was carrying on the preparations, begun years ago, for the invasion of England, which would now avenge at once the damage done to Spanish commerce by English admirals, and the murder of the Catholic Queen; while it was significant that the Catholic faction in Scotland was stirring, and

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there, Jesuits were on the increase. These were not the days of telegrams and of newspapers, but the press was a sufficiently formidable weapon, and printed attacks were made in no prudish language on the character of the "fair virgin throned by the West," as well as rapturous elegies on the martyred dead, and were scattered freely over the country; and certain lines, addressed "To the English Jezabel," were adorned by a "little cord of hemp tied halter-wise." For the present the enemies Elizabeth had most to dread were her nearest neighbours. Bothwell declared that a steel coat was the best dule weed for the Queen of Scotland; Lord Claud Hamilton and Lord Arbroath offered to carry fire and sword to the gates of Newcastle; wild forays were let loose on the English Borders; the Master of Gray was banished for foul treachery; and Sir John Maitland of Thirlestane, younger son of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, and brother of the great Secretary, made a thrilling appeal to the assembled Estates for vengeance; while the nobles fell on their knees and swore to King James to hazard lives and lands for the honour of Scotland. Yet although Maitland, now Chancellor, exhibited becoming resentment, it was greatly owing to his exertions that, when the recent League with England was now strained to its very utmost, an actual rupture was avoided.[1] If Scottish indignation exhausted itself in words and Border skirmishes, and then subsided, it was not that Scotchmen felt less keenly as time went on the insult to their nation by the execution at Fotheringhay; it was because the Protestants amongst them held their Protestant

[1] See *Register of the Privy Council*, edit. Masson, vol. iv.

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religion dearer than the national honour. The ministers could only exult over the death of the banished "idolatress." Many excuses have been made for the apathy of James; but the son who bore the slaughter of his mother so coolly must have lost indeed every germ of filial love, every spark of chivalry. A shrewd conviction that if he proclaimed war he would be invited to throw in his lot with Spain, and that thereby the independence of the Britannic empire would be threatened, kept him in peace. Besides, and above all, his inheritance of the promised land of England must not be imperilled, and, strange excuse for a man who was nearly one-and-twenty, he pleaded his "tender youth." The Queen of England knew very well how to manage her "dearest brother." She commissioned Walsingham to inform him of the fatal impolicy of quarrelling with her; she bribed him by a promise (which she had not the remotest intention of fulfilling) of an annuity of £5000; she cunningly and pointedly brought forward his little cousin, the Lady Arabella Stuart,[1] who was next to him in the regular order of succession to the English throne; and she gave the mangled remains of his mother a grand state funeral in Peterborough Cathedral on the 1st of August, where, to complete the farce, she herself officiated (by proxy), as chief mourner.

On the 19th of June James VI. attained his majority. He was for several years to be assisted in the government by Maitland, whose Chancellor Premiership dates

[1] Lady Arabella Stuart, born in 1578, was the daughter of Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter of the Countess of Shrewsbury, and widow of Darnley's younger brother, Lord Charles Lennox.

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from the August of this year. The King celebrated his coming of age in an original and characteristic fashion. Desiring peace above all things at home as well as abroad, physically almost unable to look on blood or a drawn sword, and bewailing the deadly feuds which were the sad inheritance of many an ancient race, he invited a number of the heads of the feudal houses to a great banquet in Holyrood. Enemy then took hereditary enemy by the hand, and all marched down the High Street, the King going first, "in form of a procession, in their doublets, to the Market Cross of Edinburgh; when all men . . . . rejoiced to see and behald such apparent concord . . . ."[1] Another banquet was enjoyed on the High Street, the magistrates danced for joy, and amid volleys of cannon from the Castle the hilarious procession returned to Holyrood House.

In October, a proclamation was made that a High Court of Justiciary was to be held in his Majesty's own person for trials of great crimes all over the realm, and amongst a horrible catalogue of enormities are mentioned "heiring and saying of Mass, receiving and mantening of Jesuites." In July the admission of the lairds or lesser barons into Parliament was an "important constitutional measure." The lesser barons had had a vague right of attendance in Parliament, but this had fallen into desuetude, and now by the Parliament of this month it was enacted "that they shall duly return commissioners for the shires, each shire severally."[2]

[1] *Historie of King James the Sext*, p. 229.

[2] *Register of the Privy Council*, edit. Masson, vol. iv., note to p. 201.

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Early in the year 1588, disquieting rumours came from Spain. Philip II. was hurrying on his preparations for the conquest and conversion of England, and also (last grand dying effort of chivalry) for vengeance upon Elizabeth for the murder of the Catholic Queen. Scotland was prepared to unite with their "auld enemies" against Spain; the Covenant of 1581 was signed again in town and country; and abject fear of Rome, which was ever ready to break forth, whether the terrible one appeared in the shape of a hunted "mass priest" or of an Invincible Armada, reached a fever height of panic. Early in August, when the Spanish Armada, the mightiest fleet that ever floated on the ocean, was in the Channel, and when fear of invasion was at its height, the ministers met with "sighs and sobbings." They had hardly dispersed when news of deliverance came.[1]

In April 1589, the Roman Catholics, headed by Huntly and Errol, and joined by the Protestant Earl of Bothwell, rebelled. The King advanced to Aberdeen, and the enemy vanished away at the Brig of Dee. The leaders of the rising were imprisoned, and the expedition was called the Affair of the Brig of Dee.

An increased storm of persecution fell upon the Roman Catholics in England after the defeat of the Armada. Multitudes died for their religion. For merely harbouring priests, many were executed, the rich Roman Catholics who would not recant were heavily fined, and the poor were branded with red-hot irons. Elizabeth, however, found time to interfere with

[1] *Register of the Privy Council*, edit. Masson, vol. iv., pref. p. xxxvii.

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the matrimonial projects of her brother of Scotland. In 1589 Henry III., the last of the Valois, died, and was succeeded by the King of Navarre as Henry IV. The English Queen proposed the King of Navarre's sister as a suitable bride for James, but James was determined to take his own way, and to consult the wishes of his people by an alliance with Denmark and Norway. When, in 1469, James III. espoused Margaret, Princess of Denmark, in security of her dowry of 60,000 florins, the islands of Orkney and Shetland were mortgaged to Scotland. The King of Denmark and Norway had been threatening war unless the islands were restored, and when the marriage of James VI. to the Princess Anna, daughter of Frederick II., who died in 1588–9, and sister of Christian IV., King of Denmark and Norway, was fairly accomplished, a formal surrender of the Orkney and Shetland Isles to Scotland formed part of her dowry. The Earl Marischal was sent to Copenhagen on the mission of marriage, and the ceremony took place by proxy on the 20th of August 1589, in the fortress-palace of Cronenberg, in the Isle of Zealand. A fair fleet was prepared to take the bride of sixteen years across the stormy North Sea. But after vainly fighting with wind and wave, after twice sighting the coast of Scotland, and being blown back to Norway, the unfortunate bridal party was giving up in despair. The royal bridegroom became impatient at these disasters, and determined "to have one romance in his life," by sailing to Norway to bring home the princess. He accordingly set all in order for the quiet government of the kingdom in his absence, left the Duke of Lennox President of the Privy Council, and wrote out a marvel-

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lous document, giving his reasons for his projected voyage. On October 22nd he sailed from Leith with Chancellor Maitland and David Lindsay, minister at Leith; and on the 24th of November 1589, the marriage was celebrated at Opslo, formerly the capital of Norway, by Lindsay, who acted as royal chaplain. The next morning James presented his bride with the beautiful palaces of Dunfermline and Falkland as "*the morrowing gift.*" The Scottish King was now twenty-three years old, and if affectionate in heart, and even in these days quaint and familiar in his manner, he was probably never attractive in appearance. "He was of the middle stature, more corpulent through his clothes than in his body, yet fat eneugh; his clothes ever being made large and easy, the doubletts stuffed for steletto proofe, his breeches in great plaits, and full stuffed. He was naturally of a timorous dispositione, ... his eyes large, ever rolling after any stranger cam in his presence. . . . . His beard was very thin, his tongue too large for his mouth, and made him drink very uncomelie. . . . . His legs were very weake, ... that weakness made him ever leaning on other men's shoulders."[1] The learned child of the royal school at Stirling had become a learned man, and a scholar who was by no means desirous of hiding his erudition. So early as 1584 he had sent to the press of Edinburgh "*The Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie*"; in 1587 he wrote verses on the death of Sir Philip Sidney, and from time to time we shall find him touching very varied subjects with a very strange pen.

The new-made royal pair spent the winter at Copen-

[1] *Balfour*, ii. 108.

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hagen, in the Castle of Kronberg, and with much conviviality. Most anxious was James that suitable preparations should be made for his reception in his own poverty-stricken realm. As he wrote to the Lords of Council, "A King of Scotland with a new married wyfe will not come hame every day." That he had the greatest difficulty in keeping up becoming state before the Danes who escorted him home, we may judge when we hear of him borrowing silver spoons from one of his barons, and once, when he had to entertain an ambassador, a pair of silk stockings from another. "Ye wad na that your King suld appear a scrub on sic au occasion," he pleaded. On the 1st of May 1590 he arrived at Leith with his bride, and on the 17th of May Queen Anne was crowned and anointed in the Abbey Church of Holyrood. Three sermons were preached,—one in Latin, one in French, and one in English. Andrew Melville "made ane oration in twa hundred Latin verses, a *Stephaniskion*," which he had composed for the occasion, and the dreary service dragged on from ten in the morning till five in the afternoon, by which hour human nature was probably wellnigh exhausted. When the ministers objected to the "Popish" rite of unction, the King knew how to meet them, by hinting that they could wait a little till a certain bishop came to town, who would perform the ceremony,—upon which they laid their scruples aside. The Tuesday after her coronation, Queen Anne drove about the streets of Edinburgh in a "gold coach," to the great admiration of the citizens; while for their refreshment and comfort the fountains at the Cross "ran with claret." At the General Assembly, in August 1590, the King being in a good humour with the whole world,

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praised God that he was "born in such a time as in the time of the Light of the Gospel; to such a place as to be King of such a Kirk, the sincerest Kirk in the world." "The Kirk of Geneva," continued his Majesty, "keepeth Pasch and Yule. What have they for them? They have no institution. As for our neighbour Kirk in England, their service is an evil-said Mass in English; they want nothing of the Mass but the liftings. I charge you, my good people, ministers, doctors, elders, nobles, gentlemen and barons, to stand to your purity, and to exhort the people to do the same, and I forsooth, so long as I brook my life and crown, shall maintain the same against all deadly." After this effusion "there was nothing heard for a quarter of an hour but praising God and praying for the King."[1]

During the King's absence in Denmark, the deplorable custom of holding a semi-fast on Sunday was introduced.[2] "The quhilk custom, being found very meet for the exercise of the Sabbath, was keepit in Edinburgh, in the houses of the godly, continually thereafter. So that sparing their gross and sumptuous dinners, they used nocht but a dish of broth, or some little recreation till night, and that which was spared was bestowed on the poor."[3] The Melvillian party continued to gain ground. On the 9th of February 1589, Dr Bancroft preached at St Paul's Cross, London, on 1 John iv. 7, and equally denounced the peculiar tenets of English Nonconformists and Scottish Presbyterians. A report of this sermon was angrily received in

[1] *Calderwood*, vol. v. pp. 100–111.

[2] Even before this time, national fasts were from Sunday to Sunday inclusive.

[3] James Melville's *Diary*, p. 278.

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Scotland, and protests were prepared against Bancroft for "ordinarly mingling us with Anabaptists, Brownistis, Barowistis, and we cannot tell whome. . . ."[1] In March 1590 John Erskine, Laird of Dun, ended his admirable and consistent life. In 1591, Adamson lay dying at St Andrews, in great poverty and suffering, and was fain to accept relief at the hands of Andrew Melville, who had been his persecutor. Very shocking is the language of hatred used by the Melvillians against this scholarly and refined man. When he went on his embassy to London, it was to "mak for the work of Sathan, to besiege and demolish the walles of Jerusalem." When he was sick he "keepit his castle, lyk a tod in his hole,"[2] and took the medicines prescribed by witches; when he appeared at a public meeting it was "with a great pontificality and big countenance." He was abused in writing or to his face as a "juggler, a drunkard, a vile epicurean, a blasphemer," with other incredible epithets. Now as he lay on his deathbed, writing beautiful Latin verses on his own departing soul, and perhaps yearning for those blessed Sacraments which his shadowy system afforded not, the ministers took advantage of his helpless state to procure from him a recantation. "He should have been spared," says a Presbyterian historian; "he was so feeble that he was unable to write with his own hand."[3] He died on February 19th, 1592.

Assisted by his Chancellor, who was created Lord Thirlestane on Queen Anne's Coronation, James con-

[1] *The Miscellany of the Wodrow Society*, p. 491.

[2] James Melville's *Diary*, pp. 137, 141.

[3] *The History of the Church of Scotland*, George Cook, Minister of Lawrencekirk, vol. i. p. 460.

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tinued his earnest endeavours to enforce the observance of the laws, and (perilous task of his predecessors!) to humble the greater barons. The peace-loving monarch desired that all nations should live in amity; and as Philip II. was by no means annihilated by the failure of his Armada, but was ever threatening England, he strove to bring about a reconciliation between England and Spain, and with this view despatched Colonel Stewart and Sir John Skene, one of the best lawyers of the day, on an embassy to the Princes of Germany, to persuade them to negotiate between the two great powers. Family feuds died hard in Scotland. Thirty years had elapsed since Murray, at the battle of Corrichie, had done his utmost to destroy the House of Gordon. Feudal vengeance was intensified by time, and the present Earl of Murray, beloved by Kirk and people, and known as the Bonnie Earl of Murray, was the Earl of Huntly's deadly foe. About 1591–2, Murray was accused of assisting in some treasonable exploit, and the King sent Huntly to bring him to his presence. It only needed a match to kindle the slumbering fire of vengeance. Huntly beset Murray at Dunnibirsel, and set fire to the house as the Bonnie Earl was escaping with Dunbar, Sheriff of Murray. Both were overtaken; the Sheriff was slain, and Murray, flying to the sea-shore, was tracked by the tassels, all on fire, of his head-piece, and mortally wounded by Gordon of Buckie among the cliffs. Huntly came up, and was compelled by Buckie to plunge another dirk into his gasping foe, whose last words were, "You have spoiled a better face than your own."[1] Thus Corrichie

[1] *Tales of a Grandfather*, vol. i.

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was avenged. The last very great Border exploit was that of Kinmont Willie. In April 1596, there had been a meeting of Scottish and English Wardens to settle their disputes, and as the Scotchmen were riding home, a notorious depredator, called William Armstrong, but generally known as Kinmont Willie, was seized by the English on the Scottish side of the Liddell, and carried off to Carlisle, Lord Scrope telling him that before he left the Castle he should bid him "farewell," meaning that he should not go without his leave, and the prisoner answering he would not go without bidding him "good night." The Lord of Buccleuch, Warden of Liddesdale, then besieged Carlisle Castle at dead of night, and rescued Kinmont Willie from his dungeon. This insult, committed in time of peace, gave great umbrage to Queen Elizabeth. Buccleuch proceeded to England, and the Queen asked him how he dared commit such aggression on her territory. Buccleuch answered that he knew not that thing which a man dared NOT do. "Elizabeth," says Sir Walter Scott, "admired the answer, and treated this powerful Border chief with distinction during the time he remained in England. . . ."[1] The Kirk was enraged by the murder of Murray at Dunnibirsel, and accused the King and his Chancellor-Premier Thirlestane of conniving at it, whilst busy prattlers said that the girlish Queen of seventeen, who all her life was not very discreet with her tongue, had expressed too freely her admiration of the Bonnie Earl; that she had averred he was the "properest and most gallant man at Court," whereupon her husband had retorted, "Ye might hae excepted me."

[1] *Tales of a Grandfather*, vol. i.

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Queen Anne was a pretty girl, Lutheran in religion, even then, it seems, clinging to the remembrance of Catholic functions she had seen in very early childhood, and by no means enamoured of the Edinburgh ministers. She was very lively, but refined and decorous withal, and did her best to improve the rough ways and manners of the Court of Scotland. Five and twenty years had swept away the graces which Mary Stuart had introduced from the Court of Valois. Neither lords nor ladies took kindly at first to the novel arrangements of the young Dane, and whether at Holyrood, at Falkland, at Dunfermline, or at Dalkeith, till children came to gladden king and people, the royal household was "wondrous solitary." The raids of the Earl of Bothwell[1] helped to enliven it. This most troublesome subject had been imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle on the charge of assisting witches to raise the storms which had prevented the Queen from sailing to Scotland after her marriage by proxy. In revenge for his imprisonment he three times disturbed the peace of the Court by riotous attempts to secure the King's person, and in these raids he was encouraged by Queen Elizabeth, who then, as ever, was thankful for any method, however small, for creating disturbances in Scotland. After his final manœuvres in 1594, Bothwell fled to the Continent, and then he sinks out of notice. The charge of witchcraft was levelled against many an unfortunate being during the last decades of the sixteenth century, when

[1] Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, an illegitimate cousin of the King, and nephew by his mother to James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell.

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the craze of attributing national or personal calamities to the malice and spite of miserable old women who were believed to have renounced their baptism, and to have sold their souls to Satan, reached a height. The country was said to be swarming with warlocks and witches,—"There was in May, at ane convention, upon a hill in Athole, to the number of twenty-three hundred, and the devil amongst them,"—and though faith in the unseen presence of the angels had disappeared, an assurance of the immediate proximity of the Evil One was very strong. A public statute against witchcraft was passed in June 1563, and ever since the Kirk-Sessions had been more or less diligently engaged in finding out witches, in voting supplies of fuel to burn their victims, and in deputing committees of ministers to attend their execution. King James loved Theology, but he did not neglect Demonology. He published a book on the subject, and witches were tortured in his presence at Holyrood. It was evident to him that the storms which had detained his bride in Norway, and had occasioned him so much trouble and expense, were raised by witches, and suspicion fell on a gang of witches and warlocks at Tranent. On All Hallow's Eve, 1590, the witches and warlocks of Tranent held a diabolical meeting in the Kirk of North Berwick, when the Devil, a black man with a goat's beard, preached, and exhorted his servants to do all the evil they could. Then all danced in the kirkyard, the graves were opened, the warlocks turned six times round widderschinnes, and the witches nine times. In 1596–7, twenty-three women and one man were burnt in Aberdeen for witchcraft, and the Dean of Guild was rewarded for "his extra-

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ordinary pains in the burning of a great number of witches, and four pirates, and bigging of the port on the brig of Dee." The happiness of life was not added to by dwelling on the dismal belief that old women with lost souls swept at midnight on broomsticks through the wintry blast, or crossed the swift-rushing northern rivers on riddles, as they proceeded to hold fearful meetings, presided over by Satan, in the kirkyard; or that the same wicked ones lived intent on bringing disaster on all around, and with black cats and venomous toads for their ministers, themselves the ministers of the Devil, they performed dark rites for the ruin of the souls, and bodies, and goods of their neighbours.

The studies of the King, which had been interrupted by his visit to Denmark, were soon resumed, and in 1591 he published *His Maiesties poeticall Exercises at vacant hours.* But the good citizens of Edinburgh had books to read besides his Majesty's. In 1689–90, Andrew Hart and John Norton, booksellers, were declared exempt from customs in bringing home their books, because of their "earnest zeal" in having procured books for Edinburgh, whence "this town is furnished with better buikis and volumis nor it was at ony time, ... to the great ease and commoditie of all estates of persons within this realm." The great period of the Elizabethan literature may be said to have begun with the publication of *The Shepherd's Calendar*, in 1580. Surely the influence of this wondrous literature was felt in a measure by readers and writers across the Borders. In 1590, the first three books of Edmund Spenser's *Faerie Queene* saw the light. About 1592, William Shakespeare wrote "the first heir of my invention," as he describes *Venus*

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and Adonis, and before 1598 many of his greatest plays followed. It would be interesting to know if *The Paradyse of Daynty Devises*, or *A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, or *The Phœnix Nest*, or *The Passionate Pilgrim*, or any other of the Elizabethan poetical miscellanies were ever asked for at the shops of the enterprising Andrew Hart and John Norton. The poems of Edmund Spenser were known at Court, for in 1596 the King was deeply offended at the great English poet, and demanded his trial and punishment for publishing "dishonourable effects" "against himself and his mother," in the second part of the *Faerie Queene*. The complaint seems against the account of the "false Duessa" in the ninth Canto of Book V.[1] The compositions of the English Puritan divines would be congenial reading to the Edinburgh ministers; but the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, of which Richard Hooker published the first volume about this time, would find more favour at Holyrood. In 1695–6 Sir Walter Raleigh returned from his El Dorado, and printed the history of his voyage, and doubtless many a travel-loving Scot, as he sat by his fireside poring over the enchanting volume, esteemed it by no means impossible that he too might one day wander on the mysterious shores of the Orinoco, and enter the golden city of Sir Walter's dreams.

The year 1592 is famous in Presbyterian annals as that in which the system received Parliamentary ratification. The Act passed by the Parliament of the 5th of June, Lord Thirlestane being Premier, "is to be regarded

[1] See *Register of the Privy Council*, edit. Masson, vol. v., note to pp. 323, 324.

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as the constitutional charter of the Presbyterian Church government in Scotland, solemnly sanctioned by the legislature. . . ."[1] During the brief period from 1592 till 1596, "the prosperity and influence of the Church continued undiminished."[2]

[1] Lee's *Lectures on the Hist. of the Church of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 111.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 121.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE LAST YEARS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY AND THE FIRST OF THE SEVENTEENTH.

"The times are waxing late."

WHILE the Kirk was triumphant, the persecuted Catholics were preparing to make a desperate effort for emancipation. Multitudes in the North, including thirteen of the nobility, still clung to their faith, and to many the recovery of all that had been lost may have seemed by no means a vain dream. Enduring the wearing-out torture of chronic persecution, accustomed to hear the holiest rites of the Gospel blasphemed, and forbidden to participate in them except at risk to life and limb, surrounded by the "whole apparatus of the Kirk, the whole inquisitorial machinery of detection and persecution;" ". . . . are we to wonder," asks an historian, "that, under such a state of things, the intrigues of the Catholics for the overturn of a government which sanctioned such a system continued. . . .?"[1] In December 1592, the Catholic nobles sent a messenger to the King of Spain, bearing their promise that they would give him all the help in their power if he made an attempt of some kind or other upon the Queen of England."[2] George Kerr, who carried this message,

[1] *Tytler*, vol. ix. p. 76. [2] *Narratives of Scottish Catholics*, p. 220.

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was caught before leaving Scotland by the minister of Paisley, and in his possession were found eight mysterious looking papers, blank white sheets, addressed to a royal personage, and said to be subscribed by Huntly, Errol, Angus, and Patrick Gordon of Auchendown, uncle to Huntly. An inquisition by torture followed; the Earl of Angus, and the Laird of Fintry, who was deeply implicated, were condemned. Angus escaped, but Fintry was executed. The offer of life and Protestantism was held out to the Laird, but he said it would be a bad bargain to prefer earth to heaven.[1] The ministers were thrown into a perfect tremor by the discovery of the "Spanish Blanks," and Queen Elizabeth, aided in her interference by Sir Robert Cecil, as well as by his aged father, Lord Burghley, and with Sir Robert Bowes, still her ambassador in Scotland, was urgent for sharp vengeance. She wrote a vigorous letter to James, the tenor of which was: "Advance not such as hang their hopes on other strings than you may tune. Weed out the weeds;" but this advice failed to do anything but enrage the King when he discovered that she was at the very time secretly countenancing and assisting his rebellious subject Bothwell. He advanced to Aberdeen, and the vast possessions of the Catholic nobles were declared forfeit to the Crown; while the Provincial Assembly of Fife, a dismal little conclave, excommunicated the Catholic chiefs, pronouncing, if unrepentant, "their just and everlasting condemnation." The "Popes of Edinburgh," as the extreme ministers in the metropolis were called, were clamorous for the King to punish them

[1] *Narratives of Scottish Catholics*, p. 221.

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for high treason. Andrew Melville took it upon him to administer "a maist sharp and free admonition" to his sovereign, and, among other backslidings, accused him of "favouring Papists," especially the murderer of the Earl of Murray at Dunnibirsel. He desired that those who counselled him so to do should appear before the Estates, and if he did not convict them of treasonable dealings against Kirk and kingdom, he offered "to go to the gibbet for it, providing they being convict should go the same gett." Whereat the King and his counsellors smiled, "saying the man was mair zealous and coleric nor wise."[1]

In November 1593, an Act of Abolition, exonerating those accused of recent conspiracies with Spain, was passed. At the same time a terrible decree went forth whereby Catholics were condemned either to become Protestants or to become exiles.

"What shall we say," asks a Presbyterian historian, "of a decree which presented to thousands the sad alternative of renouncing their religion or their country, a life-long hypocrisy or a life-long exile? Was ever Act of conformity more sweeping, more merciless than this? The sword or the Koran; the dilemma is still the same cruel one . . . . as the decree went forth they were to be punished for one crime by being forced to perpetrate a second and more terrible one."[2] Yet the Kirk, far from satisfied by this cruel edict, was indignant that "liberty is given to all men to profess what they list, so they

[1] James Melville's *Diary*, p. 313.

[2] *The Church Hist. of Scotland*, Rev. John Cunningham, Minister of Crieff, vol. I.

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depart out of the realm. . . ."[1] On the 4th of November 1594, the battle of Glenlivet was fought in Strathavon between the Earl of Argyll and 10,000 men (many of them utterly untrained to war), on the Protestant side, and the Earls of Huntly and Errol, with 1,500 horsemen and a few foot-soldiers, on the Catholic. The news of Argyll's approach came very suddenly on the Catholics. There was not a moment to lose. Father Gordon, with two or three other Jesuit Fathers, heard the confessions of the whole army, and gave them communion. Then their weapons were sprinkled with holy water, a white cross was marked upon their arms and coats, and the battle began. While it lasted the Fathers remained on their knees, and to their fervent prayers the Catholic victory, which was complete, was attributed.[2] Immediately after hearing of Argyll's defeat, the King and his army, with Andrew Melville bearing a pike, and a bevy of ministers, advanced to Strathbogie, and before long the princely dwelling of Huntly, as well as every other building from castle to hovel which had been polluted by the Mass, was a heap of stones. The Catholic cause seemed doomed. In the spring of 1595 there was a sad service in Elgin Cathedral. For the last time the candles were lit, for the last time altar and priests were vested, for the last time Mass was said. Then Father Gordon mounted the pulpit, and, with bated breath, implored his hearers to risk all for the Faith. His words were fruitless; and in March 1595 the Catholic Earls sailed for the Continent. Father Gordon

[1] *MS. Letter*, cited by Tytler, vol. ix. p. 139.
[2] *Narratives of Scottish Catholics*, p. 224.

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was compelled to follow them. Scotland was too small a country to contain at once the zealous Jesuit and the fiery Andrew Melville. One or two Fathers were, however, sent secretly over to struggle on in the mournful mission field. "We live," wrote one of these, Father Robert Abercromby, "in caves, in secret and unfrequented places. . . . This name [of Catholic or Papist] is more odious and abominable than that of Turk, Saracen, or Jew. It is worse than calling a man a heathen, or a member of the vilest sect on earth." Ten thousand pounds had been offered for his apprehension. "I have hitherto escaped," he says, "for it would be very unfair that I should be sold for more than my dearest Lord was. . . . I sometimes go to an inn, and, indeed, more than one, where the master of the house is a Catholic, but his wife and the rest of the family are heretics. I am lodged in an inner room, where the Catholic friends of my host cannot come to see me by the doorway for fear of being observed, so they put up long ladders at the back of the house, and come in and leave by the window. Persons over sixty years of age will sometimes visit us in this way during the night. . . ."[1] With intrigues for invasion, with rebels against the powers that were, desperate though the provocation may have been, we have no sympathy; but those blameless Catholics who, at extreme peril, sought the Sacraments for the strengthening and refreshing of their souls, and who turned from the altar to the desolate wilderness of Scotland in the latter decades of the sixteenth century, claim the love and admiration of all who believe in the Saviour's gift

[1] *Narratives of Scottish Catholics*, pp. 226–229.

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of His own most precious Body and His Blood, and in the renewal bestowed on the contrite soul in absolution. Was any one tempted to doubt if these hallowed moments before God's altar and beneath His cross were worth his life-long sorrows, he had the answer in himself.

In 1597, Huntly and Errol professed to have seen the error of their ways, and they were received into the bosom of Presbyterianism in the old Kirk of St Nicholas in Aberdeen. Previous to their external reconciliation, the unfortunate noblemen had been placed by the Kirk "under the supervision of a police of its own." Certain clerical detectives were established in their houses with these instructions—"First ye shall address yourselves with all convenient diligence and necessary furniture to enter in their company and familiars, there to remain still with them for the space of three months continual; during the whilk time your principal care shall be, by public doctrine, by reading and interpretation of the Scriptures ordinarily at their tables, and by conference at all mete occasions, to instruct themselves in the haill ground of true religion and godliness, specially on the heads controverted. . ... Take pains to catechise their families ordinarily everie day. . . ." "There are tortures," observes an historian, "attributed to the Inquisition which some men would rather endure. . . ."[1]

Before withdrawing the forfeitures of the Catholics, James wrote to Huntly, warning him that he must either become Protestant or for ever leave the country, and "never look to be a Scotsman again." "Deceive not yourself," are the inexorable and selfish words, "to think

[1] *Burton*, vol. v. p. 303.

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that by lingering of time, your wife and your allies shall get you better conditions. I must love myself and my own estate better than all the world, and think not that I will suffer any professing a contrary religion to dwell in this land."[1] While ecclesiastical matters were proceeding thus lamentably, considerable changes had taken place at Court. Chancellor Thirlestane died in October 1595. In the following January the King, finding that the rents of the Crown were so decayed, and he was arrived at such a pitch of poverty, "there was neither wheat nor beir (barley), silver nor other rent to serve his house sufficiently in bread and drink," committed the management of his revenues to eight gentlemen of the law. These gentlemen were called the Octavians, and they continued in office just one year, when they prayed to be released from their "verie burdynable and fasheous" duties. They were unpopular with the Cubiculars or "Court and bed-chamber gentry," and the ministers suspected they were but "hollow Papists." In January 1598, the Earl of Montrose became Chancellor. The prospect of the return of the Catholic chiefs in 1597 had been most grievous to the Popes of Edinburgh. A deputation of them waited on the King; and Andrew Melville, in his most furious mood, seizing his Majesty by the sleeve, called him "God's silly vassal," exclaiming, "ye maun be served with all sort of men to come to your purpose and grandeur, Jew and Gentile, Papist and Protestant . . . ."[2] It was arranged that the pulpits should open

[1] Cited by *Tytler*, vol. ix. p. 263, from *Warrender MSS.*, and printed by Spottiswood.

[2] *James Melville's Diary*, pp. 370, 371.

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upon the King "with a general discharge, like a broadside in a sea fight."[1] David Black, minister at St Andrews, fired the first shot from the pulpit in September 1596. He declared that James, in permitting the return of the Papists, had "discovered the treachery of his heart; that all kings were devil's bairns; that Satan had now the direction of the Court; that the Queen of England was an Atheist, and as to their own Queen, it was no use praying for her; that the judges of the land were miscreants and accepted bribes; that the nobility were godless and degenerate, and the Privy Councillors cormorants and men of no religion!" For this language Black was sentenced to banishment "beyond the North Esk river," and the Commissioners of the Kirk were ordered to leave Edinburgh. Whereupon the ministers proclaimed a national fast on Sunday "for the wrongs done to Christ's kingdom," and railing in the pulpit against the government increased. On the 17th of December 1596, matters came to a climax. After sermon, Walter Balcanqual besought the nobles and others to repair with him to the Little Kirk or chancel of St Giles. There Robert Bruce enlarged on the peril the Kirk was in by the return of the popish lords, and a deputation was sent to the King, who was with the Court of Session, to bewail before him the impending evils. "What danger see you?" asked the King. Robert Bruce answered that "our best affected men that tender religion are charged off the town; the Lady Huntly, a professed Papist, entertained at Court, and it is suspected that her husband is not far off." The

[1] *Burton*, vol. v. p. 309.

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messengers returned to St Giles, where a minister had been reading the history of Haman and Mordecai, and similar Old Testament passages. "No course," shouted Lord Lindsay, "but one; let us stay together that are here, and promise to take our part, and advertise our friends and the favourers of religion to take the other; so it shall be either theirs or ours." A fearful uproar ensued. "Bring out Haman," yelled some; "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," shrieked others. The Provost, Sir Alexander Home, rose from his sick-bed, and by his persuasions induced the rioters to calm themselves, and to go to their own homes. Next day, the ministers were denounced as the authors of the tumult, and the courts of law were ordered to be removed from Edinburgh. In defiance, John Welsh, a minister, declared from the pulpit of St Giles, "that the King was possessed with a devil; one devil being put out, seven worse had entered in to take its place; and that his subjects might lawfully rise and take the sword out of his hand"; and Bruce, Balcanquhal, and others, formally requested Lord Hamilton, next heir to the Crown after Prince Henry, to become patron of the Kirk. For this performance Bruce had to flee the city,[1] and the ministers, generally, were soon to feel that they had gone too far. The riot of the 17th December had so exasperated the King, that he now turned his attention in earnest to overthrowing Presbyterianism, and to substituting a system which would admit of his own absolute dominion over affairs spiritual as well as temporal. In the former, he had been em-

[1] *Calderwood*, vol. v. pp. 447–536.

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phatically told by the courageous Popes of Edinburgh, that so long as they were in the Kirk of Scotland, there he had no jurisdiction.

In the spring of 1597, he issued fifty-five questions concerning the polity of the Kirk. These were answered by the ministers, who persevered in maintaining the supremacy of the Kirk. To the question, "Is he a lawful pastor who wanteth *impositionem manum?*" the answer was, "Imposition or laying on of hands is not essential and necessare, but ceremonial and indifferent."[1] On the 28th of February, the King laid before the ministers thirteen articles, most of which were accepted. One of these decreed "That it shall not be lawful to the pastors to name any particular men's names in the pulpit, or so vively to describe them as may be equivalent with their naming, except upon the notorietie of a crime. . ."

By an Act of Parliament of December 1597, "all ministers provided to prelacies should have vote in Parliament." "This Act was regarded by all strict Presbyterians as the death-blow to Presbytery in Scotland."[2] The Synod of Fife denounced the Act, and David Ferguson, the oldest minister in the country, compared it to the wooden horse by means of which Troy was taken. "Busk, busk, busk him, as bonilie as ye can," said John Davidson, "and bring him in as fairly as ye will, we see him well enough, we see the hornes of his miter."[3] Even nature seemed to express

[1] *Calderwood*, vol. v. pp. 577–596.

[2] *Register of the Privy Council*, edit. Masson, vol. v., pref. note to p. 428.

[3] *Calderwood*, vol. v. pp. 668–670, 680, 681, 695, 696.

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abhorrence of the "hatching" of "this woful Episcopacie." There was a "fearful eclipse" of the sun on the 25th of February 1598, and "none could see to read on a book." "The stars appearing in the firmanent, sea, land, and air, was still, and strucken dead as it were, the ravens and fowls flocking together, mourned exceedinglie in their kind. Great multitudes of paddocks ran together, making an uncouth and hideous noise; men and women were astonished, as if the day of judgment had been coming. . . . The streets of Edinburgh were full of cries. . . . The like fearful eclipse . . . was seen in France, when men . . . were enticed . . . to agree upon a midde betwixt Papists and Protestants . . ."; [1] and now the godly beheld in it "a prognostic of that darkness which was to fall upon the Kirk." [2]

In this year, Robert Bruce, being deprived of his stipend by the King, took his case to the Court of Session, and obtained a decision in his favour. His Majesty appealed, "raging marvellously"; but the President, Sir Alexander Seton, and almost the whole Court, decided against him, and fearlessly asserted the supremacy of the law. [3]

The meddling of the ministers in his personal and domestic concerns may have irritated the King fully as much as public uproars. In March 1596, a party of divines was sent from the General Assembly to confer with him concerning his own sins and those of his household. Amongst the complaints were, that strangers were troubled at "seeing the exercise of the reading

[1] *Calderwood*, vol. v. p. 682. [2] *Scot's Narration.*
[3] *Tytler*, vol. ix. p. 231.

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of the Word at table, and reverent saying of grace before and after meat, diverse times omitted." "His Majestie is blottit with banning and swearing, quhilk is too common in courtiers also. . . . . His Majestie is recommended to remove from his company murderers and Papists, and profane persons." The Queen is admonished for not repairing "to the Word and Sacraments, nicht-walking, balling," etc.

An historian writes that, in the beginning of the year 1596, "the Kirk of Scotland was now come to her perfection, and the greatest puritie that ever she attained unto, both in doctrine and discipline, so that her beauty was admirable to foreign kirks. The assemblies of the saints were never so glorious nor profitable to everie one of the true members thereof. . . ."[1] Again, a writer says, "to this period [from 1592 to 1596] all true Presbyterians look back as the era of the greatest purity which this National Church ever attained."[2] Alas! that stern facts, revealed in the dull pages of dry statistics, should prove that "a more frightful state of corruption in a Christian nation has hardly ever been recorded."[3] In March of this same year, a General Assembly bewailed the "universal coldness and decay of zeale in all estates, joined with ignorance and contempt of the Word, ministrie and sacraments; superstition and idolatrie intertained, quhilk utters itself in keeping of festival days and bonfires, pilgrimages, singing of carols, and Yule. Great blasphemie . . . . in all estates, with horrible banning and cursing in all their speeches. Profanation of the

[1] *Calderwood*, vol. v. pp. 387, 388.
[2] *Lee*, vol. ii. p. 121. [3] *Grub*, vol. ii. p. 269.

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Sabbath, and specelie in seedtime and harvest, and common journeying on the Sabbath, and trysting and warldlie turns,—ane flood of bloodscheds and deadlie feuds, ... adultries, sacrilege in all estates,"[1] are but samples of the enormities of "this era of the greatest purity." Nor would it appear that excessive drinking of whiskey had to account for the state of matters, although whiskey had existed since early in the fifteenth century, and a few years later we find two men taken up "for extraordinar drinking of *aqua vitae*"; and another who, having "lost sundrie of his senses" from the same cause, is commanded to fall on his knees and crave of "God and the Kirk for forgiveness." Such ministers as are "light and wanton in behaviour, as in gorgeous and light apparel, unlawful gaming, swearers or banners, profaners of the Sabbath-day, drunkards, fighters," etc., were to be "deprived as sclanderous to the Gospel."[2] Stringent laws were made for Sabbath observance at this time. Shearing corn, dressing clothes, carrying parcels, and similar transgressions, were visited by ecclesiastical censure, if not by public rebuke, after public confession before the whole congregation.[3] Was it with the view of affording lawful diversion to his subjects, that in 1599 the King gave his licence to Lawrence Fletcher, who belonged to the London company which included Shakespeare,[4] to bring a party of

[1] *Booke of the Universall Kirk*, pp. 434, 435.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 428.

[3] Despite this severity, Sunday markets were obstinately persisted in in certain districts.

[4] It has been suggested that Shakespeare may have visited Scotland with this company.

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English comedians to act plays in Edinburgh? The Kirk having tried to prohibit the people from attending the theatre, a royal proclamation was made against those who by issuing such prohibitions, "misconstrues his Majistie's haill doings and misinterprets his highness gude intentions whatsomeever," confirming the liberties of the poor players, and freely permitting the attendance of the citizens.

From weary strife of Kirk and State it is a relief to turn to events which brought happiness to the royal family and to the nation. On the 19th of February 1594, Queen Anne gave birth to a son at Stirling, and the people were "daft with mirth." He was baptized in the Chapel Royal at Stirling by Cunningham, "Bishop" of Aberdeen, and was named Frederick Henry.[1] On the 15th of August 1596, a daughter was born at Dunfermline, and named Elizabeth, after the Queen of England. On Christmas Eve, 1598, another daughter was born at Dalkeith, and on the 19th of November 1600, a second son was born at Dunfermline, and baptized Charles by the "Bishop" of Ross. In the following year came another son, Robert Bruce, who died a babe. Queen Anne had never been popular with the Kirk, because she was a Lutheran, and said to be inclined to "Papistry."

After the birth of her first child she and the King were not on very comfortable terms. The heir to the throne was committed, according to "use and wont," to the care of the Earl of Mar in Stirling Castle, and

[1] Frederick, after the Queen's father, Frederick II.; Henry, after the King's father, Henry Darnley.

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this separation from her babe was a sore grievance to the Queen. James well knew, as he told her in reply to a curtain lecture, that "if some faction got strong enough, she could not hinder his boy being used against him, as he himself had been against his unfortunate mother."

In the year 1600, Queen Anne was secretly received into the Roman Catholic Church by the Rev. Robert Abercromby. She made her general confession to him, and then "received the Most Holy Sacrament with the utmost spiritual joy." Frequently after this, in the earliest morning hours, she made her communion. The King found her out. "Well, wife," he said after his discovery, "if you cannot live without this sort of thing, do your best to keep things as quiet as possible; for if you don't, our crown is in danger." The worthy husband tried to excuse her in public by saying she was crazy.[1]

The state of Catholicism in Scotland was now very low. We are told that the deluded Catholics had "at last opened their eyes to the painful reality, and understood that James's only motive for not breaking entirely with them was the fear of losing their aid in raising him to the throne of England." "But tremble and shift as he might, James's purpose kept ever in view the one unchanging point: at all and every cost, he would be King of England."[2] One by one the last living links with the ancient hierarchy were broken. In 1593 William Chisholm, Bishop of Dunblane, died at Rome, and in 1596 John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, died

[1] *Narratives of Scottish Catholics*, p. 266. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 267.

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at Brussels. On the 24th of April 1603, James Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow, the last member of the ancient hierarchy in Scotland, died at Paris. Ninian Winzet, the forgotten schoolmaster of Linlithgow, and venerated Abbot of the Scottish Monastery of St James, Ratisbon, died there on the 21st of September 1592.[1]

In the year 1600 happened "the strangest adventure of James's reign," called the Gowrie Conspiracy. We have seen that in 1584 the Earl of Gowrie was executed. He left two sons bearing the family name of Ruthven. To the eldest, who had travelled abroad, and during five years he spent at the University of Padua was addicted to the study of necromancy, the King restored the title and estates of Gowrie. Early one morning, on the 5th of August, the younger brother, Alexander, arrived at Falkland with a strange story to tell the King, who was starting to hunt the buck in the park. He said he had just seized, and shut up in his brother's house in Perth, a suspicious-looking man, doubtless a Jesuit, beneath whose voluminous cloak was concealed an urn filled with golden coins. Alexander advised his Majesty to accompany him to Perth forthwith, and see about the matter. The King, thus decoyed by the double scent of a Jesuit and golden coins, rode off with Alexander to Gowrie House, and after he had dined, was further decoyed into a little turret chamber, where an armed man was standing. Having James in his power as he thought, Alexander, threatening and furious, reminded him of his father's death, as he pointed a dagger to his breast.

[1] *Life of Ninian Winzet*, in Maitland Club edit. of his works, p. 21.

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He then left him alone with the armed man. Meanwhile, the nobles and attendants below were told that the King had ridden off to Falkland, and were hurrying to their horses to overtake him, when they were stopped by cries of "Help! treason! help! my Lord of Mar!" proceeding from the turret chamber, and at the window appeared the terror-stricken face of James. At the very moment he thus shrieked, Alexander, who had returned, was tying his hands with a garter. Sir John Ramsay rushed up a back stairway, and, followed by Sir Thomas Erskine and Sir Hugh Herries, between them they despatched young Ruthven with their swords. The Earl of Gowrie now appeared on the ghastly scene, and Sir John Ramsay ran him through the heart. Already the noise was all over Perth, and the King had just risen from his kees, as he thanked God for his marvellous escape, when the city alarum bell was ringing violently, and the citizens were clamouring round Gowrie House for the blood of the young Earl who had been their Provost. When the hurly-burly had subsided, the King and his retinue departed down the river in a boat, and went straight to Falkland. To this day the outrage of Gowrie is a mystery. "The most probable solution was afforded by the discovery, several years afterwards, of a correspondence between Gowrie and Logan of Restalrig, which pointed to the seizure of the person rather than the murder of James as the object of the plot."[1] Amid the congratulations James received on his deliverance, a section of the Kirk, led by Robert Bruce, took the matter very coldly, and even blamed

[1] Art. "Scotland," *Ency. Brit.*, ninth edition, A. E. Mackay.

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the King. Bruce persisting in his censures was banished to France; but the Kirk generally submitted to the Royal mandate that the weekly sermon should take place on a Tuesday, the day of the Conspiracy, and that the 5th of August should be kept "in all times and ages to come" as a day of thanksgiving.

In a Convention at Edinburgh, in December 1599, an Act was passed appointing in the future the "first day of the year to begin upon the 1st of January,"[1] instead of on the 25th of March. The first New Year's Day held in Scotland, according to the new reckoning, was on the 1st of January 1600.

During the last years of the sixteenth century and the first of the seventeenth, there seems to have been a consciousness among many that a new era was approaching, and indeed a certain impatience for its arrival. Much that had belonged to the old world, and was a part of the Middle Ages, had passed away for ever. The last hundred years had been a period of stirring change in the history of Europe, and this little northern kingdom had received a full share of transformation and excitement. When, in 1507, William Elphinstone, the saint-like Bishop of Aberdeen, had induced Walter Chepman and Andrew Myllar to "bring hame *ane prent*," neither the Bishop nor the tradesmen foresaw the mighty agent that little printing machine was to be of change and progress, of loss and gain. It had triumphed over the Scriptorium, and had taken from the monks their happiest employment, before the "rascal multitude" had devastated their quiet homes,

[1] *Act. Parl. Scot.*, iv. 213, 214.

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or the Lords of the Congregation had helped themselves to their too extensive acres. It had not an unimportant part to do with that ecclesiastical revolution which, unparalleled in the history of Christendom, had swept like a hurricane over Scotland, leaving multitudes of her sons isolated in religious sympathies from all except the followers of Calvin, of Beza, or of Zwingli. To have lived in Scotland in the first and in the latter parts of the sixteenth centuries, was to have lived in two widely different worlds, for the Scotland of the Catholic Church was very unlike the Scotland of John Knox and of Andrew Melville. Surely it was with grave and anxious hearts that the old men who had seen such sweeping transformations looked forward to the future. And among those who were living in anticipation, none were doing so more entirely than King James VI. In 1598 Lord Burghley died, after a Premiership of forty years. He was succeeded by his son, Sir Robert Cecil, and with him the King found it politic to enter into a mysterious correspondence anent the succession to the Crown of England. In September 1598, the royal author published in Edinburgh *The Trew Law of Free Monarchies: or the Reciprock and Mutual Dutie betwixt a Free King and his naturall Subjects*, wherein he expounded his theories about the divine right of monarchs, and the duty of passive obedience of subjects.[1] The object of this work seems to have been to prove himself to the English nation as fitted to become their ruler.[2] In 1599, his Majesty completed the *Basilicon Doron, or his*

[1] *Records of the Privy Council*, edit. Masson, vol. v., pref. p. 504.
[2] *Chambers' Life of James VI.*, vol. i. p. 288.

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Majestie's Instructions to his dearest Sonne, Henry the Prince. A copy of the MS. having fallen into the hands of James Melville, he laid certain extracts relative to the royal authority, and the restoration of Episcopacy, before the Synod of Fife.[1] Discussion ensued, but was stopped when the King published the book. James succeeded at last so quietly to the throne of England, that it is difficult to believe he should ever have had any real cause for anxiety on the subject, and that there were other possible claimants besides the Lady Arabella Stuart. There are some confused, mysterious records of alleged dealings of the King with Rome, about this time. He was charged with writing a letter to Pope Innocent IX., suggesting that a Scotsman, named Chisholm, should receive a Cardinal's hat. He denied the charge, but his opponent in controversy, Cardinal Bellarmine, published the letter. When James came to the English throne, Balmerinoch, who was Secretary of State when the letter was written in 1598, was tried for treason, in having procured the King's signature by fraud. He confessed that he had slipped the document into a heap of papers prepared for the royal signature. "This was possible,"[2] says Dr Burton.

When the seventeenth century was in the third year of its existence, the days of the "mighty Elizabeth" were numbered. Her coronation ring had eaten into her flesh, and with mournful forebodings she had permitted it to be filed off. After having banished mirrors from her apartments, she had once again dared to look on the reflexion of her face, and was appalled by her wan

[1] *Calderwood*, vol. v. pp. 744, 745 [2] *Burton*, vol. v. p. 354.

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and haggard lineaments. She had heard the dying confession of the Countess of Nottingham; and, as she shook her in her bed, had declared that God might forgive her for having kept back the ring which would have saved the life of Essex, but she could not; she had vowed that no rascal should fill her throne, but a king for a throne of kings. James, when he knew the end was very near, gave to her attendant, Lady Scrope, a sapphire ring, to be sent to him when all was over; and Elizabeth, as she lay grovelling on the floor among her cushions, in awful loneliness and misery unutterable, knew that those eyes which had once been dazzled by her, "the bright occidental star," were turned towards the northern hills in anticipation of the rising sun.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE UNION OF THE CROWNS.

"Stretch forth thy hand to me, auld foe!
Welcome to thee, new friend!"

LATE on Saturday night, the 26th of March 1603, a weary man, breathless and battered, bleeding and dust-begrimed (for he had fallen from his horse in his headlong gallop, and had not stopped to wash his face), passed the gates of Holyrood, and was admitted at once into the King's chamber. His Majesty was in bed, and probably quite prepared for what was coming, when the travel-stained herald saluted him, in words that were music to his ears, as King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland. Elizabeth had died at Richmond at three o'clock on Thursday morning. Sir Robert Carey, youngest son of her kinsman, Lord Hunsdon, was hovering, booted and spurred, beneath the window of the dying Queen; and the moment she breathed her last, his sister, Lady Scrope, as had been pre-arranged, leant from the window and dropt into her brother's hand the sapphire ring which the King of Scots had given her. Bearing the clear blue gem, whose significance was love and truth, the wedding-ring of the nations, Sir Robert leapt on his horse, and galloped off with terrific speed to Scotland. The mighty union

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which many events had been slowly but surely tending to ever since little Margaret Tudor had, one hundred and one years before, left her English home to be the bride of James IV., was at length accomplished, and James VI. lost no time in setting off to the near though very strange land in which his mother had found a prison and a grave, but where for him awaited a splendid throne. The desire of his heart was fulfilled. He was King of England, and he probably fully realised the dazzling fact when its formal announcement arrived from the Council of England, and he read, "written in your Majestie's citie of London." In reply to the English Privy Councillors as to how his Majesty did, the envoy from Scotland said, "E'en, my lords, like a puir man that hath been wandering in the wilderness and barren soil for about forty years, and is now arrived within sight of the Land of Promise."[1] On Sunday, April 3rd, he went to St Giles, and after sermon rose from his seat and tried to comfort, in his own rough though kindly fashion, the weeping people he was leaving. He represented that he was not going so very far away. "There is nae mair difference," he said, "betwixt London and Edinburgh, yea, not sae mickle than is betwixt Inverness or Aberdeen and Edinburgh, for all our marches are dry, and there is nae ferries betwixt them. But my course maun be betwixt baith, to establish peace, and religion, and wealth betwixt baith the countries, and as God hath joined the trust of baith the kingdoms in my

[1] *The Progresses of King James the First*, John Nicholls, vol. i. p. 34.

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person, sae ye may be joined in wealth, in religion, in hearts and affections, and as the ane country has wealth, and the other has multitude of men, sae ye may pairt the gifts, and every ane do as they may to help other. And as God has removit me to ane greater power than I had, sae I maun endeavour myself to nourish and establish religion, to tak away the corruptions of baith countries. . . Ye need not doubt but as I have ane body as able as ony king in Europe, whereby I am able to travel, sae I sall vissie you every three year at the least. . . . Therefore, think not of me as of ane king going fra ane part to ane other, but of ane king, lawfully callit, going frae ane part of the Isle to ane other, that sae your comfort may be the greater. . . . I have nae mair to say, but pray for me."[1] The King parted from Queen Anne, who was to follow him in a few weeks, in the High Street of Edinburgh,[2] and then with a mighty cavalcade of Scots and of English, who had hastened across the Borders to escort him, he left his own ancient city and turned his face towards England. Grand and gratifying was the reception he met with on his triumphant progress. His special predilections had been studied. Royal hunts were organized on the journey; there was an enormous amount of eating and drinking, and the prison gates flew open for all, except for those malefactors for whom there was no mercy, "that lay for treason, murther, and Papistrie."[3]

[1] *Calderwood*, vol. vi. pp. 215, 216.

[2] *Time Triumphant*, a very scarce tract, reprinted in Nicholls' *Progresses*.

[3] Nicholls' *Progresses*, vol. i. p. 70.

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Revolting were the addresses of welcome offered to the new King, and profanity, after revelling in various excesses, culminated in the salutation, "Hail, mortal God!"[1] As he entered London, the Recorder of the city, referring in his oration to the late Queen, said, ". . . . she is gathered in peace to her fathers. . . . . Out of the ashes of this Phœnix was thou, King James, born for our good; the bright star of the north. . . . ."[2] Very shocking was some of the popular poetry of the day, and it found suitable expression in adoring addresses to the present sovereign, or to the departed one. "The Coronation of Eliza in Heaven." ". . . there let Eliza stay, crowned with the wreath of everlasting bliss,"[3] represents the latter style of verse.

On the 25th of July 1603, King James was crowned and anointed at Westminster Abbey by Archbishop Whitgift, and when he was throned on the immemorial Stone of Destiny, his countrymen saw the fulfilment of the prophecy made in forgotten ages. Queen Anne was also crowned and anointed, but absolutely refused to receive the Holy Communion at an English altar, saying she would rather forego her coronation.[4]

The King found in Cecil, whom he created Earl of Salisbury, a prime minister and a chief counsellor, and he retained many of his predecessor's ministers in their places. To the English Privy Council he added six Scotchmen;

[1] Nicholls' *Progresses*, vol. i. p. 140.
[2] *Calderwood*, vol. iv. p. 224.
[3] Nicholls' *Progresses*, vol. i. p. 241.
[4] *Narratives of Scottish Catholics*, note to p. 265.

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and while showering titles liberally all around, the English believed the Scots received the largest share of gifts, and declared that his Majesty was preyed upon by troops of Scots, who, often of rough aspect, and generally of strange speech, are described as "idle rascals and poor miserable bodies," who go to solicit the King for payment of debts incurred to them by his Court when in Scotland,—"of all kinds of importunity the most unpleasing to his Majesty."

An awful visitation of the Plague, and a conspiracy known as Raleigh's Plot, marked the first years of the new reign. Among the devisers of the Plot were Sir Walter Raleigh, the Lords Grey and Cobham, and Sir Griffin Markham, and one at least of their ultimate aims seems to have been to set the Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne. Of the conspirators, Brook, the brother of Cobham, and two Roman Catholic priests, were executed; and Raleigh, after being condemned to death, was reprieved, and then began his dreary captivity in the Tower, which was to last for twelve years.

Scotland after 1603 may be said to have been "governed through the post."[1] The Earl of Dunfermline, who in 1604 succeeded Montrose as Chancellor, was, with others of the Privy Councillors, responsible for the government policy pursued in Scotland from 1604 to 1607, but James was the real governor. He wrote to the Privy Council "always in the tone of an imperious lord and master addressing his underlings,"[2] and boasted,

[1] *Records of the Privy Council*, edit. Masson, vol. vii., pref. p. xxv.

[2] *Records of the Privy Council*, pref. p. xxv.

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—"This I must say for Scotland, and may truly vaunt it; here I sit and govern it with my pen: I write, and it is done by a clerk of the Council. I govern Scotland now, which others could not do by the sword."[1] He earnestly desired the union of the countries as well as of the Crowns, that the names of North Britain and South Britain should be substituted for Scotland and England, and the Borders known as the "Middle Shires." On the 15th of November 1604, the Privy Council registered the proclamation already issued in England, that "we assume to ourselvis the style and tytill of King of Great Britane, France, and Irreland. . . ."[2] The union negotiations went on for a year or two. Scotch and English Commissioners—among the latter, Sir Francis Bacon—sat at Westminster, but the business was interrupted, and for the time abandoned.

The anxieties of Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury, and others in the Church of England, on the accession of a Sovereign brought up amongst Presbyterians, were terminated, as well as the hopes of Catholics and Puritans, by the Hampton Court Conferences in January 1604. When the King was on his way to London, the Puritans, "all groaning as under a common burthen of human rites and ceremonies," presented him with the Millenary Petition. The principal demands of the Petition were—"1. In the Church service: that the cross in baptism, interrogatories ministered to infants, confirmations, as superfluous, may be taken away; baptism not to be ministered by women, and so explained; the cap and surplice not urged; that examination may go before the

[1] *Records of the Privy Council*, pref. p. xxv. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 17.

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communion; that it be ministered with a sermon; that divers terms of priests and absolution and some other used, with the ring in marriage, and other such like in the book, may be corrected; the longsomeness of service abridged; church-songs and music moderated to better edification; that the Lord's Day be not profaned; the rest upon holidays not so strictly urged; that there may be an uniformity of doctrine prescribed; no popish opinion to be any more taught or defended; no ministers charged to teach their people to bow at the name of Jesus; that the canonical Scriptures only to be read in the Church."[1]

The Conferences were held between the King and representatives of the Catholic and Puritan parties of the Church of England. They certainly exhibit the Sovereign and the leaders of Anglicanism in 1604 in a lamentable light. While full justice must be done to the learning and shrewdness of James VI., these and other good endowments are obscured if not lost beneath a thick veil of egotism and conceit. His determination to bully men to believe as he did, and to infringe on the divine rights of men, he thus expressed: "I will have one doctrine and one discipline, one religion in substance and in ceremony." "I shall make them conform themselves, or I will harry them out of this land, or yet do worse." His Majesty began the Conference by publicly thanking God "for bringing him into the promised land, where religion was purely professed, where he sate among grave, learned, and reverend men, not as before, elsewhere, a king without state, without honour, without

[1] *A History of Conferences*, Edward Cardwell, pp. 130–132.

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order, where beardlesse boyse would brave him to his face. . . ." The Puritan party may have perceived how fairly they were to be dealt with, when the king, turning to the lords and bishops, said of them,—"I will tell you, I have lived among this sort of men ever since I was ten years old, but I may say of myself, as Christ did of Himself, though I lived amongst them, yet since I had ability to judge, I was never of them. . ." In regard to the Puritan abhorrence of every rite and doctrine reputed to be "Popish," James truly observed: "By this argument we might renounce the Trinity and all that is holy"; and speaking to one of the Puritans "merrily," he added, "They used to wear hose and shoes in popery, therefore you shall now go barefoot." The surplice was objected to as "a kind of garment which the priests of Isis used to wear." "Surely," saith his Majesty, "until of late I did not think that it had been borrowed from the heathen, because it is commonly termed a rag of popery in scorn. . ." Surrounded by nine bishops and nine priests, the Archbishop of Canterbury exclaiming that "undoubtedly his Majesty spake by the special assistance of God's Spirit," the Bishop of London, upon his knee, protesting "that his heart melted within him (as so, he doubted not, did the hearts of the whole company) with joy, and made haste to acknowledge unto Almighty God the singular mercy we have received at His hands in giving us such a king, as since Christ His time the like he thought had not been," James delivered his sentiments: "A Scottish presbytery," said he, "as well agreeth with a monarchy as God and the devil. Then Jack, and Tom, and Will, and Dick shall meet, and at their pleasure censure me and my council and all our

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proceedings; then Will shall stand up and say, It must be thus; then Dick shall reply and say, Nay, marry, but we will have it thus. And, therefore, here I must once reiterate my former speech, *Le Roy s'avisera:* stay, I pray you, for one seven years, before you demand that of me; and if then you find me pursy and fat, and my windpipes stuffed, I will perhaps hearken to you; for let that government be once up, I am sure I shall be kept in breath; then shall we all of us have work enough, both our hands full. . . ." The end of the whole matter was as James himself said, "No Bishop, no King"; and when he had concluded his speech, "My Lord Chancellor, passing out of the Privy Chamber, said unto the Dean of Chester, standing by the door, I have often heard and read that '*Rex est mixta persona cum sacerdote*,' but I never saw the truth thereof till this day."[1] The Conference was an entertainment after the King's own heart, for he dearly loved polemics and theology; and what a pleasant contrast was the adulation of these English divines to the behaviour of his friends, the ministers of Edinburgh! In the presence of the former he shone as "the British Solomon"; the latter hardly concealed from him that they regarded him as "the wisest fool in Christendom."

When the Conference was over, James wrote triumphantly to a friend in Scotland: "We have kept such a revell with the Puritans here this two days as was never heard the like; quhaire I have peppered them as soundlie as ye have done the Papists there. It were no reason

[1] *The Summe and Substance of the Conference, &c.*, Dr Barlow, Dean of Chester. Cardwell, p. 167–204.

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that those that will refuse the airy sign of the cross after baptism should have their purses stuffed with any more solid and substantial crosses. They fled me from argument to argument without ever answering me directly, *ut est eorum moris. . . .*"[1]

The translation of the Holy Bible, generally known as the "authorised version," was first projected at the Hampton Court Conference. Fifty-four learned men were engaged on the great work, which was begun in 1604 and concluded in 1611. When Convocation met in March, a prayer was provided to be used by preachers and people "for Christ's Holy Catholic Church, that is, for the whole congregation of Christian people dispersed throughout the whole world, and especially for the churches of England, Scotland, and Ireland," and for the King, "supreme governor in these his realms, and all other his dominions and countries, over all persons in all causes, as well ecclesiastical as temporal."

Archbishop Whitgift died in 1604, and was succeeded by Bancroft, Bishop of London, who was determined to maintain the Catholic tradition in the Church against the Puritans. The first English Parliament of James VI. met on the 19th of March 1604; and in a speech, as noble and dignified as certain of his utterances at the Conference were the reverse, the King declared that his faith was the "trew, ancient, Catholike, and Apostolike faith," and that he would "ever yield all reverence to antiquitie in the points of ecclesiastical pollicy."[2] In February 1605,

[1] *King James to some person unknown in Scotland*, Cardwell, p. 160.

[2] *The Works of James VI.*, edit. 1616, p. 485.

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he addressed his Council, and in regard to the Romanists protested his "utter detestation of their superstitious religion; and that he was so far from favouring it as, if he thought that his son and heir after him would give any toleration thereunto, he would wish him fairly buried before his eyes. . . ." He charged the Lords of the Council and the Bishops "to see the laws speedily executed with all rigour against the said extremes," meaning Catholics and Puritans. The routine business of the government was interrupted in November 1605 by the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. This most horrible conspiracy was the direct outcome of the infamously cruel laws enacted against the Roman Catholics, and fearfully, when it failed, was every member of the Roman Church in Great Britain to suffer for the wickedness of a few desperate men. To Robert Catesby, a gentleman of Northamptonshire, there suggested itself "a plan so atrocious in principle, and so sanguinary in execution, that it is difficult to conceive how it could be harboured in the mind of any human being—the plan of blowing up the Parliament House with gunpowder, and involving in one common destruction the King, the Lords, and the Commons, all those who framed, with the chief of those who executed, the penal laws against the English Catholics."[1] Catesby was joined by several others, including Thomas Winter, who, proceeding abroad, secured the valuable services of Guy Fawkes, a soldier, and a native of Yorkshire. By the 5th of November 1605, when Parliament was to meet, all was in readiness —a cellar underneath the Houses of Parliament was

[1] Lingard's *Hist. of England*, vol. ix. p. 33.

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stored with gunpowder, Fawkes was to fire the mine, Catesby was to proclaim the heir-apparent, and a protector, who was never named, was to assume the government during the prince's minority.

On October 26th, as Lord Mounteagle was at supper, a letter was handed to him, warning him that a "terrible blow" was about to fall on the Parliament, "and yet they shall not see who hurts them." Soon after midnight on the 5th of November, Fawkes on entering the cellar was caught by Sir Thomas Knevett. On his examination by the King and Council he boldly confessed his evil designs. When a Scottish nobleman asked why he had collected so many barrels of gunpowder, "To blow the Scottish beggars back to their native mountains" was the reply.[1] Fawkes and his seven associates were arraigned, and, being found guilty, were condemned and executed as traitors. The names of three Jesuits, Gerard, Garnet, and Greenway, appear in connection with the plot. Gerard and Greenway escaped abroad, but Garnet was arraigned. All that he knew under the Seal of Confession he resolutely refused to reveal. He, too, suffered on the scaffold on May 3rd, 1606. After the failure of the plot, although the Roman Catholics both in England and on the Continent raised a sincere cry of horror at the news, it was of no avail, for nothing was now too bad to be believed of Catholics. "To protect them" was, in the words of an eminent English divine, "to commit a deed hateful to God; and to prosecute them to the death was "to advance His glory!" No time was lost in setting about panic legislation, and

[1] *Lingard*, vol. ix. p. 56.

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a new and terrific penal code, containing seventy fresh articles, was prepared, whilst the existing laws were executed with relentless severity. Eighteen priests and seven laymen suffered death for the mere exercise of their religion. One hundred and twenty-eight priests were banished; the heavy fine of twenty pounds a month was exacted with the utmost rigour from every Catholic who did not attend the services of the Established Church; with defiant profanation, a sacramental test was for the first time introduced into the service of persecution, and a new oath of allegiance was framed, in terms which no Catholic could subscribe without committing an act of apostasy, whilst to refuse it subjected him to all the penalties of high treason. A great deal of the money raised by fining Recusants went to courtiers; and as a means of making the poor Catholics as uncomfortable as possible, even their goods were seized,[1] and it would take a long time to enumerate the disabilities under which they were crushed, and which, humanly speaking, made success in life impossible. "All hope abandon ye who enter here" of ever prospering in this world, may every Roman Catholic indeed have cried when he set foot on British soil during this dismal period. When the King was securely settled on the throne of his desire, he had, in the brief exclamation, "Na, na, we'll not need the Papists now," revealed one motive at least for any leniency he had ever shown towards them, or for any hopes of toleration he had held out to them. Verily the reign of James VI. in the United Kingdom was

[1] See *Gardiner's Hist. of England*, vol. i.

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becoming one of blood and terror to all who presumed to disagree with him on religious subjects, or who refused to acknowledge him as supreme head and absolute governor of both Church and State; and whilst multitudes of his subjects were dragging on their lives of hopeless misery, "he was," says one of his biographers, "holding a perpetual Christmas."[1]

The ecclesiastical troubles in England by no means permitted him to forget the Kirk he had left in Scotland, and his intention of forcing Episcopacy on an unwilling Kirk was steadily adhered to. The right to hold General Assemblies was the very soul of the Presbyterian system, and in renewing battle with the ministers, James VI. resolved to strike at this right.[2]

In July 1604, an Assembly which was to have taken place at Aberdeen was adjourned by the King's commands. John Welsh and John Forbes, and other ministers who persisted in assembling, were imprisoned in the Castle of Blackness. James Melville, who had protested against the King's interference, put forth "an apologie for the prisoners of the Lord Jesus, presentlie in the Castle of Blackness," in which he contended for the right to meet in Assembly without the royal authority. Meantime the vacant sees were filled by more complacent ministers. In 1603, on the death of Archbishop Beaton, John Spottiswood, minister at Calder, was placed in the See of Glasgow, and in the same year Peter Rollock in Dunkeld. In 1604, George

[1] Chambers' *Life of James VI.*, vol. ii. p. 95.

[2] See *Register of the Privy Council*, edit. Masson, vol. vii. pref. p. xlvi.

[3] *Calderwood*, pp. 298–322.

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Gladstanes, originally minister at Arbirlot, then in the See of Caithness, was translated to St Andrews, which had been vacant since the death of Adamson. Alexander Forbes succeeded him in Caithness, and the nominal Bishops of Dunblane, Ross, Aberdeen, Murray, and Brechin were Graham, Lindsay, Blackburn, Douglas, and Campbell; and in 1605, Hamilton, Law, and Knox were appointed to the Sees of Galloway, Orkney, and the Isles.

In July 1606, a Parliament, called the Red Parliament, because of the scarlet robes worn by the nobles by the King's commands[1] met at Perth. The Earl of Montrose presided as Royal Commissioner, and the "Archbishops" and "Bishops," the body of the hierarchy without the soul, attended in great pomp. The hollow mockery of the pageant deceived no one. The Presbyterians were only exasperated, and, as well as Catholics, saw in the "prelates" only specially obedient ministers, well mounted, and "clothed in silk and velvet."[2] At this Parliament the King was declared supreme over all persons and causes, and the temporalities of the "Bishops" were partly restored.

The hatred of the High Presbyterians towards Episcopacy seemed on the increase. In the words of one of their leaders,—"Was not Papistrie thy Egypt, O Scotland, and did not the Lord deliver thee out of it; and saving thee from that tyrannie, and thraldome, brought thee unto a pleasant Canaan of His Gospel, to serve Him

[1] *Privy Council*, edit. Masson, vol. vii. pref. p. xxviii.

[2] Of the eleven "Bishops" present, ten rode on horseback. Peter Blackburn of Aberdeen went on foot, esteeming this more suitable in a minister.

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in spirit and truth, and that in such a manner and form, as the like was never heard nor seen? And sall thou go and make to thee other captains by Moses and Aaron? . . . . dear native countrie, your seers see, and your watchmen give you a faithful warning, crying to you, that the Episcopal hierarchie is verie Papistrie, and spiritual Egypt, howbeit by the policie of man otherwise busked, attired, and dressed, to take the foolish and simple withal. This is no other thing in the substance thereof . . . turning the spiritual worshipping of God in outward toys and ceremonies; bringing the pomp of the world into the simple and humble Kirk. . . . . Admitting that bishopric again, lost is your honour, wrecked is your welfare, and gone is your grace and garland of heavenlie and spiritual glorie for ever."[1] A Protestation was presented to the Parliament of 1606, denouncing the Episcopal office as "the ground of great idleness, gross ignorance, unsufferable pride, pitiless tyrannie, and shameless ambition in the Kirk of God," and as the origin of "that man of sin." " . . . Let the staff of God," continues the Protestation, "crush that egg which hath hatched such a venomous cockatrice; and let not only that Roman Antichrist be throwed down, . . . but let all the steps whereby he clame up to that unlawful pre-eminence be cast down and utterlie abolished in this land."[2]

[1] James Melville, in *Calderwood*, vol. vi. pp. 527, 528.

[2] *Calderwood*, vol. vi. pp. 486, 487. For once at least the arid pages of *Calderwood* excite a smile, in spite of the awful gravity of the historian, when he relates how a certain Mr Struthers, vehement in his horror of Prelacy, seeing in the streets of Glasgow the "Bishop" approach, took refuge in a booth

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In the autumn of 1606, the King summoned to Hampton Court representatives of the two parties in the Kirk. On the High Presbyterian side were Andrew and James Melville, and six other ministers; on the other side, the "Archbishops" of St Andrews and Glasgow, the "Bishops" of Orkney and Galloway, and James Nicolson, minister at Meigle. Before consulting on the affairs of the Kirk, for which purpose they had been ostensibly sent for, the unfortunate ministers were condemned to listen to a course of sermons preached by Anglican divines. The first sermon was on Episcopacy, the second on the King's supremacy, in which the preacher "joined Pope and Presbytery as enemies" to the same. Dr Andrewes, Bishop of Chichester, "compared their Presbyteries to the conspiracie of Corah, Dathan, and Abiram"; and Dr King, preaching violently against Presbyterians, cried to the King, "Down, down with them."[1] The King asked the ministers to advise him how he was to pacify the dissensions in the Kirk, to which they replied with one voice, *a Free General Assembly*.[2] On the 28th of September the ministers were obliged to attend an Anglican service in the Chapel-royal, which so exasperated Andrew Melville that he went home and forthwith composed a lampoon on the "idolatry" he had just witnessed. On the pretext of having offended by these lines, he was brought

to avoid him, and there falling into a swoon, from which having been revived by means of *aqua vitae*, he said "he saw the character of the Beast coming, meaning the Bishop."—*Calderwood*, vol. vii. p. 347.

[1] *Original Letters*, James VI., Bannatyne Club edit., vol. i. p. 66.

[2] M'Crie's *Life of Andrew Melville*, vol. ii. p. 147.

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before the Privy Council. When Archbishop Bancroft reproved him, and warned him he had well-nigh brought himself within the laws of treason, Melville exclaimed, "My Lords, Andrew Melville was never a traitor. But, my Lords, there was one, Richard Bancroft (let him be sought for), who, during the life of the late Queen, wrote a treaty against her Majesty's title to the Crown of England; and *here* (pulling the *corpus delicti* from his pocket), *here* is the book, which was answered by my brother, John Davidson." He went on to accuse the Archbishop of profaning the Sabbath, of maintaining an anti-christian hierarchy, and vain, foppish, superstitious ceremonies, and of silencing and imprisoning the true ministers of the Gospel. Advancing gradually, as he spoke, to the head of the table where the Primate sat, he caught hold of his lawn sleeves, and, shaking them, and calling them Romish rags, he said, "If you are the author of the book called *English Scottizing for Geneva Discipline*, then I regard you as the capital enemy of all the Reformed churches in Europe, and as such I will profess myself an enemy to you and to your proceedings, to the effusion of the last drop of my blood, and it grieves me that such a man should have his Majesty's ear, and sit so high in this honourable Council." "Remember where you are, and to whom you are speaking," said one of the Scottish nobles. "I remember it very well, my Lord," answered Melville, "and am only sorry that your Lordship, by sitting here and countenancing such proceedings against me, should furnish a precedent which may yet be used against yourself or your posterity." The Chancellor admonished Melville to add modesty and discretion to his learning and years.

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He was then told he was found guilty of *scandalum magnatum*, and was placed first in the custody of the Dean of St Paul's, and then imprisoned in the Tower of London.[1] After some years in the Tower the fiery Melville was released, but forced to leave the country. He wandered abroad, an old man, doubtless with the conviction that the work he had done for his country was about to be overthrown, and he died at the Huguenot University of Sedan in 1522.[2] When he was first imprisoned, his nephew James was required to abide at Newcastle. Having thus dealt with the two men whom he had allured into England, and who were the most dangerous opponents of his Episcopal schemes for Scotland, James VI. after a time permitted the other ministers to return home, and on the 10th of December 1606 the General Assembly met by royal authority at Linlithgow, James Nicolson presiding. Forbes, Welsh, and their four companions in Blackness, were very cruelly treated. It had from the first been death to pray for them, and now the King appointed "doom of banishment . . . for their natural lives against these traitors," while his Majesty dwelt on his clemency in sparing their lives. Several of their supporters were banished to Bute, Arran, and other desolate islands. The poor ministers from Blackness who were suffering so patiently and so bravely for their principles were to embark at Leith, and were accompanied to the water's edge by their wives and friends. John Welsh "conceived a fervent prayer upon

[1] *M'Crie's Melville*, vol. ii. p. 161.

[2] Andrew Melville was a learned and accomplished man. Certain of his poems are in the *Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum*. James Melville is the author of a "desultory gossiping Diary."

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the shore of Leith"; then they "took good night" of their wives and friends, and embarked at two o'clock in the morning, and as they slowly sailed away to their life-long banishment,—

"The Lord is onely my supporte, and He that doth me fede:
How can I then lack anything of which I stand in nede?"[1]

broke in rugged metre on the chilly morning air.[2]

In June 1609, the consistorial jurisdiction was restored to the "Bishops," and in 1610 a Court of High Commission was erected in the provinces of St Andrews and Glasgow. In the autumn of 1610, the "Archbishop" of Glasgow and the "Bishops" of Brechin and Galloway were summoned to London. They arrived at Court in September, and soon had an audience of the King. He informed them "that he had to his great charge recovered the bishoprics forth of the hands of those that possessed them, and bestowed the same upon such as he hoped should prove worthy of their places; but since he could not make them bishops, nor could they assume that honour to themselves, and that in Scotland there was not a sufficient number to enter them to their charge by consecration, he had called them to England, that being consecrated themselves, they might at their return give ordination to those at home, and so the adversaries' mouths be stopped, who said that he did take upon him to create bishops and bestow spiritual offices, which he never did, nor would he presume to do, acknowledging that authority to belong to Christ alone, and those whom he had authorized with his power." John

[1] See *The Book of Common Order*, MDLXV.
[2] *Calderwood*, vol. vi. pp. 590, 591.

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Spottiswood answered in the name of all "that they were willing to obey his Majesty's desire, and only feared that the Church of Scotland, because of old usurpations, might take this for a sort of subjection to the Church of England." The King said "that he had provided sufficiently against that; for neither should the Archbishop of Canterbury nor York, who were the only pretenders, have hand in the business, but consecration should be used by the Bishops of London, Ely, and Bath."[1]

As the ministers were not in priest's orders, Dr Andrews, Bishop of Ely, said they "must first be ordained Presbyters, as having received no ordination from a Bishop." Archbishop Bancroft, however, relying on what he believed to be the examples supplied by the early Church, maintained the validity of what is called *per saltum* consecration; by which is to be understood that the powers of deacon and of presbyter are conferred simultaneously with those of bishop. Accordingly, the three ministers were consecrated in the chapel of London House on Sunday, the 21st of October 1610, by the Bishops of London, Ely, Rochester, and Worcester.

[1] *Spottiswood*, vol. iii. pp. 208, 209.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS OF THE REIGN OF JAMES VI.

" . . . . Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage. . . . ."
Macbeth, Act v.

THE three Prelates returned to Scotland, and in December consecrated George Gladstanes at St Andrews. The Bishop of Murray was consecrated at Edinburgh, the Bishops of Aberdeen and Caithness at Brechin, and the consecration of the other Bishops followed. And now that these ministers were duly invested with the powers of the Episcopate, it would be interesting to know the use they made of these powers, the estimate they possessed of the gifts they had received, and how far they looked upon Episcopacy, not only as a better form of church government, but as a heavenly link with the holy apostles, and with the great Bishop and Shepherd of souls Himself, as a means of conferring on men the Sacraments of the new law, of restoring to them what had in 1560 been voluntarily or forcibly torn from their altars and their souls.[1] Sad as it is to say so, darkness

[1] "Mere Episcopacy! what is it worth? If it be only a better form of church government, I would as soon contend for a better style of church architecture. I care little or nothing for the

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covered the land, and throughout this dreary night we have no gleam of light to witness to the fact that any realised the awfulness of their responsibilities. Is it too much to hope that from some hidden nook of history a ray may yet appear, discovering even a single soul which, while it welcomed back "Episcopacy," was yearning for the high privileges, the recovered gifts made possible? It were cowardice not to face the truth, even if we shrink from dwelling on the details of this dreary period, or from picturing too vividly the interior of the churches in any of the restored dioceses, and the temptation must be resisted to cast a glamour over these days, for it is the glamour of the imagination, not of history.

In February 1611, the King sent certain directions to the clergy. Among these were the following:—That every Archbishop and Bishop should reside at his cathedral church, and be careful in the visitation of his diocese; that although "laic members have neither warrant in the word, nor example of the primitive church," yet the minister was to select wise and discreet persons to assist him "in repairing the fabric of the church, providing elements to the Holy Communion, and collecting the contributions for the poor.[1]" Parliament met in Edinburgh in October 1612, and the Articles of the Assembly of June, held in Glasgow in 1610, which had acknowledged the King's sole

Apostolic succession, unless it means a real band of connexion with the chosen twelve, and with the Lord Jesus Himself."—Alex. Chinnery-Haldane, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles.—*A Charge to his Clergy*, 1886, p. 16.

[1] *Spottiswood*, vol. iii. p. 210.

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right to call General Assemblies, were ratified; and the Act of 1592 was annulled. The oath of obedience to the ordinary was now formulated, and was as follows:—"I, A B, now admitted to the church of C, promise and swear to E F, Bishop of that diocese, obedience, and to his successors, in all lawful things. So help me God."[1]

The Prayer Book used was still Knox's *Book of Common Order*. So early as 1601, there had been a desire expressed to revise this Book, and in 1616 the matter was, at the direction of King James, brought before the General Assembly. The Assembly ordained "that a uniform order of Liturgy or Divine Service be set down to be read in all kirks on the ordinary days of prayer, and every Sabbath day before the sermon, to the end that the common people may be acquainted therewith, and by custom may learn to serve God rightly." A small committee of four ministers was for this purpose appointed to revise the *Book of Common Order*, or the *Psalm Book*, as it was popularly called, and the result of their labours was *The Booke of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments, with other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of Scotland*. The book was not, however, printed.[2] A new Confession of Faith, essentially resembling the first Confession, but more emphatically enunciating the Calvinistic doctrines

[1] *Spottiswood*, vol. iii. p. 217.

[2] See *An Historical Account of the Scottish Communion Office*. John Dowden, pp. 27, 28; and *Scottish Liturgies of the Reign of James VI.*, edit. G. W. Sprott.

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of election and predestination, was received by the Church in August 1616. In 1620, an Ordinal was printed, entitled *The Forme and Maner of Ordaining Ministers, and of Consecrating Archbishops and Bishops, used in the Church of Scotland.* At the Ordination of Ministers there was no Holy Communion celebrated, and no *Veni Creator Spiritus* sung. "The BISHOPE, with the MINISTERS that are present, shall lay their hands upon the head of him that is to bee admitted, hee in the meane while kneeling humblie upon his knees, and the Bishope shall say,—In the name of God, and by the authoritie committed unto us by the Lord Jesus Christ, wee give unto thee power and authoritie to preach the Word of God, to minister His Holie Sacraments, and exercise discipline in such sort as is committed unto ministers by the order of our Church; and God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has called thee to the office of a watchman over His people, multiplie His graces with thee, illuminat thee with His Holie Sperit, comfort and strengthen thee in all vertue, governe and guide thy ministrie, to the praise of His Holie Name, to the propagation of Christe's kingdome, to the comfort of His Church, and to the discharge of thy owne conscience in the day of the Lord Jesus, to whome, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, be all honour, praise, and glorie, now and ever, Amen. The Bishope shall then deliver the Bible in the hands of the admitted, saying, This is the Booke of Scripture, which thou must studie continuallie, and mak the ground and reule of thy doctrine and living. After that hee shall take the admitted by the hand, and so

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shall the ministers that are present, with the Commissioners of the Church whereunto hee is admitted." At the consecration of a Bishop, three bishops were to be present, and four at the consecration of an Archbishop, and the Holy Communion was to be celebrated. The Archbishops and Bishops present "shall lay their hands upon the head of the elected Bishope, the Archbishope saying, "Wee, by the authoritie given us of God, and of His Sone, the Lord Jesus Christ, give unto thee the power of ordination, imposition of hands, and correction of maners, within the dioceses whereunto thou art or hereafter shall be called. And God Almightie bee with thee in all thy wayes, encreese His graces into thee, and guyde thy ministrie to the praise of His Holie Name and the comfort of His Church, Amen."[1]

Gavin Hamilton, Bishop of Galloway, died in 1612, and was succeeded by William Cowper, minister at Perth, a good and learned man, and an excellent preacher. In 1613, David Lindsay, Bishop of Ross, died, and his successor was Patrick Lindsay. Archbishop Gladstanes, "a man of good learning . . . . but of an easy nature, and induced by those he trusted to do many things hurtful to the see,"[2] died in 1615; and on the 6th of August of that year, John Spottiswood, Archbishop of Glasgow, was inaugurated Archbishop of St Andrews and Primate. The Bishop of Orkney was translated to Glasgow, the Bishop of Dunblane to Orkney, Adam Bellenden was consecrated Bishop of

[1] See *The Miscellany of the Wodrow Society*, pp. 597, 615.
[2] *Spottiswood*, vol. iii. p. 227.

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Dunblane; and on the death of Peter Blackburn, Bishop of Aberdeen, Alexander Forbes was translated to Aberdeen from Caithness, while John Abernethy became Bishop of Caithness. Alexander Forbes died in 1617, and Patrick Forbes, minister at Keith, the eldest son of William Forbes, Laird of Corse, distinguished for his virtues and learning, was consecrated to the see of Aberdeen on May 17th, 1618.

An important part of the Scottish prelate's duties, both before and after consecration, would appear to have been the persecution of Roman Catholics. The following passage from a letter to the King, written in 1608 by Andrew Boyd, who in 1613 was preferred to the see of Argyll, illustrates the bitter feelings of many in the land towards "Papists." The writer evidently anticipates the welcome his zeal will receive at Court; and even making due allowance for the exaggerated language of the age, its expressions are blasphemous. The Papists he compares to the Devil; and "would God," he writes, "all the beating hammers within your Highness' dominions war to inculcate the answer of Christ in your Majestie's ears, and form your princelie heart rightly to use the same, '*Noli tentare Dominum Deum tuum*'!!" "I desire," proceeds the minister, "in the name of Jesus, your Highness' Crown, Religion, and sacred life, that all Papists within your Majestie's kingdom, without exception of persons, may have the favour of exile, their goods and inheritance universallie annexit unto your Royal state." He then expresses the hope that the Pope will relegate "some to be penitentiaries, some pilgrims, some sweepers of cloisters, that hereafter their minds sall be mair exercised upon their

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well-deserved miseries, nor forging of godless and unnatural conspiracies."[1] In 1609, new penal laws were enacted, in answer to a loud cry for more fierce persecution,[2] and attendance at church was made compulsory. The unfortunate Marquis of Huntly, who had been reconciled to the Kirk, was excommunicated for turning back to the faith of his heart, and with the Earls of Angus and Errol was imprisoned. Huntly again signed the Confession of Faith, and in 1616 was absolved by the Archbishop of Canterbury, but Angus and Errol and certain Lairds preferred exile to apostasy.

In 1609, the King and the Privy Council highly applaud Archbishop Spottiswood for having, among other acts of anti-papal zeal, gone to the town of Newabbey, "and there breaking up the chamber door of Mr Gilbert Broun, sometime abbot thereof, and having found a great number of Popish books, copes, chalices, pictures, images, and such other Popish trash, he most worthilie and dutifullie, as became both a Prelate and Counsellor, on a mercat day, at a great confluence of people in the High Street of the burgh of Dumfries, did burn all these copes, vestments, and chalices. . . ." Of this proceeding "the King's Majestie doth take special notice, for encouraging baith the said Archbishop and others to do the like hereafter. . . ."[3] The great wickedness of deriding both priest and his religion in the market-place had not been abandoned, and in 1607 a "mass priest"

[1] *Original Letters, James VI.*, vol. i. pp. 134, 135.
[2] *Narratives of Scottish Catholics*, p. 290.
[3] *Original Letters, James VI.*, vol. i. p. 410.

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had to stand for some hours, on the market day, at the Cross of Edinburgh, in his vestments, and with the chalice in his hand, and afterwards his vestments and chalice were cast into the fire.[1] In 1614 James Moffat, who had been caught by the Archbishop of St Andrews, was banished for having heard mass twenty years before![2] But enough has been narrated to prove that the cruel directions of the King to the Archbishop of St Andrews in 1616, exhorting prosecution of Papists, "without fainting or wearying,"[3] were fully carried out.

It is undoubted that amongst the Roman priests and laymen who were wandering about the country, there were certain who were intriguing against a government which was avowedly doing its utmost to crush their religion out of existence, and it is easy to understand that the extirpation of these was regarded both as a political and a religious duty; but the persecution of inoffensive men, simply because they were "mass priests," indicates an intolerance almost incredible even in an intolerant and vindictive age, and a terror of Rome perfectly abject.

In 1613, John Ogilvy, a priest, eldest son of Ogilvy of Drum, near Keith, arrived with some Roman Catholic friends from the Continent. Ogilvy was caught by Archbishop Spottiswood, and it is with shame and dismay we read the letter of that prelate to the King, in 1614. "It has pleased God to cast in my hands a Jesuit. . . . In his bulget we have found his vestments and other

[1] *Calderwood*, vol. vi. p. 679.
[2] *Original Letters, James VI.*, vol. i., note to p. 447.
[3] *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 471.

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furniture for the Mass, with some books and relics of St Ignatius, St Margaret, St Catherine, and other their saints. . . ." The Archbishop proceeds to request that if he will not confess in his examination, he may be given "the boots, or other torture."[1] In order to force him to betray the places or persons of the Catholics, the infernal device of keeping him from sleep was fallen upon, and for eight days and nine nights he was kept awake with styles, pins, and needles, till he was nearly mad. In answer to the question put by the Archbishop as to the Pope's powers of excommunication, Ogilvy said that he thought the Pope had power to excommunicate the King; and on declining to answer certain other questions, he was caught in this trap, and on the 28th of February 1615, he was tried at Glasgow for high treason. The Archbishop asked him whether the King, being deposed by the Pope, may be lawfully killed, and Ogilvy answered, "It is a question among the doctors of the Church; many hold the affirmative not improbably; but as that point is not yet determined, so, if it shall be concluded, I will give my life in defence of it, and to call it unlawful I will not, though I should save my life by saying it." He was condemned to death. The King professed that he would never hang a priest for his religion,[2] but Ogilvy died believing it was for that alone he suffered. On the scaffold he cried to the multitude gazing on, "I stand here, therefore, accused on the head of religion alone." "Of that alone," answered the people. "Very well," said the dying man,

[1] *Original Letters, James VI.*, vol. i. pp. 385, 386.
[2] *Spottiswood*, vol. iii. p. 227.

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"that is plenty. On the head of religion alone I am condemned, and for that I would willingly pour out a thousand lives. . . ." Then high above the clamour of the throng rose from his lips the Litany of the Saints; and as the last "*ora pro me*" ceased, he flung his rosary as his parting gift to the Catholics who might be near the scaffold, and died declaring that all his hopes were in the merits of the Son of God.[1] "The martyrdom of the Jesuit," says an historian, "was a sheer waste of cruelty. . . . This poor creature brought on his fate, not by perpetrating the idolatry of the Mass, but by abjuring the idolatry of the King."[2]

Meanwhile changes, civil and ecclesiastical, had taken place in England. On the 6th of November 1612, Prince Henry, the darling of the Puritans, in whom all their hopes were centred, died at St James's, and was succeeded, as Prince of Wales, by his only living brother, Prince Charles. The death of the heir to the throne took place amidst the bustle of preparations for the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to Frederick, Elector Palatine of the Rhine. The days of mourning for the young Prince were shortened, and the wedding of the Princess was celebrated on the 27th of December 1612, "to the great contentment of the professors of the true religion."[3] In the autumn of this year the remains of Mary Queen of Scots were brought by King James from Peterborough Cathedral, where they had been for five

[1] Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*, vol. iii. pp. 330–354; *Narratives of Scottish Catholics*, p. 313.

[2] *Burton*, vol. vi. p. 13.

[3] *Calderwood*, vol. vii. p. 176.

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and twenty years, and were re-interred with royal pomp in Westminster Abbey.

In September 1615, the Lady Arabella Stuart ended her very sad life. The King, it would appear, had never entirely suppressed the jealous feelings he entertained towards her before his accession, as a possible claimant of the English throne. Having privately married William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, and also descended from Henry VII., she brought upon herself the displeasure of her royal cousin, was imprisoned in the Tower, and lost her reason before her death. On March 3rd, 1612, Archbishop Bancroft, "one of the chief instruments of the overthrow of the discipline of the Kirk of Scotland,"[1] died. Many looked to see Bishop Lancelot Andrewes, the greatest of Anglican prelates, succeed him, but the King bestowed the Primacy on George Abbot, Bishop of London, who was well known for his pronounced Puritan views. Abbot had, in conjunction with the Earl of Dunbar, been very influential in quietly bringing about the consecration of the Scottish bishops in 1610. Hence he was in high favour at Court; and a saying was current at the time, that "by a strong north wind coming out of Scotland, Abbot was blown over the Thames to Lambeth."[2]

In the year 1611, two horrible events occurred in England. On March 18th, Bartholomew Legget, said to be an Arian, was burnt to death at Smithfield; and a month after this, Edward Wightman, convicted of ten

[1] *Calderwood*, vol. vii. p. 152.

[2] *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, W. Farquhar Hook, vol. v. p. 259.

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heresies of the very names of which he probably was ignorant, was also burnt to death at Lichfield.[1]

We must return to Scottish affairs. On the 4th of March 1614, the ministers were commanded, by proclamation at the cross of Edinburgh, to prepare the people for Communion on Easter Day, April 24th. This was a startling innovation. Probably not many of the people knew what Easter meant, and it is not edifying to be informed that "the pretence of the change was the trial of Popish recusants, . . . but the true intent . . . was to try how the people would bear with alteration and innovation in the worship of God."[2]

King James had not been able to fulfil his promise made in his parting speech in St Giles, of coming to Scotland once in three years, and it was not till 1617 that he paid a visit to his ancient kingdom. To see a King once more was like a return to the old days, and vast preparations were made to give the Monarch of Great Britain an appropriate welcome home. James resolved to have services resembling those of the Church of England in the Chapel Royal at Holyrood, and the chapel he intended to decorate with pictures and wooden sculpture. Accordingly, English carpenters arrived, and set to work at Holyrood. Carpenters in a Church had for some time been associated more with destruction than with decoration in Scotland, and the Presbyterians took the alarm. Awful rumours became a panic: "the organs came first, now the images, and ere long they should have the mass."[3] The Bishop of Gallo-

[1] *Hook*, vol. v. p. 270. [2] *Calderwood*, vol. vii. p. 191.
[3] *Spottiswood*, vol. iii. p. 239.

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way, who was Dean of the Chapel, wrote to the King entreating him, "for the offence that was taken, to stay the affixing of these portraits." His Majesty yielded, but told his mind on the subject very plainly in a letter to the bishops and the ministers of Edinburgh. His "graven work," he said, "is not of ane idolatrous kind, like to images and painted pictures adored and worshipped by Papists, but merely intended for ornament and decoration of the place where Wee should sit, and might have been wrought as well with figures of lions, dragons, and devils, as with those of Patriarchs and Apostles." "We are persuaded," continues his Majesty, "that none of you would have been scandalized or offended if the said figures of lions, dragons, and devils had been carved and put up in lieu of those of the Patriarchs and Apostles."[1] The King entered Scotland on the 13th of May 1617, and remained there till the beginning of August. If the pageants and ceremonials arranged for his entertainment were poor[2] in comparison to what England could produce, material deficiencies were amply compensated for by Latin and Greek addresses, and by "The Muses' Welcome to the High and Mighty Prince James . . . . at his Majesty's happie Returne to his old and native kingdome of Scotland after xiii years' absence." The Presbyterian party do not seem to have possessed eminent scholars at this period to assist in producing the effusions which were poured out on the King in town and country; Andrew Melville was a pro-

[1] *Original Letters, James VI.*, vol. i. p. 497.
[2] *Burton*, vol. vi. p. 43.

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lific Latin versifier, but he was an aged exile in a distant land, and even had he been at home, was not likely to have expended his talents in adoring addresses to his Sovereign. The King had revived the practice of conferring degrees in divinity, which had been discontinued in the Universities as savouring of Popery, and several doctors of divinity were now created. The ecclesiastical transactions resulting from James's visit to Scotland were very important. Parliament met in Edinburgh in June, when it was enacted, "that whatsoever his Majesty should determine in the external government of the Church, with the advice of the archbishops, bishops, and a competent number of the ministry, should have the strength of a law." This article, and the strange rites in the Chapel Royal—for Anglican services had been celebrated there—made the Presbyterian party very uneasy. The ministers "were warned to be quiet";[1] but they presented a Protestation to the King, praying that the Article might not be passed "to the grief and prejudice of this poor Kirk."[2] The ministers who had taken part in this appeal were summoned before the Court of High Commission; two were deprived, and David Calderwood, minister at Crailing, was first imprisoned and then dismissed from the country. In this Parliament, deans and members of Cathedral chapters were restored to their ancient manses and possessions, and the absolute power of nomination of bishops was placed in the King's hands. The King returned to England in August,

[1] *Spottiswood*, vol. iii. p. 241.
[2] *Calderwood*, vol. vii. p. 255.

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leaving certain Articles (which he had desired to introduce two years before, but had then been dissuaded from doing so by Archbishop Spottiswood) to be now accepted by the Church. The General Assembly met at St Andrews in November, and agreed to defer deciding on the Articles. Whereupon James in great wrath wrote to the archbishops, "Since your Scottish Church hath so far condemned my clemency, they shall now find what it is to draw the anger of a King upon them."[1] The five Articles required kneeling to receive the Holy Communion, private Communion to the sick, private Baptism in cases of necessity, the Commemoration of the Birth, Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of our Lord, and of the descent of the Holy Spirit, and the Confirmation of children. The opinions of Patrick Galloway, an Edinburgh minister, were probably shared by many on whom it was determined to thrust the Articles before they were prepared for them, and who saw in them gross superstition and idolatry. Anent Holy Days the minister says, "Hitherto we have been free of them, keeping only the Lord's day, and on it preaching (I am assured) sufficientlie of Christ's Nativitie, Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension, and coming of the Holy Spirit, almost in all our sermons, and it will be hard to set up a week day for them which will not be abused by superstition and surfeit. . . ." "To grant baptism in private houses, and under cover of night . . . . were to confirm the opinion of absolute necessitie of baptism, which is dangerous. . . ." As

[1] *Original Letters, James VI.*, vol. i. p. 524.

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to Communion to the sick, "I think it may be granted, but not absolutely, . . . everie headache must have the Communion before it come to the causeway. . . ." Kneeling at the Communion the minister considered hopeless—"I would fain be informed of your Majestie how I might do it myself? . . . I think as yet, that the best form of taking it is, as we do, sitting. . . ."[1]

On the 25th of August 1618, Parliament met at Perth. The Lord Binning was Secretary of State, and Lord Scone and Lord Carnegie were Royal Commissioners. Eighty-six members voted in favour of the Articles, including the royal commissioners and their assessors, the bishops, the noblemen except one, the barons and commissioners of burghs, and a number of the ministers; while from forty-two to forty-five voted against them. The penalties of refusing to conform to the Articles were fines according to the condition of the delinquent. The opposition to the innovations was vigorous in Edinburgh, and prevailed also in the south-western counties. In other parts of the country, both ministers and people acquiesced in the change, or at least offered no strong resistance, and in Aberdeen they favoured the introduction of the Articles. Lamentable scenes now took place in the churches of Edinburgh. The Communion was to be celebrated on Easter Day, March 25th, 1619, and to avoid being obliged to kneel, the citizens went out at the different gates by thousands. The ministers had announced that they would be permitted to sit, stand, or kneel, as they pleased. "Some were dashed and kneeled, but with shedding of tears for

[1] *Original Letters, James VI.*, vol. i. pp. 511–515.

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grief. Cold and graceless were the Communions, and few were the communicants." "In some kirks the people went out and left the minister alone; in some, when the minister would have them to kneel, the ignorant and simple sort cried out, 'The danger, if anie, be light upon your own soul, and not upon ours.'"[1]

In this year, an anonymous tract "of the nullitie of Perth Assemblie" was published in Edinburgh; and for a supposed concern in this work, James Cathkin, an Edinburgh bookseller, and a zealous Presbyterian, was examined before the King and the English Privy Council. Cathkin thus describes the examination he underwent. "First, his Majistie demanded me 'where I dwelt; next, where I was born?' I said, 'If it please your Majistie, I was born in Edinburgh, and dwells in Edinburgh.' *King.* 'What religion are you of?' *Cathkin.* 'Of the religion your Majistie professes.' *K.* 'The devil take you away, both soul and bodie! for you are none of my religion! you are a recusant! you go not to the church!' *C.* 'If it please your Majistie, I go to the church; I think no man will complain of me in that.' *K.* 'Was you there on Christmas day?' *C.* 'Not.' *K.* 'And why were you not there?' *C.* 'Because, Sir, holie days have been castin out of our kirk, and has ever been preached against since ever I can remember; and we have been teached that it was superstitious to keep them.' *K.* 'Are you not my subject?' *C.* 'I am your Majistie's most humble subject, to serve your Majistie with my life, goods, and all that I have.'

[1] *Calderwood*, vol. vii. p. 360.

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K. 'Are ye not a Christian? should ye not keep in memorie . . . . the birth, and passion, and ascension of Christ?' *C.* 'Everie day should be the birth and passion day of Christ.' *K.* 'But especiallie that day . . . ; ye are worse than Turks and Jews!' and speaking to the Lords that was present, 'I can never get a order of thir people of Edinburgh . . . ';" and swearing profusely, and "being in great wrath and anger," "I feared," said Cathkin, "to mak answer."[1]

The last Scottish Parliament of James VI. met in Edinburgh in July 1621. The five articles of Perth were ratified, and, says Calderwood, "God appeared angry. . . ." At the very moment the royal commissioner was touching the obnoxious Acts with the sceptre, lightning flashed in at the window, three loud peals of thunder roared round the Parliament House, and amid "an extraordinary great darkness," heavy showers of hail and rain descended.[2] After the Parliament, the King wrote to the Bishops,—"that as they had to do with two sorts of enemies, Papists and Puritans, so they should go forward in action against the one and the other; that Papistry was a disease of the mind, and Puritanism of the brain; and the antidote of both, a grave, settled, and well ordered Church in the obedience of God and their King; whereof he willed them to be careful, and to use all means for reducing those that either of simplicity or wilfulness did err."[3]

Deeply involved as he was in ecclesiastical matters

[1] *The Bannatyne Miscellany*, pp. 202, 203.
[2] *Calderwood*, vol. vii. p. 505. [3] *Spottiswood*, vol. iii. p. 262.

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at home, King James still found time to interfere with Calvinists and Arminians abroad. He wrote a tract against Vorstius, one of the Arminian leaders; and when the Synod of Dort sat from November 1618 to April 1619, he sent four English divines and the son of a Presbyterian minister to appear at Dort, not as representatives of the Church, but of the King. Next to ecclesiastical affairs, colonisation projects occupied a considerable part of the latter years of James VI. On the 10th of October 1621, Sir William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling, got a grant of territory in North America, called "New Scotland." In the Latin charter the name was translated "Nova Scotia," and this name was taken by the territory. Alexander was to divide the land into one thousand allotments, and to offer the dignity of a baronet to every adventurer who would take charge of an allotment. This new scheme was "the awakening of the national capacity for trade, manufacture, and colonisation."[1]

The peace-loving monarch was well-nigh dragged into a war in 1619, by his son-in-law, the Elector Palatine of the Rhine. The Elector having accepted the Crown of Bohemia, was in contention with the greater powers of Europe, and the Puritans, led by Archbishop Abbot, urged the King to espouse the cause of the Protestant Prince. But James wisely declined to go to war, and in the following year the Elector lost both the Crown of Bohemia and his inheritance the Palatinate, and was driven to seek refuge in Holland.

[1] *Burton*, vol. vi. p. 62.

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A great change had meanwhile occurred in the royal household. On March 2nd, 1619, Queen Anne died at Hampton Court. When the King lost the faithful helpmate of thirty years, he was "extremely ill, and never king bewailed more than he. . . ." Lord Binning wrote to him from Scotland, "that when the sorrowful news of his blessed Queen's death came to Edinburgh," he directed the ministers to make "honourable remembrance . . . . in their sermons of her Majesty's virtuous life and Christian death."

In 1623, the King began to look about for a bride for his only surviving son, Prince Charles. The surreptitious journey made by Charles and the Marquis of Buckingham to Madrid in quest of the Infanta, the terror with which a great part of the British nation looked on an alliance of their future King with most Catholic Spain, the failure of the Prince's expedition, belong to the life of Charles I. When the Spanish match was broken off, the persecution of Huguenots in France suddenly ceased. This toleration was accounted for when, in the end of 1623, ambassadors were sent to France to treat for the hand of Henrietta Maria, the beautiful daughter of Henry the Great and of Maria de Medici, for the Prince of Wales. King James had the satisfaction of arranging the formal contract for his son's marriage to the French Princess in November 1624.

Neither ecclesiastical matters nor colonisation projects had prevented the learned monarch, since his arrival in England, from giving forth occasionally his printed opinions to the world. His *Book of Sports*, wherein he desires his subjects to play innocent games

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on Sunday, provided they had first been to church, was said to have been suggested by seeing the workmen of Lancashire deprived of their Sunday holiday by the Puritans, as he passed amongst them on his return from Scotland. In the same book he orders "that women shall have leave to carry rushes to church for the decoring of it according to their old custom."[1] In 1614, William Barclay published in Edinburgh a tract called *Nepenthes, or the Vertues of Tobacco*, wherein he extolled "the happie and holy weed."[2] The King had a passionate antipathy to smoking, and *A Counterblaste to Tobacco* proceeded from his pen, wherein he denounced smoking as "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smoake of the pit that is bottomless. . . ."[3] When, in 1591, his Majesty published his Poetical Exercises, he had announced to the reader that he was engaged in *perfiting the Psalms*, and, provided his Exercises sold well, the wary author designed printing the results of his *perfiting*. His metrical version of the Psalms, however, only appeared in 1631. All his life James was coming in contact with learned and scientific men. In the nursery and the schoolroom it was with George Buchanan; when he was spending his honeymoon in Denmark, we find him visiting the Danish astronomer, Tyge Brahe; at

[1] Pref. to *Book of Sports*, reprinted 1709.

[2] *The Miscellany of the Spalding Club*, vol. i. pref., and p. 262 of *Nepenthes*.

[3] *A Counterblaste to Tobacco*. *The Works of King James VI.*, p. 222.

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Holyrood he had entertained the French poet, Guillaume Sallust Sieur du Bartas; in England, Isaac Casaubon had been welcomed at his Court, and made prebendary of Canterbury; Ben Jonson was Queen Anne's own special poet, and his poetry, combined with the scenery and decorations devised by Inigo Jones, had lighted up many an otherwise dreary royal entertainment with masques of surpassing beauty and grace. Among poets who wrote in silence and solitude was poor Sir Walter Raleigh, for he had beguiled his long years of imprisonment in the Tower by writing verses, besides his *History of the World.* His studies were interrupted by his expedition to Guiana, and when that voyage turned out a hopeless failure, they were terminated for ever by his execution on the 29th of October 1618. Francis, Lord Bacon, who in 1616 became Lord Chancellor, and who was in 1621, on various charges, degraded from the Woolsack and exiled from the Court, was distinguished for his *Essays*, and above all for his great scientific work, *Novum Organum.* Among Scottish poets of this reign appear David Kinloch, John Napier of Merchistoun, and William Drummond of Hawthornden. Whether in a courtly elegy, as his *Teares on the Death of Moeliades*, composed when Prince Henry died, or in sonnets and madrigals fresh with the breath of love and of spring, or in his spiritual songs, *The Flowers of Sion*, Drummond writes beautifully, and carries the reader with him in spirit to his own dear home at "classic Hawthornden." And now the lonely old King was drawing near the time when he must depart from his united thrones, from his bishops, and from his ministers, from his hunting and from his studies. If

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one of his last proclamations at the Cross of Edinburgh was in the old style, threatening the people "for their contempt of God and us,"[1] one of his last acts was to command that the persecution of Roman Catholics should cease in Scotland. He fell into a fever, and on the Thursday preceding his death, "he desired the blessed Sacrament to be ministered unto him, which he received with great devotion, professing to the Prince his son, and those that stood by, that he had received a singular comfort thereby, wishing all men to do the like when they were visited in that sort."[2] After ten days' illness, King James VI. died at the Manor of Theobalds, on March 27th, 1625, in the sixtieth year of his age.

[1] *Calderwood*, vol. vii. p. 623. [2] *Spottiswood*, vol. iii. p. 70.

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APPENDIX.

THE ARTICLES OF PERTH.

"1. Seeing we are commanded by God Himself, that when we come to worship Him, we fall down and kneel before the Lord our Maker, and considering withal that there is no part of divine worship more heavenly and spiritual than is the holy receiving of the blessed Body and Blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, likeas the most humble and reverent gesture of our body in our meditation and the lifting up of our hearts best becometh so divine and sacred an action; therefore, notwithstanding that our Church hath used since the reformation of religion, to celebrate the holy Communion to the people sitting, by reason of the great abuse of kneeling used in the idolatrous worship of the Sacrament by the Papists, yet seeing all memory of by-past superstitions is past, in reverence of God and in due regard of so divine a mystery, and in remembrance of so mystical an union as we are made partakers of, the Assembly thinketh good, that the blessed Sacrament be celebrated hereafter, meekly and reverently upon their knees.

"2. If any good Christian visited with long sickness, and known to the pastor, by reason of his present infirmity, to be unable to resort to the Church for receiving the holy Communion, or being sick, shall declare to the pastor, upon his conscience, that he thinks his sickness to be deadly, and shall earnestly desire to receive the same in his house, the minister shall not deny him so great a comfort, lawful warning being given to him the night before, and that there be three or four of good religion and conversation, free of all lawful impediments, present with the sick person, to communicate with him, who must also provide a convenient place in his house, and all things necessary for the reverent administration thereof, according to the order prescribed in the Church.

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"3. The minister shall often admonish the people that they defer not the baptizing of infants any longer than the next Lord's Day after the child be born; unless upon a great and reasonable cause declared to the minister, and by him approved, the same be continued. As also they shall warn them, that, without great cause, they procure not their children to be baptized at home in their houses; but when great need shall compel them to baptize in private houses (in which case the minister shall not refuse to do it, upon the knowledge of the great need, and being timely required thereto), then baptism shall be administered after the same form as it should have been in the congregation; and the minister shall, the next Lord's-day after any such private baptism, declare in the Church that the infant was so baptized, and therefore ought to be received as one of the true flock of Christ's fold.

"4. Forasmuch as one of the special means of staying the increase of Popery, and settling of true religion in the hearts of people is, that a special care be taken of young children, their education, and how they are catechized, which in time of the primitive Church most carefully was attended, as being most profitable to cause young children in their tender years drink in the knowledge of God and His religion, but is now altogether neglected, in respect of the great abuse and errors which crept into the Popish Church by making thereof a sacrament of confirmation; therefore that all superstitions built thereupon may be rescinded, and that the matter itself, being most necessary for the education of youth, may be reduced to the primitive integrity, it is thought good that the minister in every parish shall catechize all young children of eight years of age, and see that they have the knowledge, and be able to make rehearsal of the Lord's Prayer, Belief, and Ten Commandments, with answers to the questions of the small Catechism used in our Church, and that every bishop in his visitation shall censure the minister who shall be found remiss therein; and the said bishops shall cause the said children to be presented before them, and bless them with prayer for the increase of their knowledge, and the continuance of God's heavenly graces with every one of them.

"5. As we abhor the superstitious observation of festival days by the Papists, and detest all licentious and profane abuses thereof by the common sort of professors, so we think that the inestimable benefits received from God by our Lord Jesus Christ, His Birth,

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Passion, Resurrection, Ascension, and sending down of the Holy Ghost, were commendably and godly remembered at certain particular days and times by the whole Church of the world, and may also be now; therefore the Assembly ordaineth that every minister shall upon these days have the commemoration of the foresaid inestimable benefits, and make choice of several and pertinent texts of Scripture, and frame their doctrine and exhortations thereto; and rebuke all superstitious observation and licentious profanation thereof."

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